THis little *Embleme* here doth represent,
The blest condition, of a man content.
The *Place* he lyes on, is a mighty *Rocke:*
To shew that he contemnes and makes a mocke
Of *Force*, or *Vnderminers*. We expresse,
What others thinke him, by his *Nakednesse*.
His *Mantle* with *Hearts-ease* ywrought, doth show,
What He, doth of his owne well-being know.
The *Pillar*, on whose *Base*, his head doth rest;
Hath *Fortitude* and *Constancie* exprest.
The *Cornu-Copia* that so neere him lyes;
Declares, that He enough hath to suffice:
And that he can be pleas'd, with what the Fields,
Or what the fruitfull Tree, by Nature yeelds.
That pleasant *Prospective*, in which you see,
Groves, *Rivers*, *Lawnes*, and *Palaces* there be;
Lyes farre below Him; and is that, in which
The truest happy *Man* is seldome rich.
The words, *NEC HABEO*, he doth there bestow;
And what he meanes, doth with his finger show.
Above him hover *Angels*, and his *Eye*,
He fixing, on the glorious *Heavens* on high;
(From whence a *Ray* into his brest descends)
His other word, *NEC CAREO*, thither sends:
To intimate, that He can nothing need,
Whom *Angels* guard, and *God* himselfe doth feed:
By force, or slye Temptations, to prevaile
Both Temporall, and Ghostly *Foes* assaile,
His naked person: but without a wound,
Their *Darts* are broake; or, backe on them rebound.
So with *NEC CVRO*, Those he entertaines:
And to expresse, how highly He disdaines
The best Contents, the World affoord him may;
A *Globe* Terrestriall he doth spurne away.

THis little *Embleme* here doth represent,
The blest condition, of a man content.
The *Place* he lyes on, is a mighty *Rocke:*
To shew that he contemnes and makes a mocke
Of *Force*, or *Vnderminers*. We expresse,
What others thinke him, by his *Nakednesse*.
His *Mantle* with *Hearts-ease* ywrought, doth show,
What He, doth of his owne well-being know.
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VITHER'S MOTT
Nec carco
babeo
Nec curo
LONDON printed for Iohn Grismond 1635

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

To any body.

TO recreate my ſelfe, after ſome more ſerious Studies, I tooke occaſion to exerciſe my Invention in the illuſtration of my *Motto*, which being thus finiſhed, my friends made me beleeve it was worth the preſerving; and grew ſo importunate for *Coppies* thereof, that I could not deny them. But doubting, leſt by often tranſcribing, it might be much lamed through the *Scribes* inſufficiency (as many things of this nature are) I thought fitting, rather to exemplifie the ſame, by the *Preſſe*, then by the *Penne*. And to that end, delivered it over to ſome *Stationers*, to have onely ſo many *Copies*, as I intended to beſtow.

Yet conſidering that other men (to whom I meant them not) might peradventure,

come to the view of those Lines. I thought it not amisse, by way of Prevention, to remove such Cavils as may bee made against mee, by those unto whom I am unknowne. Not, that I care to give every idle *Reader* an account of my Intentions: But to shew the *Ingenuous*, that the *Carelessnesse* expressed in this *Motto*, proceeds from an undistempered *Care*, to make all my Actions, (as neere as I can) such, as may be decent, warrantable, and becomming an honest Man: And that those, who shall foolishly seeke (from thence) to picke advantages against mee: may know, I am too well advised to write any thing, which they shall be justly able to interpret, either to my hinderance or disparagement.

Let mee want esteeme among all good men, if I purposed (or have any secret desire in me) that any part of this, should bee applied to any particular man; but so as every one ought to apply things unto his owne Conscience; and he that beleeves me not, I feare is guilty. My intent was, to draw the true Picture of mine owne heart; that my friends, who knew mee outwardly, might have some representation of my inside also. And that, if they liked the forme of it, they might

might (wherein they were defective) fashion their owne mindes thereunto. But, my principall Intention, was by recording those thoughts to confirme mine owne Resolution; and to prevent such alterations, as Time and infirmities, may worke upon me. And if there be no more reason inferred against me, to remove my opinion, then I am yet apprehensive of: I am confidently perswaded, that neither Feare, nor Force shall compell me to deny any thing which I have affirmed in this Poem. For, I had rather be degraded from the greatest *Title* of *Honour* that could be given me, then constrained to deny this *Motto*.

Proud Arrogance (I know) and enough too; will bee laid to my charge. But those who both know mee, and the necessitie of this resolution, will excuse mee of it. The rest (if they mis-censure me) are part of those things, I *care not for*.

The Language is but indifferent; for, I affected *Matter* more then *Words*. The *Method* is none at all: for, I was loath to make a businesse of a recreation. And wee know, he that rides abroad for his pleasure, is not tyed so strictly to keepe *High-waies*, as hee that takes a Iourney.

If the intermixing of ſleight and weighty things together, be offenſive to any: Let them underſtand, that if they well obſerve it, they ſhall find a ſeriouſneſſe, even in that which they imagine leaſt momentary. And if they had as well obſerved the conditions of men, as I have done: they would perceive that the greateſt number (like Children which are allured to Schoole with Points and Apples) muſt be drawne on with ſome frivolous expreſſions, or elſe will never liſten to the grave precepts of Vertue; which, when they once heare, doe many times beget a delight in them, before they be aware.

Many diſhes of meate which wee affect not, may be ſo Cookt, that we ſhall have a good appetite unto them: So, many men who take no pleaſure to ſeek *Vertue* in grave Treatiſes of Moralitie, may (perhaps) finding her unlookt for, masked under the habit of a light *Poem*, grow enamord on her beautie.

The fooliſh *Canterbury* Tale in my *ſcourge of Vanity*, (which I am now almoſt aſhamed to reade over) even that, hath bin by ſome praiſed for a witty paſſage. And I have heard divers, ſeriouſly proteſt, that they

they have much more feelingly bin informed, and moved to deteſt the Vanity of the humour there ſcoffed at, by that rude *Tale*, then they were by the moſt grave precepts of Philoſophy. And that makes me oftentimes affect ſome things, in regard of their uſefulneſſe: which being conſidered according to the Method of Art, and rules of Schollerſhip, would ſeeme ridiculous.

But I uſe more words for my Apology then needs: If this will not give you ſatisfaction, I am ſorry I have ſaid ſo much; and, if you know which way, ſatisfie your ſelves. For, how I am reſolved (if you thinke it worth the taking notice of) the booke will tell you. *Farewell.*

GEO: WITHER.

WITHER'S Motto.

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

Nor Have I, nor Want I, nor Care I.

HAh! will they ſtorme? why let the; who needs care?
Or who dares frown on what the *Muſes* dare,
Who when they liſt can for a tempeſt call,
Which thunder vnder then their fury ſhall?
And if men cauſeleſly their power contemne,
Will more then mortall vengeance fling on them?
With thine owne trembling ſpirit, thou didſt view
Theſe free-borne lines; that doubtſt what may enſue:
For if thou felt'ſt the temper of my ſoule,
And knewſt my heart, thou wouldſt not feare controul.
Doe not I know, my honeſt thoughts are cleare
From any private ſpleene, or malice here?
Doe not I know that none will frowne at this,
But ſuch as haue apparant guiltineſſe;

Or such as must to flame and ruine runne,
As some, once ayming at my fall have done?
And can I feare those Idle scar-crowes then?
Those bugg-beare perils, those meere shades of men?
At whose displeasure they for terror sweat,
Whose heart upon the worlds vaine love is set?
No; when this *Motto* first, I mine did make,
To me I tooke it, not for fashions sake:
But that it might expresse me as I am,
And keepe me mindefull to be still the same.
Which I resolve to be: For, could the eye
Of other men within my breast espie
My resolution, and the Cause thereof;
They durst not at this boldnesse make a scoffe.
Shall I be fearefull of my selfe to speake;
For doubt some other may exceptions take?
If this age hold; ere long we shall goe neere
Of ev'ry word of our, to stand in feare.
And (five to one) if any should confesse
Those sinnes in publike, which his soule oppresse:
Some guilty fellow (moou'd thereat) would take it
Vnto himselfe; and so, a Libell make it.
Nay; We shall hardly be allowd to pray
Against a crying-sinne; least great men may
Suspect, that by a figure we intend
To point out them: and how they doe offend:
As I have hope to prosper; e're I'le fall
To such a bondage, I'le adventure all:
And make the whole world mad, to heare how I
Will feareless write and raile at Villany.
But oh! beware (gray hayrd discretion sayes)
The Dogge fights well that out of danger playes.
For now, these guilty Times so captious be,
That such, as love in speaking to be free;

May for their freedome, to their coſt be ſhent,
How harmleſſe er'e they be, in their intent:
And ſuch as of their future peace have care,
Vnto the *Times* a little ſervile are.
Piſh, tell not me of *Times*, or danger thus:
To doe a villany is dangerous;
But in an honeſt action, my heart knowes
No more of feares, then dead men doe of blowes.
And to be ſlave to Times, is worſe to me
Then to be that, which moſt men feare to be.
I tell thee *Criticke*, whatſoever Thou,
Or any man, of me ſhall cenſure now:
They, who for ought here written doe accuſe,
Or with a minde malitious, taxe my *Muſe*;
Shall nor by day awake, nor ſleepe by night,
With more contentment, in their glories height;
Then I will doe, though they ſhould lay me where
I muſt in darkeneſſe, bolts of Iron weare,
For, I am not ſo ignorant, but that
I partly know what things I may relate:
And what an honeſt man ſhould ſtill conceale,
I know as well, as what he may reveale.
If they be poore and baſe, that feare my ſtraine:
Theſe poore baſe fellowes are afraid in vaine.
I ſcorne to ſpurne a dogge, or ſtrike a flye,
Or with ſuch Groomes to foile my Poeſie.
If great they were, and fallen; let them know,
I doe abhor to touch a wounded foe.
If on the top of honour yet they be:
'Tis poore weake honour, if ought done by me
May blot, or ſhake the ſame: yea, whatſoere
Their Titles coſt, or they would faine appeare,
They are ignoble, and beneath me farre;
If with theſe meaſures they diſtempered are.

For,

For, if they had true Greatneſſe, they would know,
The ſpight of all the World, were farre below
The ſeate of Nobleſt Honour; and that He
In whom true worth and reall Vertues be,
So well is arm'd; as that he feares no wrong
From any Tyrants hand, or Villaines tongue.
Much leſſe be ſtartled at thoſe *Numbers* would;
Where *Vertue's* praiſed, and proud *Vice* contrould.
Is any man the worſe if I expreſſe
My *Wants*, my *Riches*, or my *Careleſneſſe*?
Or can my honeſt thoughts, or my content,
Be turn'd to any mans diſparagement,
If he be honeſt? Nay, thoſe men will finde
A pleaſure in this Picture of my minde,
Who honour Vertue, and inſtead of blame,
Will (as they have done) love me for the ſame.
You are deceiv'd, if the *Bohemian* State
You thinke I touch; or the *Palatinate*:
Or that this ought of *Eighty-eight* containes;
The *Powder-plot*, or any thing of *Spaines*:
That their *Ambaſſadour* needs queſtion me,
Or bring me iuſtly for it on my knee.
The ſtate of thoſe Occurrences I know
Too well; my Raptures that way to beſtow.
Nor needs you doubt, but any friend you have,
May play the foole, and if he liſt the knave,
For ought here written; For it is not ſuch
As you ſuppoſe; nor what you feare ſo much.
If I had been diſpos'd to Satyrize,
Would I have tam'd my *Numbers* in this wiſe?
No: I have *Furies* that lye ty'de in chaines,
Bold (Engliſh maſtiffe like) adventrous Straines,
Who fearleſſe dare on any *Monſter* flye,
That weares a body of Mortality.

And

And I had let them looſe, if I had liſt,
To play againe the ſharpe fang'd *Satyriſt*.
That therefore you no more miſ title *This*,
I ſay, it is my *Motto*, and it is.
I'le have it ſo: for, if it pleaſe not me;
It ſhall not be a *Satyr*, though it be.
What is't to you (or any man) if I,
This little *Poem* terme as fooliſhly,
As ſome men doe their children? Is it not
Mine owne *Minerva*, of my braines begot?
For ought I know, I never did intrude,
To name your *Whelpes*, and if you be ſo rude,
To meddle with my *Kitling* (though in ſport)
'Tis oddes, but ſhee'l goe neere to ſcratch you for't.
Play with your *Monkey* then, and let it lye:
Or (if you be not angry) take it pray,
And read it over. ——————
——————So, the *Criticke's* gone,
Who at theſe *Numbers* carpt, and We alone:
Proceede we to the matter. ——————

Nec

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

SOme having ſeene where I this Motto writ
Beneath my Picture; aſk't, what meaned it.
And many in my abſence, doe aſſay,
What by theſe words, they beſt coniecture may:
Some haue ſuppoſed, that it doth expreſſe,
An vnadviſed, deſperate Careleſneſſe.
Some others doe imagine, that I meant
In little, to ſet forth a great Content.
Some, on each member of the Sentence dwell:
And (firſt) will, what I haue not, ſeeme to tell:
What things I want not, they will next declare:
And then they geſſe, for what I doe not care.
But that they might not from my meaning erre,
I'le now become my owne Interpreter.
Some things I haue, which here I will not ſhow;
Some things I want, which you ſhall never know:
And ſometime I (perchance) doe Carefull grow.
But we, with that, will nothing haue to doe.
If good occaſion be thereof to ſpeake,
Another time, we may the pleaſure take.
That, which to treat of, I now purpoſe (therefore,)
Is what I neither haue, nor want, nor care for.

Nec

Nec Habeo.

ANd first, that no man elſe may cenſure me,
For vaunting what belongeth not to me:
Heare what *I have not*; for, I'le not deny
To make confeſſion of my poverty.
I have not of my ſelfe the power or grace,
To be, or not to be; one minute-ſpace.
I have not ſtrength another word to write,
Or tell you what I purpoſe to indite:
Or thinke out halfe a thought, before my death,
But by the leave of him that gave me breath.
I have no native goodneſſe in my ſoul:
But I was over all corrupt and foule,
And till another cleans'd me, *I had nought*
That was not ſtain'd within me: not a thought.
I have no proper merit, neither will,
Or to reſolve, or act but what is ill.
I have no meanes of ſafety, or content,
In ought which mine owne wiledome can invent,
Nor have I reaſon to be deſperate tho:
Becauſe for this a remedy I know.
I have no portion in the world like this,
That I may breath that ayre, which common is:
Nor have I ſeene within this ſpacious *Round*,
What I have worth my *Ioy* or *ſorrow* found:
Except it hath for theſe that follow bin,
The Love of my *Redeemer*, and my ſinn.
I none of thoſe great Priviledges *have*,
Which make the *Minions* of the Time, ſo brave.
I have no ſumptuous Palaces or Bowers
That overtop my neighbours with their Towrs.

I have no large Demeanes or Princely Rents,
Like those *Heroes*, nor their discontents.
I have no glories from mine Ancestors;
For want of reall worth to bragge of theirs.
Nor have I baseneſſe in my pedigree;
For it is noble, though obſcure it be.
I haue no gold thoſe honours to obtaine,
Which men might heretofore, by *Vertue* gaine,
Nor have I wit, if wealth were given me;
To thinke bought *Place* or *Title* honour'd me.
I (yet) *have no* beliefe that they are wiſe,
Who for baſe ends, can baſely temporiſe:
Or that it will at length be ill for me,
That I liv'd poore, to keepe my Spirit free.
I have no Cauſes in our Pleading *Courts*,
Nor ſtart I at our Chancery *Reports*.
No fearefull *Bill* hath yet affrighted me;
No *Motion*, *Order*, *Iudgment*, or *Decree*.
Nor have I forced beene to tedious Iourneys,
Betwixt my *Counſellors* and my *Attourneys*.
I have no needs of thoſe long-gowned warriers,
Who play at *Weſtminſter*, unarm'd at *Barriers*:
Nor gamſter for thoſe *Common pleas* am I,
Whoſe ſport is marred by the *Chancery*.
I have no iuggling hand, no double tongue;
Nor any minde to take, or doe a wrong.
I have no ſhifts or cunning ſleights, on which
I feed my ſelfe, with hope of being rich.
Nor have I one of theſe, to make me poore;
Hounds, Humors, running Horſes, Hawkes, or Whores.
I have no pleaſure in acquaintance, where
The Rules of State, and Ceremony, are
Obſerv'd ſo ſeriouſly; that I muſt dance,
And act o're all the Complements of *France*

And

And *Spaine*, and *Italy*, before I can
Be taken, for a well-bred *Engliſhman*:
And every time we meet, before't agen,
To put in action that moſt idle Sceane.
Mong theſe, much precious time (unto my coſt)
And much true-hearty meaning have I loſt.
Which having found: I doe reſolve therefore,
To loſe my Time, and Friendſhip, ſo no more.
I have no Complements; but what may ſhow,
That I doe manners and good breeding know.
For much I hate, the forced, Apiſh tricks,
Of thoſe our home-diſdaining Politicks:
Who to the Forraine guiſe are ſo affected,
That *Engliſh* Honeſty is quite rejected:
And in the ſtead thereof, they furniſht home,
With ſhadowes of *Humanity* doe come.
Oh! how judicious in their owne eſteeme,
And how compleately, Travelled they ſeeme;
If in the place of reall kindneſſes,
(Which Nature could have taught them to expreſſe)
They can with geſtures, lookes, and language ſweet,
Fawne like a Curtezan, on all they meet:
And vie, in humble and kind ſpeeches; when
They doe moſt proudly, and moſt falſely meane.
On this; too many fallely ſet their face,
Of Courtſhip and of wiſedome: but 'tis baſe.
For, ſervile (unto me) it doth appeare,
When we deſcend, to ſooth and flatter, where
We want affection: yea, I hate it more,
Then to be borne a ſlave; or to be poore.
I have no pleaſure, or delight in ought,
That by diſſembling, muſt to paſſe be brought.
If I diſlike, I'le ſooner tell them ſo,
Then hide my face, beneath a friendly ſhow.

For

For he, who to be iuſt, hath an intent,
Needs not diſſemble, nor a lye invent.
I rather wiſh to faile with honeſty,
Then to prevaile in ought by treachery.
And with his minde I'le ſafer ſleepe, then all
Our *Machivilian* Polititians ſhall.
I have no minde to flatter; though I might
Be made ſome Lords companion; or a Knight.
Nor ſhall my Verſe for me on begging goe,
Though I might ſtarve, unleſſe it did doe ſo.
I have no Muſes that will ſerve the turne,
At every Triumph, and reioyce or mourne,
Vpon a minutes warning for their hire;
If with old *Sherry* they themſelves inſpire.
I am not of a temper like to thoſe,
That can provide an houres ſad talke in *Proſe*,
For any Funerall; and then goe Dine,
And choke my griefe, with Sugar plums and Wine.
I cannot at the *Claret* ſit and laugh,
And then halfe tipſie, write an *Epitaph*;
Or howle an *Epicedium* for each Groome,
That is, by Fraud or Nigardize, become
A wealthy Alderman: Nor, for each Gull,
That hath acquir'd the ſtile of Worſhipfull,
I cannot for reward, adorne the Hearſe
Of ſome old rotten *Miſer*, with my Verſe:
Nor like the *Poetaſters* of the Time,
Goe howle a dolefull *Elegie* in Ryme,
For euery Lord or Ladiſhip that dyes:
And then perplexe their Heires, to Patronize
That muddy *Poeſie*. Oh! how I ſcorne,
Thoſe Raptures, which are free, and nobly borne,
Should Fidler-like, for entertainement ſcrape
At ſtrangers windowes: and goe play the Ape,

In

In counterfeiting Paſſion, when there's none,
Or in good earneſt, fooliſhly bemoane
(In hope of curſed bounty) their juſt death;
Who, (living) merit not a minutes breath
To keepe their *Fame* alive, unleſſe to blow
Some Trumpet which their blacke diſgrace may ſhow.
I cannot (for my life) my *Pen* compell,
Vpon the praiſe of any man to dwell:
Vnleſſe I know, (or thinke at leaſt) his worth,
To be the ſame, which I have blazed forth.
Had I ſome honeſt Suite, the gaine of which,
Would make me noble, eminent, and rich:
And that to compaſſe it, no meanes there were,
Vnleſſe I baſely flatter'd ſome great Peere;
Would with that Suite, my ruine I might get:
If on thoſe termes I would endeavour it.
I have not bin to their condition borne,
Who are inclined to reſpect and ſcorne,
As men in their eſtates, doe riſe or fall:
Or rich, or poore, I *Vertue* love in all.
And where I finde it not, I doe deſpiſe
To fawne on them; how high ſo e're they riſe:
For, where proud *Greatneſſe* without worth I ſee,
Old *Mordecay* had not a ſtiffer knee.
I cannot giue a *Plaudit* (I proteſt)
When as his Lordſhip thinkes, he breakes a jeaſt,
Vnleſſe it move me, neither can I grin,
When he a cauſeleſſe laughter doth begin.
I cannot ſweare him, truely honourable;
Becauſe he once receiv'd me to his table,
And talk't as if the *Muſes* glad might be,
That he vouchſafed ſuch a grace to me.
His ſlender worth, I could not blazon ſo,
By ſtrange *Hyperboles*, as ſome would do.

Or

Or wonder at it, as if none had bin
His equall, since King *William* first came in.
Nor can I thinke true *Vertue* ever car'd
To give or take, (for praise) what I have heard.
For if we peyze them well; what goodly grace,
Have outward Beauties, Riches, Titles, Place,
Or such; that we, the owners should commend,
When no true vertues, doe on these attend?
If beautifull he be, what honour's that?
As faire as he, is many a Beggers brat.
If we, his noble Titles would extoll;
Those Titles, he may have and be a foole.
If Seats of Iustice he hath climb'd (we say)
So Tyrants, and corrupt oppressors may.
If for a large estate his praise we tell:
A thousand Villanies, may be prais'd as well.
If he, his Princes good esteeme be in;
Why, so hath many a bloudy Traytor bin.
And if in these things he alone excell,
Let those that list upon his praises dwell.
Some other worth I finde, e're I have sense
Of any praise-deserving excellence.
I have no friends, that once affected were,
But to my heart, they sit this day as neare,
As when I most endear'd them (though they seeme
To fall from my opinion or esteeme:)
For precious Time, in idle would be spent,
If I with All, should alwaies complement.
And till, my love I may to purpose show,
I care not wher' they thinke I love or no.
For sure I am, if any finde me chang'd;
Their greatnesse, nor their meannesse me estrang'd.
I have not priz'd mens loues, the lesse or more,
Because I saw them, either rich or poore;

But

But as their love and Vertues did appeare,
I such esteem'd them, whosoe're they were.
I have no trust, or confidence in friends,
That seeke to know me, meerly for their ends,
Nor have I ever said, *I loved* yet;
Where I expected more then *Love* for it,
And let me faile of that where most I lou'd,
If that with greater joy I be not mou'd
By twenty fold, when I my kindnes show,
Then when their favours they on me bestow.
I have not that vile minde; nor shall my brest
For ever, with such basenes be possest;
As in my anger (be it ne're so iust)
To utter ought committed to my trust
In time of friendship, though constrained so,
That want of telling it, should me undo.
For, whosoe're hath trust repos'd in me;
Shall ever finde me true, though false he be.
I have no love to *Country*, *Prince* or Friend;
That can be more, or lesse, or have an end.
For whatsoever state they rais'd me to,
I would not love them, better then I do.
Nor can I hate them; though on me they should
Heape all the scorne, and Iniury they could.
I have no doting humour, to affect
Where love I finde rewarded with neglect.
I never was with melancholy fit
Oppressed in such stupid manner, yet,
As that ungently to my friends I spake;
Or heed to their contentment did not take:
Nor have I felt my Anger so inflam'd,
But that with gentle speech it might be tam'd.
I have no private cause of discontent,
Nor grudge against the publike government.

I have no ſpight, or envie in my breſt,
Nor doth anothers peace diſturbe my reſt.
I have not (yet) that dunghill humour, which
Some Great-men have; who, ſo they may be rich,
Thinke all gaine ſweet, and nought aſhamed are,
In vile, and raſcall Suites to have a ſhare.
For I their baſeneſſe ſcorne: and ever loath'd
By wronging others, to be fed or cloath'd,
Much more, to have my pride, or luſt maintain'd,
With what, by foule oppreſſion hath beene gain'd.
I have not beene enamor'd on the *Fate*
Of men, to great advancements fortunate.
I never yet a Favorite did ſee
So happy, that I wiſhed to be he:
Nor would I, whatſoe're of me became,
Be any other man, but who I am.
For, though I am aſſur'd the deſtiny
Of millions tendeth to felicity:
Yet thoſe deare ſecret comforts, which I finde,
Vnſeene, within the cloſet of my minde:
Give more aſſurance of true happineſſe,
Then any outward glories can expreſſe.
And 'tis ſo hard, (what ſhewes ſoe're there be)
The inward plight of other men to ſee:
That my eſtate, with none exchange I dare,
Although my Fortunes more deſpiſed were.
I have not hitherto divulged ought,
Wherein my words diſſented from my thought.
Nor would I faile, if I might able be,
To make my manners and my words agree.
I have not beene aſhamed to confeſſe
My loweſt Fortunes, or the kindneſſes,
Of pooreſt men: Nor have I proud beene made,
By any favor from a great Man had.

I have not plac't ſo much of my Content,
on the goods of *Fortune*, to lament
le loſſe of them; more then may ſeemely be,
) grieve for things, which are no part of me.
r, I have knowne the worſt of being poore,
a loſt, when I to loſe have had no more,
d though, the Coward *World* more quakes for feare
Poverty, then any plagues that are:
, He that mindes his End, obſerves his Ward,
e Meanes purſues, and keepes a heart prepar'd:
res Scorne and Poverty as boldly meete,
others gladly Fame and Riches greet.
r thoſe, who on the ſtage of this proud World,
to the pawes of *Want* and *Scorne* are hurld:
t in the *Maſter prize*, that tryeth men;
d *Vertue* fighteth her brav'ſt combat then.
no Antipathy (as yet) *have* had,
ixt me, and any Creature, God hath made:
r if they doe not ſcratch, nor bite, nor ſting,
akes, Serpents, Todes, or Catts, or any thing
an endure to touch, or looke upon:
o cannot en'ry one whom I have knowne.)
I have no Nation on the earth abhor'd,
t with a *Iew* or *Spaniard* can accord,
well, as with my Brother; if I finde
beare a Vertuous and Heroick minde.
Yet (I confeſſe) of all men, I moſt hate
ch, as their manners doe adulterate.
oſe Linſy-woolſie people, who are neither
nch, *Engliſh*, *Scotſh*, nor *Dutch*, but altogether.
oſe, I affect not; rather wiſh I could,
at they were fiſh, or fleſh, or hot, or cold:
t none among all them, worſe brooke I, then
ur meere Hiſpaniolized *Engliſh men*.

And

And if we ſcape their Treacheries at home,
I'le feare no miſchiefes, where ſo'ere I come.
I hav not fear'd who my Religion knowes:
Nor ever for preferment, made I ſhowes
Of what I was not. For, although I may
Through want, be forc't to put on worſe array,
Vpon my Body; I will ever finde
Meanes to maintaine a habit for my Minde,
Of Truth in graine: and weare it, in the ſight
Of all the world: in all the worlds deſpight.
I, their preſumption, *have not*, who dare blame
A fault in others; and correct the ſame
With grievous puniſhments: yet guilty be,
Of thoſe offences in more high degree.
For, oh! how bold, and impudent a face,
(And what unmoved hearts of Flint and Braſſe)
Have thoſe corrupted *Magiſtrates*, who dare
Vpon the ſeat of Iudgement ſit; and there
Without an inward horror preach abroad,
The guilt of Sinne, and heavy wrath of God;
(Againſt offenders pleading at their *Barr*)
Yet know, what plots, within their boſomes are?
Who, when (enthron'd for Iuſtice) they behold
A reverend *Magiſtrate*, both grave, and old:
And heare how ſternly, he doth aggravate
Each little crime, offenders perpetrate:
How much the fact he ſeemeth to abhor;
How he, a juſt correction labours for;
How he admires, and wonders that among
A people, where the Faith hath flouriſht long
Such wickednes ſhould raigne which (he hath heard)
The Heathen to commit, have bin afeard,
Who that obſerves all this, would thinke that He
Did but an houre before, receive a fee,

Some

Some Innocent (by law) to murther there?
Or elſe, from Children fatherleſſe to teare
Their iuſt inheritance? and that when this
Were done (as if that nought had beene amiſſe)
He could goe ſleepe upon a deed ſo foule;
And neither thinke on mans, or Gods controule?
I have not a ſtupidity ſo mad,
And this preſumption, I would no man had.

I have no queſtion made, but ſome there are,
Who, when of this my *Motto* they ſhall heare;
Will have a better ſtomacke, to procure
That I may check, or puniſhment endure,
Then their owne evill manners to amend:
For that's a worke, they cannot yet intend.
And though, they many view (before their face)
Fal'ne, and each minute falling to diſgrace;
(For leſſe offences farre then they commit)
Without remorſe, and penitence they ſit.
As if that They, (and they allone) had binne
Without the compaſſe of reproofe of ſinne.

I have no great opinion of their wit,
Nor ever ſaw their actions proſper, yet,
Who wedded to their owne devices be,
And will not counſell heare, nor danger ſee,
That is foretold them by their trueſt friends:
But rather, liſt to them, who for their ends
Doe ſooth their fancies. And the beſt excuſe
That ſuch men can, to hide their folly uſe;
(When all their idle projects come to nought)
Are theſe words of the foole. *I had not thought*,

I have not their delight, who pleaſure take
At Natures imperfections, ſcoffes to make.
Nor have I bitterneſſe againſt that ſinne,
Which thorow weakenes hath committed bin.

(For I my selfe, am to offences prone,
And every day commit I many a one)
But at their hatefull crimes I onely glance,
That sinne of pleasure, pride, and arrogance.
I have not so much knowledge as to call
The *Arts* in question; neither wit so small,
To waste my spirits, those things to attaine,
Which all the world hath labour'd for in vaine.
I have not so much beauty, to attract
The eyes of Ladies: neither have I lackt
Of that proportion which doth well suffice
To make me gracious in good peoples eyes.
I have not done, so many a holy deed;
As that of *IESVS CHRIST* I have no need.
And my *good workes* I hope are not so few,
But that in me a living *Faith* they shew.
I have not found ability so much,
To carry Milstones; yea, and were it such,
I should not greatly vaunt it: for in this,
A scurvie pack-horse far my better is.
I love his manly strength, that can resist
His owne desires: force passages when he list,
Through all his strong affections, and subdue
The stout attempts of that rebellious crewe.
This, were a braver strength then *Sampson* got:
And this, I covet, but I have it not.
I have not so much heedlesnes of things,
Which appertaine unto the Courts of Kings;
But that from my low station, I can see
A Princes love may oft abused be:
For many men their Country injure dare
At home; where all our eyes upon them are,
And (of the worlds Protector) I implore,
The trust abroad, be not abused more.

I have no Brother, but of yonger age,
Nor have I Birth-right without heritage:
And with that land, let me inherit ſhame,
Vnleſſe I grieve when I poſſeſſe the ſame.
The value of a penny *have I not*,
That was by bribery or extortion got.
I have no Lands that from the Church were pild,
To bring (hereafter) ruine to my Child.
And hitherto, I thinke, I have beene free
From Widdowes, or from Orphants curſing me.
The *Spleene*, the *Collicke*, or the *Lethargy*,
Gouts, *Palſies*, *Dropſies*, or a *Lunacy*.
I (by inheritance) *have none* of theſe:
Not raigning ſinne; nor any foule diſeaſe.
I have no debts, but ſuch as (when I can)
I meane to pay; nor is there any man
(To whom I ſtand ingag'd by ought I borrow)
Should loſſe ſuſtaine though I ſhould dye to morrow:
And if they ſhould (ſo much my friends they be)
Their greateſt loſſe they'le thinke the loſſe of me.
And well they know, I tooke not what they lent,
To wrong their loves, or to be idly ſpent.
Except the *Devill*, and that curſed brood,
Which have dependance on his Devil hood,
I know *no* foes *I have*; for, if there be,
In none, more malice, then I finde in me:
The earth, that man (at this time) doth not beare
Who would not, if ſome juſt occaſions were;
(Ev'n in his height of ſpleene) my life to ſave,
Adventure with one foot, into his grave.
To make me carefull; Children *I have none*,
Nor have I any Wife to get them on;
Nor have I, (yet to keepe her) had I one;
Nor can this ſpoyle my Marriage being knowne.

Since I am ſure, I was not borne for her,
That ſhall before my worth, her wealth prefer:
For I doe ſet my Vertues at a rate,
As high as any prize their Riches at.
And if All count, the venture too much coſt,
In keeping it my ſelfe there's nothing loſt.
For, ſhe I wed, ſhall ſomewhat thinke in me
More worthy Love, then great revenues be.
And if I finde not one, of ſuch a minde,
(As ſuch indeed, are Iewels rare to finde)
Ile claſped in mine owne embraces lye:
And never touch a woman till I dye.
For, ſhall a Fellow, whom (the Vſurer)
His Father, by extortion did prefer
Vnto an heritage in value cleare,
Above foure times a thouſand pounds a yeare,
So worthily or ſo confident become?
(By meanes of that his goodly annuall ſomme,
Which may be loſt to morrow) as to dare
Attempt a *Nymph* of Honour for his pheare?
Shall he; that hath with thoſe foure thouſand pounds
A gaming vaine; a deepe-mouth'd cry of Hounds,
Three caſt of Hawkes, of Whores as many brace,
Sixe hunting Naggs, and five more for the race:
(Perhaps a numerous brood of fighting-Cocks)
Phyſitians, Barbers, Surgeons for the Pox;
And twenty other humors to maintaine,
(Beſides the yeerely charges of his traine)
With this revenue? Moſt of which, or all
To morgage muſt be ſet? perhaps to ſale
To pay his creditors, and yet all faile
To keepe his craſie body from the Iayle?
Shall this dull Foole, with his uncertaine ſtore
(And in all honeſty and Vertues poore)

Hope

Hope for a *Miſtreſſe*, noble, rich and faire?
And is it likely that I can diſpaire
To be as happy, if I ſeeke it would?
Who ſuch a matchleſſe fortune have in hold:
That though the *World* my ruine plot and theat,
I can in ſpight of it be rich, and great?
A ſilly Girle, no ſooner underſtands,
That ſhe is left in Portion, or in Lands;
So large a fortune, that it doth excell
The greateſt part who neare about her dwell:
But ſtraight begins to rate, and prize her ſelf
According to the value of her pelf,
And though no Gentry, nor good breeding born,
Can all, that have eſtates beneath her, ſcorn.
This wit a *Woman* hath: and ſhall not I,
Who know I have a *Wealth* which none can buy,
For all the world; expect a nobler phere
Then ſutes unto a hundred pounds a yeere?
Shall love of Truth, and Vertue make of me
A match no better worthy, then is He
Who knowes not what they meane? and doth poſſeſſe
In outward fortunes neither more nor leſſe?
Have I oft heard ſo many faire ones plaine
How fruitleſſe Titles are? how poore and vaine
They found rich greatnes, where they did not find,
True Love, and the endowments of the mind?
Have faireſt Ladies often ſworne to me
That if they might, but onely, *Miſtreſſe* be
Of true affection; they would prize it more
Then all thoſe glories, which the moſt adore:
Have I obſerv'd how hard it is to find
A conſtant heart? a juſt and honeſt mind?
How few good natures in the world there are,
How ſcanty true affection is? how rare?

And shall I passe as true a Heart away,
As hath conceiv'd an honest thought to day:
As if in value to no more it came,
Then would endeare me to a vulgar Dame
On equall termes? or else undoe me with
Some old rich Croan, that hath out-liv'd her teeth?
I'le rather breake it with proud scorne; that dead,
The wormes may rifle for my *Mayden-head*.
I have no love to beauties, which are gone
Much like a Rose in Iune, as soone as blowne.
Those painted *Cabinets* and nought within,
Have little power my respect to win.
Nor have I, yet, that stupid love to pelfe,
As for the hope thereof, to yoke my selfe
With any female; betwixt whom, and me,
There could not in the soule, a marriage be.
For whosoever joyne without that care;
Foeles, and accursed in their matches are;
And so are you, that either heare or view
What I averre, unlesse you thinke it true.
I haue no meaning, whensoere I wed,
That my companion, shall become my head.
Nor would I (if I meant to keepe my right)
So much as say so, though that win her might.
Not though a Dutchesse: for the meanes I'le use
To keepe my worth, though my reward I loose.
Yea, from a prison had she raised me,
Lord of her fortunes, and her Selfe to be:
I that respect, would still expect to have,
Which might become her Husband: not her slave.
And should I spouse a Begger, I would shew,
What love, and honor, to a wife were due.
I have not, yet of any scorned bin;
Whose good opinion, I have sought to win.

Nor

Nor have I (when I meane to wooe) a feare,
That any man ſhall make me willow weare,
I have not eyes ſo excellent, to ſee
Things (as ſome men can do) before they be.
Nor purblind ſight, which crimes farre off can mark:
Yet ſeeme, to faults which are more neare me, dark.
I have not eares for every tale that's told,
Nor memory, things frivolous to hold.
I have not their credulity that dare
Give credit unto all reports they heare.
Nor have I ſubject to their dulneſſe beene,
Who can beleeeve no more then they have ſeene.
I have no feeling of thoſe wrongs that be
By baſe unworthy fellowes, offered me:
For my contentment, and my glory, lyes
Above the pitch, their ſpight or malice flyes.
I have not need enough as yet, to ſerve;
Nor impudence to crave till I deſerve.
I have no hope, the worlds eſteeme to get:
Nor could a Foole, or Knave, e're brooke me yet.
I have not villany enough, to prey
Vpon the weake: or friendſhip to betray.
Nor have I ſo much love to life, that I
Would ſeeke to ſave it by diſhoneſty;
I have not Cowardize enough to feare,
In honeſt actions; though my death be there:
Nor heart, to perpetrate a wilfull ſinne:
Though I with ſafety, large renowne might win:
And for omitting it, were ſure to dye,
Ne're to be thought on, but with infamy.
I have not their baſe cruelty, who can
Inſult upon an over-grieved man:
Or tread on him, that at my feet doth bow,
For, I proteſt, no villany I know

That could be done me; but if I perceiv'd
(Or thought) the doer, without faigning griev'd:
I truely could forgive him; as if he
Had never in a thought abused me.
And if my love to mercy, I belye,
Let God deny me mercy when I dye.
I have not that unhappineſſe, to be
A Rich mans Sonne; For he had trained me
In ſome vaine path; and I had never ſought
That knowledge which my poverty hath taught.
I have no inclination to reſpect
Each vulgar complement, nor yet neglect
An honeſt ſhew of friendſhip: For, I ſweare,
I rather wiſh, that I deceived were;
Then of ſo baſe a diſpoſition be,
As to diſtruſt, till cauſe were given me:
I have no Conſtitution, to accord
To ought diſhoneſt, ſooner for a Lord
Then for his meaneſt Groome; and hopes there be
It never will be otherwiſe with me.
I have no policies to make me ſeeme
A man well-worthy of the worlds eſteeme.
Nor have I hope, I ſhall hereafter grow
To any more regard, for ſaying ſo;
I have no doubt, though here a ſlighted thing,
But I am favourite to Heav'ns great King.
Nor have I feare, but all that's good in me,
Shall in my Life, or Death, rewarded be.
But yet *I have not* that attain'd, for which
Thoſe who account this nothing, thinke me rich?
Nor that, which they doe reckon worth eſteeme,
To whom, the riches of the mind, doe ſeeme
A ſcornefull Poverty. But let that goe,
Men cannot prize the Pearles they doe not know.

Nor

Nor have I power to teach them: for if I
Should here conſume my gift of Poeſie:
(And wholly waſt my ſpirits, to expreſſe
What rich contents, a poore eſtate may bleſſe)
It were impoſſible, to move the ſenſe
Of thoſe brave things, in their intelligence,
I have not found, on what I may rely,
Vnleſſe it carry ſome Divinity
To make me confident: for, all the glory,
And all hopes foile, in things meere tranſitory.
What man is there among us; doth not know
A thouſand men, this night to bed will goe,
Of many a hundred goodly things poſſeſt;
That ſhall have nought to morrow but a Cheſt,
And one poore ſheete to lye in? What I may
Next morning have, I know not; But to day,
A *Friend*, *Meate*, *Drinke*, and fitting *Clothes* to weare;
Some *Bookes* and *Papers* which my Iewels are;
A *Servant* and a *Horſe*, all this I have,
And when I dye, one promiſt me a *Grave*.
A *Grave*, that quiet cloſet of Content:
And I have built my ſelfe a *Monument*.
But (as I live) excepting onely this;
(Which of my wealth the *Inventory* is)
I have ſo little; I my oath might ſave:
If I ſhould take it, that *I, nothing have*.

Nec Careo.

AND yet, what *Want I?* or who knoweth how
I may be richer made then I am now?
Or what great *Peire* or wealthy *Alderman*,
Bequeath, his sonne, so great a Fortune can?
I nothing want that needfull is to have;
Sought I no more, then Nature bids me crave.
For, as we see, the smallest *Vials* may
As full as greatest *Glasses* be; though they
Much lesse containe: So, my small portion gives
That full content to me; in which he lives,
Who most possesseth: and with larger store,
I might fill others, but my selfe no more.
I want not Temperance, to rest content
With what the providence of God hath lent;
Nor want I a sufficiency, to know
Which way to use it, if he more bestow.
For, as when me, one horse would easier beare,
To ride on two at once, it madnes were:
And, as when one small Bowle might quench my thirst
To lift a Vessell, that my backe might burst
Were wondrous folly: So absurd a thing
It were in me; should I neglect a Spring,
(Whose plenty may a Countries want supply)
To dwell by some small *poole* that would be dry.
If therefore, ought doe happen in the way;
Which on a just occasion seeke I may;

I,

I want not reſolution to make tryall,
Nor want I patience, if I have deniall.
Men aske me what Preferment I have gain'd,
What riches, by my Studies are attain'd:
And thoſe that fed, and fatned are with draffe
For their deſtruction; pleaſe themſelves to laugh
At my low Fate; as if I nought had got
(For my enriching) cauſe they ſaw it not.
Alas! that Mole-ey'd iſſue, cannot ſee,
What Patrimonies are beſtow'd on me.
There is a braver wealthineſſe, then what
They (by abundance) have arrived at.
Had *I* their wealth I ſhould not ſleepe the more
Securely for it; and were I as poore
In outward fortunes, as men ſhipwrackt are;
I ſhould (of poverty) have no more feare,
Then if I had the riches and the powers
Of all the Eſteme Kings and Emperours:
For, graſſe though trod into the earth may grow;
And higheſt Cedars have an overthrow.
Yea, I have ſeene as many begger'd by
Their fathers wealth; and much proſperity,
As have by want miſ-done. And for each one,
Whom by his riches, I advanc'd have knowne;
I three could reckon, who through being poore,
Have rais'd their Fortunes, and their friends the more.
To what contents doe men moſt wealthy mount,
Which I enjoy not; If their cares we count?
My cloathing keepes me full as warme as their,
My Meates unto my taſte, as pleaſing are,
I feed enough my hunger to ſuffice:
I ſleepe, till I my ſelfe am pleas'd to riſe,
My Dreames are ſweet, and full of quiet be:
My waking cares, as ſeldome trouble me.

I have as oftentimes, a Sunny day:
And sport, and laugh, and sing, aswell as they,
I breath as wholsome and as sweet an ayre,
As loving as my *Mistresse*, and as faire.
My body is as healthy; and I finde
As little cause of Sickneſſe, in my minde,
I am as wise, I thinke, as some of those;
And oft my selfe as foolishly dispose:
For, of the wiſeſt, I am none (as yet)
And I have nigh, as little hayre as wit:
Of neither, have I ought to let to farme,
Nor so much *want I*, as may keep me warm.

I find my Liver sound, my joynts well knit:
Youth, and good *Diet*, are my Doctors yet.
Nor on *Potatoes*, or *Eringoes* feede I:
No Meates restorative to raiſe me, needs I:
Nor *Amber greese*, with other things confected,
To take away the ſtinke of Lungs infected.
I nev'r in need of *Potticary* ſtood,
Or any Surgeons hand to let me bloud:
For ſince the Rod, my Tutor hurled by,
I have not medled with *Phlebotomy*.

As good as other mens, my senses be;
Each limbe I have, as able is in me,
And whether I, a lovely be, or no
Tis ten to one, but some doe thinke me so.

The wealthieſt men, no benefits poſſeſſe,
But I have ſuch, or better in their place.
As they my low condition, can contemne;
So, I know how to ſling a ſcorne at them.
My Fame, is yet as faire, and flyes as farre,
As ſome mens, that with Titles laden are:
Yea, by my ſelf much more I have attain'd,
Then many, have with help of others gain'd.

And

And my esteeme I will not change for their,
Whose Fortunes are, ten thousand more a yeare.
Nor want I so much grace, as to confesse,
That God is Author of this happinesse.
I want not so much iudgement, as to see
There must 'twixt men and men a difference be,
And I, of those in place, account do make,
Though they be wicked) for good orders sake,
But I could stoop to serve them at their feet,
Where old *Nobility*, and *Vertue* meet.
To finde mine owne defects, *I want not* sense:
Nor want I will to grieve for my offence.
To see my Friend misdoe, *I want not* eyes;
Nor Love, to cover his infirmities.
I want not Spirit, if I once but know
The way be iust, and noble that I goe.
My mind's as great as theirs that greatest are;
Yet, I can make it fit the clothes I weare.
And whether I ascend, or lower fall:
I want no hope but I preserve it shall.
I want no slanders; neither want I braine,
To scorne the Rascall humours, of the vaine
And giddy multitude. And (trust me) they,
So farre unable are to take away
My resolutions, that no more it feares
The worst their ignorance or malice dares:
Then doth the *Moone*, when dogs and birds of night,
Doe barking stand, or whooting at her light.
And if this mischiefe, no way shun I could,
But that they praise me, or dispraise me would:
I rather wish, their tongues should blast my names
Then be beholding to them for my fame.
I want nor wit, nor honesty enough
To keep my hand from such base Rascall stuffe,

As is a *Libell:* For, although I ſhall
Sometime let flye, at *Vice* in generall;
I ſpare particulars; Nor ſhall a Knave
In my *Lines* live, ſo much as ſhame to have.
But in his owne corruption, dye, and rot;
That all his memory may be forgot.
I want not ſo much Knowledge as to know
True *Wiſdome* lies not in a glorious ſhow
Of humane Learning; or in being able
To cite Authorities innumerable.
Nor in a new Invention. But that man,
Who make good uſe of ev'ry creature can:
And from all things, that happen well or ill:
Contentment drawes; (and keepes a conſcience ſtill,
To witneſſe his endeavours to be good,)
That man is wiſeſt; though he underſtood
The language of no country but his owne,
Nor ever had the uſe of Letters knowne.

To make faire ſhewes, of *Honeſty* and *Arts*;
Of *Knowledge* and *Religion:* are the parts
This Age doth ſtrive to playe but few there are,
Who truely are the ſame they doe appeare.
And this is that, which daily makes us ſee
So many, whom we honeſt thought to be,
And wiſe, and learned, (while ſome *Scenes* doe laſt)
Prove Fooles, and Knaves, before their *Acts* be paſt.

I want not ſenſe, of thoſe Mens miſeries;
Who lul'd aſleepe in their proſperities.
Muſt ſhortly fall, and with a heavy eye
Behold their pompe, and pleaſures vaniſh by:
And how that *Miſtreſſe*, they ſo doted on
(Their proud *Vaine-glory*) will with ſcorne be gon.
I feele me thinkes with what a drooping heart,
They, and their idle hopes begin to part:

And

And with what mighty burthens of unreſt,
Their poore diſtemperd ſoules will be oppreſt.
How much they will repent, I doe foreſee;
How much confuſed, and aſham'd they'le be,
And as I praiſe their doome; ev'n ſo I pray,
Their ſhame and ſorrow, worke their comfort may!
I want not much experiment, to ſhow
That all is good God pleaſeth to beſtow;
(What ſhape ſoever he doth maske it in)
For all my former cares, my ioyes have bin:
And I have truſt, that all my woes to come,
Will bring my Soule, Eternall comforts home.
I doe not finde, within me, other teares;
Then what to men, of all degrees appeares.
I have a conſcience that is cleane within:
For, (though I guilty am of many a ſinne)
A kinde Redeemer, I have found, and he
His Righteouſneſſe imputeth unto me:
The Greateſt, have no Greatnes, more then I,
In bearing out a want, or Miſery.
I can as well, to paſſion ſet a bound:
I brooke as well the ſmarting of a wound.
Aſwell endure I, to be hunger-bit;
Aſwell can wreſtle with an Ague-fit.
My eyes can wake as long as their I'me ſure;
And as much cold, or heat I can endure.
Yea, let my deareſt friends excuſed be,
From heaping ſcorne, or Iniuries on me;
(Come all the world) and I my heart can make;
To brooke as much, before it ſhrinke, or breake
As theirs, that doe the nobleſt Titles weare;
And ſlight as much their frown that might'ſt are,
For, if in me at any time appeare
Abaſhfulneſſe (which ſome miſtitle, feare)

It is no doubt, leſt I through folly may
Some things unfitting me; or doe, or ſay:
But not that I am fearefull to be ſhent;
For dread of Men, or feare of puniſhment.
And yet, *no* faults *I want*; *nor want* in me,
Affections which in other men there be.
As much I hate an incivilitie;
As much am taken with a Courteſie;
As much abhor I, brutiſh Vanities;
As much allow I, Chriſtian Liberties;
As ſoone an iniurie I can perceive;
And with as free a heart I can forgive.
My hand, in Anger, I as well can ſtay;
And I dare ſtrike as ſtout a man as they;
And when I know, that I amiſſe have done,
I am as much aſham'd as any one.
If my afflictions more then others be:
I have more comforts to keepe heart in me,
I have a *Faith* will carry me on high:
Vntill it lift me to *Eternity*.
I have a *Hope*, that neither want nor ſpight,
Nor grim Adverſity, ſhall ſtop this flight:
But that undaunted, I my courſe ſhall hold,
Though twenty thouſand Devils croſſe me ſhould.
Yet (I confeſſe) in this my Pilgrimage,
I like ſome Infant am, of tender age.
For, as the Childe, who from his Father hath
Strai'd in ſome Grove, through many a crooked path:
Is ſometime hopefull that he findes the way;
And ſometime doubtfull, he runs more aſtray.
Sometime, with faire and eaſie paths, doth meet;
Sometime with rougher tracts, that ſtay his feet.
Here runs, there goes, and yon amazed ſtaies;
Now cries, and ſtraight forgets his care, and playes.

Then

Then hearing where his loving Father cals,
Makes haſt, but through a zeale ill-guided, fals;
Or runs ſome other way. untill that *He*
(Whoſe love is more then his endevours be)
To ſeeke this *Wanderer* forth, himſelfe doth come,
And take him in his armes, and beare him home.

So, in this life, this Grove of ignorance,
As to my homeward, I my ſelfe advance;
Sometime aright, and ſometime wrong I goe;
Sometime my pace is ſpeedy, ſometime ſlow;
Sometime I ſtagger, and ſometime I fall:
Sometime I ſing, ſometime for helpe I call.
One while my waies are pleaſant unto me;
Another while, as full of cares they be:
Now, I have courage, and doe nothing feare,
Anon, my Spirits halfe dejected are.
I doubt, and hope, and doubt and hope againe;
And many a change of Paſſions I ſuſtaine,
In this my iourney: ſo, that now and then,
I loſt may ſeeme (perhaps) to other men.
Yea, to my ſelfe awhile, when ſinnes impure,
Doe my *Redeemers* loue, from me obſcure.
But (whatſoe're betide) I know full well,
My Father (who above the Clouds doth dwell)
An eye upon his wandring Child doth caſt;
And He will fetch me to my home at laſt.
For, of Gods love, a Witneſſe want not I;
And whom He love, He loves eternally.
I have within my breaſt a little heart,
Which ſeemes to be compoſed, of a part
Of all my Friends: For, (truely) whenſoe're
They ſuffer any thing, I feele it there.
And they no ſooner a Complaint doe make,
But preſently it fals to pant and ake.

I have a Love, that is as ſtrong as *Fate*,
And ſuch, as cannot be empayrd by Hate.
And (whatſoever the ſucceſſe may prove)
I want not yet, the comforts of my Love.
Theſe, are the *Jewels* that doe make me rich;
Theſe, while I doe poſſeſſe, *I want not* much:
And I ſo happy am, that ſtill I beare,
Theſe Riches with me: and ſo ſafe they are,
That Pyrats, Robbers, no device of man,
Or Tyrants powre, deprive me of them can.
And were I naked, forced to exile;
More Treaſure, I ſhould carry from this *Ile*;
Then ſhould be ſold; though for it I might gaine,
The wealth of all *America* and *Spaine*.
For, this makes ſweet my life, and when I die,
Will bring the ſleepe of Death on quietly.
Yea, ſuch as greateſt pompe, in life time have;
Shall find no warmer lodging in their Grave.
Beſides; *I want not* many things they need,
Who Me in outward Fortunes doe exceed.
I want no Guard, or Coate of Musket proofe;
My Innocence is guardiant ſtrong enough.
I want no Title; for to be the Sonne,
Of the *Almighty*, is a glorious one:
I want no Followers; for, through Faith I ſee
A troupe of Angels ſtill attending me.
Through want of friendſhip *neede I not* repine,
For God, and good men, are ſtill friends of mine.
And when I iourney to the *North*, the *Eaſt*,
The pleaſant *South*, or to the fertile *Weſt*;
I cannot want for proffer'd Courteſies,
As farre as our *Great Britaines* Empire lies.
In every *Shire*, and Corner of the Land,
To welcome me, doe Houſes open ſtand,

Of

Of beſt eſteeme: And Strangers to my face,
Have thought me worth the Feaſting, and more grace
Then I will boaſt of: leſt you may ſuſpect,
That I thoſe glories (which I ſcorne) affect.
Of my acquaintance were a thouſand glad,
And ſought it, though nor wealth, nor place I had,
For their advantage. And, if ſome more high,
(Who on the multitudes of friends relye)
Had but a Fortune equall unto me,
Their troupe of followers would as ſlender be:
And thoſe 'mong whom, they now eſteeme have won,
Would ſcarcely thinke them, worth the looking on.
I want no Office; for (though none be voyde)
A Chriſtian findes, he may be ſtill employ'd.
I want no Pleaſures, for I pleaſures make,
What ever God is pleas'd, I undertake.
Companions *want I not*, For know, that I
Am one of that renown'd *Societie*:
Which by the *Name* we carry, firſt was knowne,
At *Antioch*, ſo many yeeres agone.
And greateſt Kings, themſelves have happy thought,
That to this noble *Order* they were brought.
I want not Armes, to fit me for the Field;
My *Prayers*, are my Sword; my *Faith*, my Shield:
By which, (how ere you prize them) I have got,
Vnwounded, thorow twenty thouſand Shot.
And with theſe Armes, I heaven thinke to ſcale,
Though Hell the Ditch were, & more high the Wall.
A thouſand other priviledges more
I doe poſſeſſe; in which the world is poore.
Yea, I ſo long could reckon, you would grant,
That though I nothing have, *I nothing want*.
And did the *King*, but know how rich I were,
I durſt to pawne my Fortunes, he would ſweare,

That

That were he not the King, I had beene *Hee*
Whom he (of all men) would have wisht to be.

Nec Curo.

THen, to vouchsafe me yet more favour here;
He that supplies my *Want*, hath tooke my *Care*:
And when to bar me ought, he sees it fit,
He doth infuse a Mind to sleight at it.
Why, if He all things needfull doth bestow,
Should I for what *I* have not, carefull grow?
Low place I keepe; yet to a *Greatnesse* borne,
Which doth the Worlds affected Greatnesse scorne:
I doe disdaine her glories, and contemne
Those muddy spirits that delight in them:
I care for no mans Countenance, or grace,
Vnlesse he be as good, as great in place.
For no mans spight or envy doe *I care*;
For none have spight at me, that honest are.
I care not for that baser wealth, in which
Vice may become, as well as Vertue rich.
I care not for their friendship who have spent,
Loves best expressions, in meere Complement:
Nor for those Favors (though a Queenes they were)
In which I thought another had a share.
I care not for their praise, who doe not show,
That in their lives, which they in words allow.
A rush *I care not* who condemneth me;
That sees not what my Soules intentions be.
I care not though to all men knowne it were,
Both whom I love, or hate; For none I feare.

I care not though ſome Courtiers ſtill preferre
The Paraſite, and ſmooth tongu'd Flatterer,
Before my bold, truth-ſpeaking *Lines*; and here
If theſe ſhould anger them, *I doe not care.*
I care not for that goodly *Pretious Stone*,
Which *Chymiſts* have ſo fondly doted on.
Nor would I give a rotten Chip, that I
Were of the *Roſy-Croſſe*, Fraternity:
For, I the world too well have underſtood,
As to be guld with ſuch a *Brother-hood.*
I care for no more knowledge, then to know
What I to God and to my Neighbour owe.
For outward Beauties *I doe nothing care.*
So I within, may faire to God appeare:
No other liberty *I care* to winne,
But to be wholy freed from my ſinne.
Nor more Abilitie (whilſt I have breath)
Then ſtrength to beare my Croſſes to my death,
Nor can the Earth affoord a happineſſe
That ſhall be greater then this *Careleſneſſe.*
For ſuch a *Life* I ſoone ſhould *Careleſſe* grow,
In which I had not leaſure more to know.
Nor care I, in a knowledge paines to take,
Which doth not thoſe, who get it, wiſer make:
Nor for that *Wiſedome*, do I greatly *care*,
Which would not make me ſomewhat honeſter.
Nor for that morall *Honeſtie*, that ſhall
Refuſe to joyne Religion, therewithall.
Nor for that zealous ſeeming *Piety*,
Which wanteth love and morall Honeſty.
Nor for their *Loves*, whoſe baſe affections be,
More for their luſt, then for ought good in me.
Nor, for ought *good* within me ſhould I care,
But that they ſprincklings of Gods goodneſſe are.

For

For many Bookes *I care not*; and my ſtore
Might now ſuffice me, though I had no more,
Then Gods two *Teſtaments*, and therewithall
That mighty *Volume*, which the *World* we call.
For, theſe well lookt on, well in minde preſerv'd;
The preſent Ages paſſages obſerv'd:
My private Actions, ſeriouſly oreview'd.
My thoughts recald, and what of them enſu'd:
Are Bookes, which better farre, inſtruct me can,
Then all the other Paper-workes of man:
And ſome of theſe, I may be reading to,
Where e're I come, or whatſoe're I do.

I care not though a ſight of idle *Guls*,
(With laviſh tongues, and ever empty ſculs)
Doe let my better-tempered Labours lye;
And ſince, I Termely make not *Pamphlets* flye,
Say I am idle, and doe nothing now,
As if that I were bound to let Them know,
What I were doing; Or to caſt away
My breath, and Studies, on ſuch fooles as They.
I much diſdaine it: for, theſe Blockes be Thoſe,
That uſe to read my *Verſe* like ragged *Proſe*;
And ſuch as (ſo their Bookes be new) ne're care
Of what eſteeme, nor of what uſe they are.

I care not, though a vaine and ſpungy crew,
Of ſhallow *Critickes*, in each *Taverne* ſpew
Their drunken cenſures on my Poeſie,
Vntill among their Cupps, they ſprawling lye.
Theſe poore, betattered *Rimers* (now and then)
With *Wine* and *Impudence* inſpired can
Some fuſtian language utter, which doth ſeeme
(Among their baſe admirers) worth eſteeme.
But thoſe baſe Ivie-Poets never knew,
Which way, a ſprightly, honeſt Rapture flew:

Nor

Nor can they reliſh any ſtraine of wit,
But, what was in ſome drunken fury writ.
Thoſe needy *Poetaſters*, to preſerre
Their naſty ſtuffe to ſome dull *Stationer*;
With Impudence extoll it: and will tell him,
The very Title of their booke ſhall ſell him,
As many thouſands of them (wholly told)
As ever of my *Satyrs*, have been ſold,
Yet, e're a twelve moneth by the walls it lyes,
Or to the Kitchin or the Paſtry hies.
Sometime, that theſe mens Rymes may heeded be,
They give (forſooth) a ſecret lerke at me.
But ſo obſcurely, that no man may know,
Who there was meant, untill they tell them ſo.
For fearing me, They dare not to be plaine,
And yet my vengeance they ſuſpect in vaine.
For I can keepe my way, and careleſſe be,
Though twenty ſnarling *Curres* doe barke at me.
And while my Fame, thoſe fooles doe murmur at,
(And vex themſelves) with laughing, I am fat.
I am not much inquiſitive to know,
For what brave Action our laſt Fleet did go:
What men abroad performe, or what at home,
Who ſhall be *Emperour*, or *Pope* of *Rome*;
What newes from *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Turkey* are:
Whether of Merchandize, of Peace or Warre;
Whether *Mogul*, the *Sophy*, *Preſter Iohn*,
The Duke of *China*, or the Ile *Iaphan*
The mightier be: for, things impertinent
To my particular, or my Content
I little heed (though much thereof I know)
Nor care I whether it be true or no.
Not for becauſe I careleſſe am become,
Of the neglected State of Chriſtendome.

But, cauſe (I am aſſur'd) what ever ſhall
Vnto the *Church*, or *Common-wealth* befall;
(Through *Sathans* ſpight, or humane Trechery,
Or, our relying on weake *Policy*)
Gods promiſe to his glory ſhall prevaile:
Yea, when the fond attempts of men doe fayle,
And they lye ſmoaking, in th'infernall Pit;
Then *Truth* and *Vertue* ſhall in glory ſit.
Thoſe, who in love to things that wicked are;
And thoſe, who thorow Cowardize and feare,
Became the damned Inſtruments, whereby
To ſet up *Vice* and *falſehoods* Tyranny;
Ev'n thoſe ſhall periſh by their owne offence:
And they who loved *Truth* and *Innocente*,
Out of oppreſſion ſhall advance their head:
And on the ruines of thoſe *Tyrants* tread.
Oh! let the *Truth* and *Innocence*, in me
For ever undefil'd preſerved be:
And let me live no more; if then *I care*
How many miſeries I live to beare,
For, well I know, I ſhould not weigh how great
The perils are, that my deſtruction threat.
Nor chaynes nor dungeons ſhould my ſoule affright,
Nor grimmeſt Apparitions of the night:
Though men from hell could of the Devill borrow,
Thoſe ugly proſpects, to augment my ſorrow.
But prove me guilty; and my Conſcience than
Inflicts more ſmart, then bloudy Tortures can.
And none (I thinke) of me could viler deeme,
Then I my ſelfe, unto my ſelfe ſhould ſeeme.
If good and honeſt my endevours be,
What day they were begun ne're troubles me.
I care not whether it be calme, or blow,
Or raine, or ſhine, or freeze, or haile, or ſnow:

Nor

Nor whether it be *Autumne*, or the *Spring*;
Or whether, first I heare the Cuckow sing,
Or first the Nightingale: *Nor doe I care*
Whether my dreames of *Flowers*, or *Weddings* are;
What Beast doth crosse me, *care I not* at all;
Nor how the Goblet, or the Salt doth fall;
Nor what aspect the *Planets* please to show,
Nor how the Diall, or the Clocke doth goe.
I doe not care to be inquisitive,
How many weeks, or months, I have to live.
For, how is't like, that I should better grow,
When I my Time shall twelve month longer know;
If I dare act a Villany, and yet,
Know I may die, whilst I am doing it?
Let them, whose braines are sicke of that disease,
Be slaves unto an *Ephemerides*.
Search *Constellations*, and themselves apply,
To finde the *Fate* of their *Nativity*.
I'le seek within me; and if there I find
Those *Stars*, that should give light unto my mind,
Rise faire and timely in me, and affect,
Each other with a naturall aspect;
If in conjunction, there perceive I may
True *Vertue* and *Religion* every day:
And walke according to that influence,
Which is derived unto me from thence:
Ifeare no Fortunes, whatsoe're they be,
Nor care I, what my *Stars* doe threaten me.
For He, who to that State can once attaine,
Above the power of all the Starres doth raigne:
And he that gaines a knowledge wherewithall,
He is prepar'd for whatsoe're may fall:
In my conceit is farre a happier man,
Then such, as but foretell misfortunes can.

I ſtart not at a *Friers* Prophecy,
Or thoſe with which we *Merlin* do bely.
Nor am I frighted with the ſad relation,
Of any neare approaching alteration.
For things have ever chang'd, and ever ſhall,
Vntill there be a change run over All.
And he that beares an honeſt heart about him,
Needs never feare, what changes be without him.
The *Eaſterne* Kingdomes had their times to flouriſh,
The *Grecian* Empire riſing, ſaw them periſh;
That fell, and then the *Roman* pride began;
Now ſcourged by the race of *Ottoman*.
And if the courſe of things around muſt run,
Till they have ending, where they firſt begun,
What is't to me? who peradventure muſt,
Ere that befall, lie moulther'd into duſt.
What if *America's* large Tract of ground,
And all thoſe Iles adjoyning, lately found?
(Which we more truely may a *Deſert* call.
Then any of the worlds more civill Pale.)
What then? if there the Wilderneſſe doe lye,
To which the *Woman* and her *Sonne* muſt flie,
To ſcape the *Dragons* furie; and there bide,
Till *Europes* thankeleſſe *Nations* (full of pride,
And all abhomination) ſcourged are,
With Barbariſme as their neighbours were?
If thus God pleaſe to doe; and make our ſin
The cauſe of bringing other *Peoples* in,
His *Church* to be (as once he pleaſed was,
The *Gentiles* calling ſhould be brought to paſſe,
The better, by the *Iewiſh* vnbeliefe,)
Why, ſhould his pleaſure be my care or griefe?
Oh! let his *Name* and *Church* more glorious grow,
Although my ruine helpe to make it ſo.

So Vos

So I, my duty in my place have done,
I *care not* greatly, what succeed theron:
For sure I am, if I can pleased be,
With what God wills; all shall be well for me.
I hate to have a thought o're-serious spent,
In things meere trivial, or indifferent.
When I am hungry, soon get a dish,
I *care not*, whether it be flesh or fish;
Or any thing, so wholsome food it be:
Nor care I, whether you doe carve to me,
The head, the tayle, the wing, the legge, or none
For, all I like, and all can let alone.
I *care not*, at your Table where I sit;
Nor should I thinke I were disgrac't in it,
(So much as you) if I should thence in scoffe,
To feed among your Groomes be turned off.
For I am sure that no affront can blot
His reputation, that deserves it not.
To be o're curious, I doe not professe,
Nor ever car'd I, for uncleanlinesse.
For I ne're loved that Philosophy,
Which taught men to be rude and slovenly.
I care not what yon weares, or You, or He,
Nor of what fashion my next clothes shall be,
Yet to be singular in Antique fashions,
I hold as vaine, as Apish imitations,
Of each phantastique-garb our Gallants weare:
For some, as fondly proud conceited are,
To know, that the beholder taketh note,
How they still keepe their Grandsires russet Coate:
As is the proudest Lady, when that she
Hath all the fashions, that last extant be.
I care for no more Credit, then will serve
The honour of the *Vertuous* to preserve:

For, if the ſhowes of honeſty in me,
To others Vertues, would no blemiſh be;
(Nor make them deemed Hypocrites) if I
Should falſly be accus'd of Villany:
Sure, whether I were innocent, or no;
I ſhould not thinke the world worth telling ſo,
Becauſe to moſt men, nothing bad doth ſeeme,
Nor nothing vertuous; but as unto them,
Occaſion makes it good, or ill appeare.
Yea, fouleſt Crimes, while they unpuniſht are:
Or bring in profit, no diſgrace are thought;
And trueſt Vertues, poore, are ſet at naught.
I care for no more pleaſures then will make,
The Way which I intend to undertake,
So paſſible; that my unwealdy loade
Of frailties, incident to fleſh and blood
Diſcourage not my willing ſoule from that,
Which ſhe on good advice hath aymed at.
I care for no more Time then will amount,
To doe my worke, and make up my account.
I care for no more money, then will pay
The reckoning, and the charges of the day.
And if I neede not now, I will not borrow,
For feare of wants, that I may have to morrow.
What Kings, and States-men meane, *I doe not care*;
Nor will I iudge what their intentions are:
For private cenſures helpe not any way,
But iniure them in their proceedings may,
Yet, Princes (by experience) we have ſeen,
By thoſe they love, have greatly wronged been.
Their too much truſt, doth often danger breed,
And Serpent in their Royall boſoms feed.
For, all the favours, gifts and places, which
Should honour them; do but theſe men inrich,

With

With thoſe, they further their owne private ends:
Their faction ſtrengthen, gratifie their friends:
Gaine new Aſſociates, daily to their parts,
And from their Soveraigne, ſteale away the hearts
Of ſuch as are about them; For thoſe be
Their Creatures; and but rarely, thanks hath He,
Becauſe the Grants of *Penſion*, and of *Place*,
Are taken as Their favours, not *His* grace.
And (which is yet a greater wickedneſſe)
When theſe the loyall Subjects doe oppreſſe,
And grind the faces of the poore, aliue;
They'le doe it, by the Kings Prerogative.
They make *Him* Patron of their Villany;
And when *He* thinkes they ſerve him Faithfully,
Secure him in their loves, and all things do,
According both to *Law* and Conſcience to;
By Vertue of his *Name*, they perpetrate
A world of Miſchiefes: They abuſe the State;
His truer-hearted Servants, they diſplace;
Bring their debauched Followers into grace;
His Coffers rob; (yea worſer far they uſe *Him*)
The true affections of his people looſe Him:
And make thoſe hearts (which did in him believe,
All matchleſſe Vertues) to ſuſpect, and grieve.
Now, (by that Loyalty I owe my Prince)
This of all Treaſon, is the Quinteſſence.
A Treaſon ſo abhorred, that to Me,
No Treachery could halfe ſo odious be.
Not though my death they plotted; for more deare,
My honor, and my Friends affections are,
Then twenty Kingdomes, and ten thouſand lives.
And, whoſoever, Me of that deprives:
I find it would, a great deale harder be,
To move my heart to pardon; then if he

Conſpired had, (when I leaſt thought the ſame)
To root out my poſterity and *Name*.
Who next in *Court* ſhall fall, *I doe not care*:
For, my delights, in no mans ruines are.
Nor meane I, to depend on any, ſo,
That his diſgrace ſhall be my overthrow.
I care as little, who ſhall next ariſe;
For none of my Ambition that way lyes.
Thoſe riſing *Starres* would never deigne to ſhine
On any good endeavour, yet, of mine.
Nor can I thinke there ſhall hereafter be,
A man amongſt them, that will favour Me.
For, I a *Stowrge* doe carry, which doth feare them,
And love too much *Plaine-dealing*, to be neare them.
If my experience teach me any thing,
I care not old *Antiquities* to bring;
But can as well beleeve it to be ſo,
As if 'twere writ, three thouſand yeeres ago.
And where I find good ground for my aſſent,
I'le not be halter'd to a *Preſident*.
If men ſpeake reaſon, 'tis all one to me,
Whether their *Tenent*, *Ariſtotles* be;
Or ſome *Barbarians*, who ſcarce heard of yet;
So much as with what *Names* the *Arts* we fit.
Or whether, for an *Author* you infer,
Some *Foole*, or ſome renown'd *Philoſopher*.
In my *Religion*, I dare entertaine
No fancies hatched in mine owne weake braine;
Nor private *Spirits*: But, am ruled by
The *Scriptures*: and that *Church* Authoritie,
Which with the ancient *Truth* doth beſt agree,
But new opinions will not downe with me.
When I would learne, I never greatly care,
So *Truth* they teach me, who my teachers were.

In

In points of *Faith* I look not on the *Man*;
Nor *Beza*, *Calvin*, neither *Luther* can
More things, without just proofe perswade me to,
Then any honest Parish-Clarke can do.
The ancient *Fathers* (where consent I find)
Doe make me, without doubting of their mind,
But, where in his opinion any *One*
Of these great *Pillars*, I shall find alone,
(Except in questions which indifferent are,
And such as till his Time, unmooved were)
I shun his Doctrine; For, this swayeth me,
No man alone in points of Faith can be.
Old *Ambrose*, *Austine*, *Ierome*, *Chrysostome*,
Or any *Father*; if his Reverence come,
To move my free assent to any thing,
Which *Reason* warrants not (unlesse he bring
The sacred word of God to give me for it)
I prize not his opinion; but abhor it.
Nay, I no faction 'gainst the *Truth* would follow,
Although Divinest *Paul*, and Great *Apollo*,
Did leade me; if that possible it were,
That they should have permitted him to erre.
And whilst that I am in the right (I care not
How wise, or learned, Them, you think, that are not.
I care not who did heare me, if I said,
That he who for a place of Iustice paid
A golden Inn come, was no honest Man,
Nor he that sold it: for I prove it can,
And will maintaine it, that so long as Those,
And *Church preferments*, we to sale expose;
Nor *Common-wealth*, nor *Church* shall ever be,
From hatefull Brib'ry, or damn'd Schisme, free.
I may be blam'd perhaps, for speaking this;
But much *I care not*; for *the truth it is*.

And were I certaine, that to blaze the ſame,
Would ſet thoſe things (that are amiſſe) in frame;
Shame be my end but I would undertake it,
Though I were ſure to periſh when I ſpake it.
I care not for *Preferments* which are ſold,
And bought (by men of common worth) for gold,
For, he is nobler who can thoſe contemne,
Then moſt of ſuch, as ſeek eſteem in them.
I doe not for thoſe ayrie Titles *care*,
Which fooles, and knaves, as well as I may weare.
Or that my *Name* (when e're it ſhall be writ)
Should be obſcur'd with twenty after it.
For could I ſet my mind on vulgar *Fame*,
I would not thinke it hard to make my *Name*,
Mine owne *Name*, purchaſe me as true renowne,
As to be cal'd, by ſome old ruin'd Towne.
I love my *Country*, yet *I doe not care*,
In what Dominions my abidings are:
For, any Region on the Earth ſhall be,
(On good occaſion) native Soile to me.
I care not though there be a muddy crew,
Whoſe blockiſhneſſe (becauſe it never knew
The ground of this my *Careleſneſſe*) will ſmile,
As if they thought I raved, all this while.
For, thoſe the *Proverb* ſaith, *That live in Hell*,
Can ne're conceive what 'tis in Heaven to dwell.
I care not for thoſe Places, whereunto
Bad men doe ſooner climbe then *Good men* do:
And from whoſe ever-gogling ſtation, all
May at the pleaſure of another fall.
But oh! How careleſſe every way am I,
Of their baſe minds, who living decently
Vpon their owne demeanes; there fareleſſe might
Enjoy the day from morning untill night.

In

In ſweet contentments; rendring praiſe to *Him*,
Who gave this bleſſing, and this reſt to them;
That free from Cares and Envies of the Courr,
They honor'd in their Neighbours good report;
Might twenty pleaſures, that Kings know not, trie,
And keepe a quiet *Conſcience* till they die?

Oh God! how mad are they, who thus may do;
Yet, that poor happineſſe to reach unto,
Which is but painted; will thoſe Bleſſings ſhun,
And bribe and woo, and ſweare to be undone?
How dull are they? Who, when they home may keep,
And there upon their own ſoft pillow ſleep,
In deare ſecurity; would roame about,
Vncertaine hopes, or pleaſures to find out?
Yea, ſtraine themſelves a ſlippery place to buy,
With hazarding their ſtates to beggery?
With giving up, their Liberties, their Fame?
With their adventuring on perpetuall ſhame:
With proſtituting *Neeces*, *Daughters*, *Wives*,
By putting into jeopardy their lives?
By ſelling of their *Country*, and the ſale
Of *Iuſtice*, of *Religion*, Seule and All?
Still dreaming on Content; although they may
Behold by new examples, ev'ry day,
That thoſe hopes faile, and faile them not alone,
In ſuch vaine things as they preſumed on;
But bring them alſo (many times) thoſe cares,
Thoſe ſad diſtractions, thoſe diſpaires and feares;
That all their glorious guilding, cannot hide
Thoſe wofull ruines, on their inner-ſide.
But, ten to one, at length they doe depart,
With loſſe, with ſhame, and with a broken heart.

I care not for this Humour, but I had
Far rather lye in *Bedlam* chain'd and mad,

Then be, with these mens frantique mood possest:
For there they doe lesse harme, and have more rest.
I care not when there comes a *Parliament*:
For I am no projector, who invent
New *Monopolies*, or such *Suits*, as Those,
Who, wickedly pretending goodly showes,
Abuses to reforme, engender more;
And farre lesse tollerable, then before.
Abusing *Prince*, and *State*, and *Common weale*;
Their (iust deserved) beggeries to heale:
Or, that their ill got profit, may advance
To some Great Place, their Pride, and Ignorance.
Nor by Extortion, nor through Bribery,
To any Seat of Iustice, climb'd am I;
Nor live I so, as that I need to *care*,,
Though my proceedings, should be question'd there.
And some there be, would give their Coat away,
That they could this as confidently say.
I care for no such thriving Policy,
As makes a foole of Morall Honesty.
For, such occasions happen now and than:
That He proves Wise, that proves an Honest man.
And howsoere our *Projects-mongers* deeme
Of such mens Fortunes, and of them esteeme;
(How big soe're they looke; how brave soe're,
Among their base Admirers they appeare:
Though ne're so trimme, in others feathers dight,
Though clad with Title of a Lord, or Knight;
And by a hundred thousand croucht unto)
Those gaudy Vpstarts, no more prize, I doe,
Then poorest *Kennell-rakers*; yea, they are
Things, which I count, so little worth my care;
That (as I loue faire *Vertue*) I protest,
Among all honest men the beggerl'est,

And

And moſt beratter'd Pelant, in mine eye,
Is Nobler, and more full of Majeſtie
Then all that brave beſpangl'd Rabblement,
Compos'd of Pride, of Shifts, and Complement.
Let great and Courtly Pers'nages delight,
In ſome dull *Geſtor*, or a *Paraſite*;
Or in their dry *Buffoone*, that gracefully,
Can ſing them baudy ſongs, and ſweare, and lye;
And let their *Maſterſhip* (if ſo they pleaſe)
Still favour more, the ſlauerings of Theſe,
Then my free *Numbers*. For, I care no more,
To be approved, or eſteemed, for
A witty *Make ſport*; than an *Ape to be*.
And whoſoever takes delight in me,
For any quality that doth affect
His *Senſes* better, then his *Intellect*;
I care not for his love. My dogge doth ſo,
He loves, as farre as ſenſuall love can go.
And if how well he lov'd me, I did weigh,
Deſerves (perhaps) as much reſpect, as they.
I have a *Soule*, and muſt beloved be
For that which makes a lovely *Soule* in me;
Or elſe, their Loves, ſo little *care I* for,
That them, and their affections *I* abhor.
I care not, though ſome Fellowes, whoſe deſert
Might raiſe them to the Pillory, or Cart,
The Stocks, the Branding-yron, or the whip,
(With ſuch like due Preferment) thoſe doe skip,
And by their black endeavours purchaſe can,
The Priviledges of a Noble man.
And be as confident, in what they doe:
As if by vertue they were rais'd thereto.
For, as true Vertue hath a confidence,
So Vice, and villanies have their impudence.

And

And manly Reſolution, both are thought,
Till both are to an equall Tryall brought;
But vicious Impudence, then proves a mocke:
And Vertuous Conſtancy, endures the Shocke.
Though ſuch unworthy *Groomes*, who t'other day,
Were but their Maſters *Panders* to purvey
The fuell of their Luſt; and had no more,
But the reverſion of their meat, their Whore,
And their old cloathes to brag of. Though that theſe,
(The foes to Vertue, and the times diſeaſe)
Have now, to cover o're their knavery,
Got on the Robes of Wealth and bravery;
And dare behave their Rogueſhips ſawcily,
In preſence of our old Nobility:
As if they had been born to act a part,
In the contempt of Honour, and Deſart,
Though all this be, and though it often harh
Diſcourag'd many a one, in *Vertues* Path,
I am the ſame, and *Care not*: For I know,
Thoſe *Butter-flies*, have but a time to ſhow
Their painted wings, that when a ſtorme is neare,
Our habits, which for any weather are,
May ſhew more glorious, whilſt they ſhrinking lye,
In ſome old creviſe, and there ſtarve and dye.
Thoſe Dues, which unto *Vertue* doe belong,
He that deſpiſeth, offers *Vertue* wrong:
So, he that ſollowes *Vertue* for rewards;
And more the Credit, then the Act regards
(Or ſuch eſteeme as others ſeeke, doth miſſe),
Himſelfe imagines worthier then He is.
If therefore, I can tread the way I ought;
I care not how ignoble *I* be thought:
Not for thoſe Honours doe I care a flye,
Which any man can give me, or deny:

For

For what I reckon worth aſpiring to,
Is got and kept, where others will or no.
And all the world can never raiſe a man
To ſuch brave heights as his owne Vertues can.
I care not for that Gentry, which doth lye
In nothing but a Coat of Heraldry.
One Vertue more I rather wiſh I had,
Then all the Heralds to mine *Armes* could add:
Yea, I had rather, by my induſtry,
I could acquire ſome one good quality,
Then through the *Families* that nobleſt be
From fiftie Kings to draw my Pedigree.
Of *Nations*, or of *Countries*, *I nought care*,
To be Commander; my Ambitions are,
To have the Rule, and Soveraignty of things,
Which doe command great Emperours, and Kings.
Thoſe ſtrong, and mighty Paſſions wherwithall
Great Monarchs have bin foyld, and brought in thrall
I hope to trample on. And whilſt that they
Force but my body (if I diſobey)
I rule that Spirit; which would they conſtraine
Beyond my will, They ſhould attempt in vaine.
Yea, whilſt they bounded within limits here,
On ſome few Mortals, only domineer,
Thoſe Titles, and that Crowne, I doe purſue,
Which ſhall the Devils to my power ſubdue.
I care not for that *Valour*, which is got
By furious Choller, or the *Sherry pot*.
Nor (if my Cauſe be ill) to heare men ſay,
I fought it out, even when my bowels lay
Beneath my feet. A deſperateneſſe it is,
And there is nothing worthy praiſe in this;
For I have ſeene (and you may ſee it to)
That any Maſtiffe dogge as much will doe.

He

He valiant is, who knowes the diſeſteeme,
The vulgar have of ſuch as Cowards ſeeme.
And yet dares ſeeme one, rather then beſtow
Againſt an honeſt cauſe, or word or blow:
Though, elſe he fear'd no more, to fight, or die,
Then you to ſtrike a Dogge, or kill a Flie.
Yea, him I honour, who new wak't from ſleeping,
Finds all his Spirits ſo their temper keeping,
As that he would not ſtart, though by him there,
Grim Death, and Hell, and all the Deuils were.
I care not for a Coward, for to me,
No Beaſts on earth, more truely hatefull be;
Since all the villanies that can be thought
Throughout the world, and altogether brought,
To make one Villaine; can make nothing more,
Then he that is a Coward, was before.
And he that is ſo, can be nothing leſſe,
Then the perfection of all wickedneſſe.
In him no manly Vertues dwelling are,
Nor any ſhewes thereof, except for feare.
In no brave reſolution is he ſtrong,
Nor dares he bide in any goodneſſe long:
For, if one threatning from his foe there come,
His vowed Reſolution ſtarts he from,
And cares not what deſtruction others have,
So he may gaine but hope himſelfe to ſave.
The man that hath a fearefull heart, is ſure
Of that diſeaſe that never finds a cure.
For take and arme him through in every place,
Build round about him twenty walls of Braſſe;
Girt him with Trenches, whoſe deepe bottoms lye
Thrice lower, then three times the *Alpes* are nye.
Provide (thoſe Trenches, and thoſe walls to ward)
A Million of old Souldiers for his guard,

All

All honeſt men and ſworne: His Feaver will
Breake in (deſpight of all) and ſhake him ſtill.
To ſcape this feare, his Guard he would betray,
Make cruelly his deareſt friend away;
Act any baſe, or any wicked thing,
Be Traytour to his Country, or his King,
Forſweare his God, and in ſome fright goe nig
To hang himſelfe, to ſcape the feare to dye.
And for theſe reaſons, *I ſhall never care*,
To reckon them for friends, that Cowards are.

I care not for large Fortunes: For I find,
Great wants beſt try the Greatneſſe of the minde,
And though I muſt confeſſe, ſuch Times there be,
In which the common wiſh, hath place in me:
Yet, when I ſearch my heart, and what content
My God vouchſaf'd me hath; I count my Rent
To be above a thouſand pound a yeare,
More then it can, unto the world appeare.
And with more wealth, I leſſe content might find,
If I with riches, had ſome rich mans mind.
A dainty Palate would conſume in cheare,
(More then I doe) an hundred pounds a yeere,
And leave me worſe ſufficed then I am.
Had I an inclination, much to game;
A thouſand Markes would annually away,
And yet I want my full content at Play.
If I in Hawks or Dogs had much delight,
Twelve hundred Crownes it yeerely waſte me might;
And yet, not halfe that pleaſure bring me to,
Which from one *Line* of This, receive I do.
If I to brave Apparell were inclin'd,
Five *Students* Penſions, I ſhould yeerely ſpend,
Yet not be pleas'd ſo well, with what I weare,
As now I am; Nor take ſo little care.

I much for Phyſick might be fore'd to give,
And yet a thouſand fold, leſſe healthy live.
To keep my right, the Law my goods might waſt,
And with vexation tyre me out at laſt.
Theſe, and (no doubt) with theſe full many a thing
To make me leſſe content, more wealth might bring.
Yet more employ me to, for few I ſee
Who owners of the greateſt Fortunes be:
But they have ſtill, as they more riches gaine,
More State, more luſts, more troubles to maintaine
With their Revenues: That the whole account,
Of their great ſeeming Bliſſe, doth ſcarce amount
To halfe of my content. And can I leſſe
Eſteem this rare acquired happineſſe,
Then I, a thouſand pound in Rent would prize:
Since with leſſe trouble, it doth more ſuffice?
No, for as when the March is ſwift and long,
And men have foes to meet, both fierce and ſtrong,
That Souldier in the Conflict beſt doth fare,
Who getteth Armes of proofe, that lighteſt are:
So I, who with a little, doe enjoy
As much my pleaſure and content, as they,
Whom farre more wealth and buſineſſe doth moleſt;
Account my Fortune and Eſtate the beſt.
Gods favour in it, I extoll the more:
And great poſſeſſions much leſſe *care I for*.
I care not ſo I ſtill my ſelfe may be,
What others are, or who takes place of me.
I care not for the times unjuſt neglect;
Nor feare their frowns, nor praiſe their vain reſpect.
For, to my ſelfe my worth doth never ſeeme;
Or more, or leſſe, for other mens eſteeme.
The *Turke*, the *Devill*, *Antichriſt*, and all
The Rabble of that Body myſticall,

I care not for; and I ſhould ſorry be,
If I ſhould give them cauſe to care for me.
What Chriſtians ought not to be carefull for,
What the *Eternall Eſſence* doth abhor,
I hate as I am able; and for ought
Which God approves not, when I ſpend a thought.
I truly wiſh that from mine eyes might raine,
A ſhower of Teares, to buy it backe againe.
I care not for their Kin, who bluſh to ſee,
Thoſe of their bloud, who are in meane degree.
For, that bewrayes unworthineſſe; and ſhowes,
How they by chance, and not by vertue roſe.
To ſay, *My Lord, my Couſin*, can to me
(In my opinion) no ſuch honour be;
(If he from vertues precepts goe aſtray)
As when *(my honeſt Kinſman)* I can ſay,
And they are fooles, who, when they raiſed are;
Faine their beginnings, nobler then they were.
Yea, they doe rob themſelves of trueſt Fame,
With ſome falſe honor to belye their Name.
For, ſuch as to the higheſt Titles riſe,
From pore beginnings, nobler then they were.
To honour and obſerve them (farre) then all
That doe ſucceed them, ever boaſt of, ſhall,
For, being nothing more then they were borne,
Men heed them not (unleſſe they merit ſcorne)
For ſome unworthineſſe. And then, perchance,
As their forefathers meanneſſe, did advance
His praiſe the higher, ſo their Greatneſſe ſhall,
Make greater both their infamy and fall.
It is mens glory therefore, not a blot,
When they the ſtart of all their Names have got;
And it is worthleſſe Envy, firſt begun,
That falſe opinion, which ſo farre hath run.

Which

Which well they know, whose Vertues honour win,
And shame not to confesse their poorest Kin,
For, whensoever they doe looke on those,
To God they praises give, and thus suppose:
Loe; when the hand of heaven, advanced us,
Above our brethren, to be lifted thus;
He let them stay behind, for markes to show,
From whence we came, and whither we may goe.

To have the mind of those, *I doe not care*,
Who both so shamelesse, and so foolish are,
That to acquire some poore esteeme, where they
Were neuer heard of, untill yesterday,
(And never shall perhaps, be thought on more)
Can Prodigally there, consume their store:
And stand upon their points of honour so,
As if their credit had an overthrow,
Without redemption: If in ought they misse,
Wherein the accomplish't *Gallant* punctuallis.
Yet basely, ev'ry qualitie despise,
In which true Wisedome, and true honour lies.

If you, and one of those, should dine to day,
Were three to one, but he for all would pay:
If but your servant light him to the doore,
He will reward him: if but he, and's whore,
Carocht a Furlong are; the Coach man may,
For sennight after, let his Horses play,
And yet, this fellow, whom abroad you shall
Perceive so noble, and so liberall,
(To gaine a dayes, perhaps, but one houres Fame)
Mong those that hardly, will inquire his name.
At home (where every good, and every ill,
Remaines to honour, or to shame him still)
Neglects Humanitie. Yea, where he lives,
And needs most love; all cause of hatred gives,

To

To poole, to racke, to ruine, and oppresse
The poore, the widdow, and the fatherlesse,
To shift, to lie, to couzen, and delay,
The Lab'rer and the Creditor of pay,
Are there his practises. And yet this Asse,
Would for a man of worth, and honour passe,
The Devill he shall affoone: and I will write,
The Storie of his being Convertite.

I care not for the worlds vaine blast of *Fame*,
Nor doe I greatly feare the Trumpe of shame:
For whatsoever good, or ill is done,
The rumor of it in a weeke is gone.
One thing puts out another; and men sorrow,
To day, perhaps, for what they joy to morrow.
And it is likely, that ere night they may
Condemne the man, they pleased yesterday?
Hang him next morning, and be sorry then,
Because he cannot be alive agen.

But, grant the fame of things had larger date:
Alas! what glory is it if men prate
In some three Parishes of what we doe,
When three great Kingdomes are but Mole-hils to
The earths Circumference? and scarce one man
Of twenty Millions, know our actions can?
Beleeve me, it is worth so little thought,
(If the offence to others were not ought)
What mens opinions or their speeches be,
That were (there not a better cause in me,
Which moov'd to *Vertue*) *I would never care*,
Whether my actions good or evill were.

Though still unheeded of the World, I spend
My Time and Studies to the noblest end;
One hayre, *I care not*. For, I find reward
Beyond the worlds requitall, or regard.

And since all men, some things erronious dor,
And must in Iustice, somewhat suffer to,
In part of my correction This, I take;
And that I favour'd am, account doe make.
I care not, though there ev'ry houre, should be
Some outward discontent to busie me,
And, as I would not too much triall have;
So, too much carnall peace I doe not crave.
The one, might give my Faith a dangerous blow,
The other would pervert my life, I know.
For, few love *Vertue* in adversitie;
But fewer hold it in Prosperitie.
Vaine *Hopes* (when I had nought, but hopes alone)
Have made me erre: Then whither had I gone,
(If I, the full possessions had attaind)
When, but meere Hopes, my heart to folly traind?
Smooth *Waies* would make me wanton; and my coun
Must lye, where Labour, Industry, and Force,
Must worke me Passage: or, I shall not keepe
My Soule from dull securities dead sleepe:
But, outward discontentments make me flie
Farre higher, then the worlds *Contents* doe lie.
I *neither* for their pompe, or glory *care*,
Who by the love of vice advanced are.
Faire *Virtue* is the lovely Nymph I serve;
Her will I follow, her *Commands* observe;
Yea, though the purblinde world perceive not where,
The best of all her *Favours* I doe weare:
And, when great *Vices*, with faire baited hookes,
Large promises of favour tempting lookes,
And twenty wiles, hath woo'd me to betray,
That noble *Mistresse*; I have turn'd away:
And flung defiance both at Them and Theirs,
In spight of all their gaudy *Servitors*.

In

In which brave daring, I oppoſde have bin
By mighty Tyrants; and was plunged in
More wants, then thrice my fortunes would have born,
When our *Heroes* did, or feare, or ſcorne,
To lend me ſuccour (yea in that weake age,
When I but newly entred on the Stage
Of this proud world) So that, unleſſe the King
Had nobly pleas'd, to heare the *Muſes* ſing,
My bold *Apologie*; till now might I
Have ſtruggling bin, beneath their Tyranny.
But all thoſe threatning *Comets* I have ſeene
Blaze, till their glories quite extinct have been.
And I, that cruſht and loſt was thought to be,
Live yet, to pitty thoſe that ſpighted me:
Enjoying Hopes which ſo well grounded are,
That, what may follow, I nor feare, *nor care.*
Yet thoſe I know there be, who doe expect,
What length my Hopes ſhall have, and what effect:
What envious eyes awayting every day,
When all my confidence ſhall ſlip away.
And make me glad, through thoſe baſe paths to fly,
Which they have trod, to raiſe their Fortunes by.
They ſlout to heare, that I doe Conſcience make,
What Place I ſue for, or what Courſe I take.
They laugh to ſee me ſpend my youthfull time,
In ſerious *Studies*; and to teach my *Rime*
The *Straines* of *Vertue*, whil'ſt I might perchance,
By Lines of Ribaldry, my ſelfe advance
To place of favour. They make *Icoffes*, to heare
The praiſe of Honeſty; as if it were
For none but vulgar minds. And ſince they live
In brave proſperity, they doe believe
It ſhall continue: and account of Me,
As one ſcarce worthy of their ſcorne to be.

All

All this is *Truth*; yea, truſt me, *care I not*;
Nor love I *Vertue*, ought the worſe a lot.
For, I oft ſaid, that I ſhould live, to ſee
My *Way*, fa re safer then their Courſes be.
And I have ſeene, nor one, nor two, nor ten,
But (in few yeares) great numbers of thoſe men,
From goodly bravery to rags decline,
And waite upon as poore a *Fate* as mine.
Yea thoſe, whom but a day or two before,
Were (in their owne vaine hopes) a great deale more
Then any of our Auncient *Baronage:*
(And ſuch as many Wiſemen of this age,
Have wiſht to be the men) ev'n thoſe, have I
Seene hurled downe to ſhame, and beggery,
In one twelve houres: and grow ſo miſerable,
That they become the ſcornefull, hatefull fable
Of all the Kingdome. And thure's none ſo baſe,
But thought himſelfe a man in better caſe.
This, makes me pleaſed with mine owne eſtate,
And fearefull to deſire anothers Fate.
This makes me *Careleſſe* of the worlds proud ſcorne,
And of thoſe glories, whereto ſuch are borne.
And, if to have me, ſtill kept meane and poore,
To Gods great glory, ſh ll ought adde the more:
Or if to have diſgraces heapt on me;
(For others, in their way to Bliſſe) may be
Of more Advantage, then to ſee me thrive
In outward Fortunes, or more prized live:
I care not though I never ſee that day,
Which with one pins-worth more enrich me may.
Yea, by the eternall *Dietie* I vow;
Who knowes I lye nor, who doth heare me now.
Whoſe dreadfull Majeſtie is all I feare,
Of whoſe great *Spirit*, Theſe the ſparklings are,

And

And who will make me, ſuch proud daring, rue;
If this my proteſtation be untrue.
So I may ſtill retaine that in Peace,
That love and taſte of the eternall Bliſſe;
Thoſe matchleſſe comforts, and thoſe brave deſires,
Thoſe ſweet Contentments, and immortall Fires,
Which at this inſtant doe inflame my breſt;
(And are too excellent to be expreſt)
I doe not care a Ruſh, though I were borne
Vnto the greateſt poverty and ſcorne:
That (ſince God firſt infus'de it; with his breath)
Poore fleſh and bloud, did ever groane beneath,
Excepting onely, ſuch a *load* it were,
As no *Humanitie* was made to beare.
Yea, let me keep theſe thoughts; and let be hurld,
Vpon my backe, the ſpight of all the world,
Let me have neither drinke nor bread to eate,
Nor Cloathes to weare, but thoſe for which I ſweat.
Let me become unto my foes a ſlave;
Or, cauſeleſſe here the markes of iuſtice have;
For ſome great villany, that I nere thought,
Let my beſt actions, be againſt me brought.
That ſmall repute, and that poore little Fame
Which I have got; let men unto my ſhame
Hereafter turne. Let me become the fable,
A talke of fooles. Let me be miſerable
In all mens eyes, and yet let no man ſpare,
(Though that would make me happy) halfe a teare.
Nay (which is more unſufferable farre,
Then all the miſeries yet ſpoken are)
Let that deare *Friend*, whoſe love is more to me,
Then all thoſe drops of Crymſon liquor be,
That warme my heart (and for whoſe onely good:
I could the brunt of all this Care have ſtood)

Let him forſake me. Let that prized Friend,
Be cruell too; and when diſtreſt, I ſend
To ſeeke his Comfort, let him look on me
With bitter ſcorne, and ſo hard-hearted be;
As that (although he knew me innocent,
And how thoſe miſeries I under-went,
In love to him) He, yet deny me ſhould,
One gentle looke, though that ſuffice me could.
And (truly grieu'd, to make me) bring in place,
My well knowne Foe, to ſcorne me to my face,
Let this befall me, and with this, beſide,
Let me, be for the faulty friend belide.
Let my Religion, and my honeſtie,
Be counted till my death Hypocriſie.
And when I die, let till the genrall *Doome*,
My *Name*, each houre into queſtion come,
For *Sinnes* I never did: And if to this,
You ought can adde, which yet more grievous is,
Let that befall me too; So that, in Me,
Thoſe comforts may increaſe, that ſpringing be,
To helpe me beare it. Let that Grace deſcend,
Of which I now, ſome portion apprehend:
And then, as I already (heretofore)
(Vpon my *Makers* ſtrength, relying) ſwore,
So, now I ſweare againe; if ought it could,
Gods glory further, that I ſuffer ſhould:
Thoſe Miſeries recited; *I nor care*,
How ſoone they ceaz'd me, nor how long they were:
For, He can make them Pleaſures, and I know,
As long as he inflicts them, will doe ſo.
Nor unto this aſſurance am I come,
By any *Apothegmes* gathered from
Our old, and much admir'd *Philoſophers*.
My Sayings are mine owne, as well as theirs;

For,

For, whatsoe're account of them is made,
I have as good experience of them had:
Yea, when I die (though now they sleighted be)
The *Times* to come, for them, shall honour me,
And praise that *Minde* of mine, which now perchance,
Shall be repured foolish Arrogance.

Oh! that my *Lines* were able to expresse
The Cause and Ground, of this my *Carelessnesse*.
That I might shew you, what brave things they be,
Which at this instant are a fire in me.

Fooles may deride me, and suppose, that This
(No more) but some vaine-glorious *Humour* is;
Or such like idle *Motion*, as may rise
From furious and distempered *Phantasies*.
But, let their thoughts be free; I know the Flame
That is within me, and from whence it came;
Such things have fild me, that I feele my braine
Wax giddy, those high Raptures to containe.
They raise my Spirits, which now whirling be,
As if they meant to take their leave of me.
And could these *Straines* of *Contemplation*, stay
To lift me higher still, but halfe a day:
By that Time, they would mount to such a height,
That all my *Cares* would have an end to Night.

But oh! I feele the fumes of flesh and bloud,
To clog those Spirits in me, and like mud,
They sinke againe. More dimly burne my fires,
To Her low pitch, my *Muse* againe retires:
And as her Heavenly flames extinguish: be,
The more I finde my Cares to burthen me.

Yet, I beleeve, I was enlightned so,
That never shall my Spirit stoope so low,
To let the servile thoughts, and dunghill cares,
Of common Minds, entrap me in their snares.

For, ſtill I value not, thoſe things of nought,
For which the greateſt part, take greateſt thought.
Much for the world *I care not*, and (confeſſe)
Deſire I doe, my care for it were leſſe.
I doe not care, (for ought they me could harme)
If with more miſchiefes, this laſt age did ſwarme;
Yea ſuch poore *Joy* I have, or *Care* to ſee
The beſt Contents theſe times can promiſe Me.
And that ſmall feare of any Plague at all,
(Or Miſeries) which on this Age may fall.
That, but for Charitie, *I did not care*
If all thoſe comming ſtormes, which ſome doe feare,
Were now deſcending down. For Hell can make
No uproare, which my peacefull thoughts may ſhake.
I founded have my hopes on Him that hath
A ſhelter for me, in the day of wrath.
And I have truſt, I ſhall (without amaze,)
Looke up, when all burnes round me in a blaze.
And if to have theſe Thoughts, & this Mind known,
Shall ſpread Gods praiſe no further then mine owne:
Or, if *This* ſhall no more inſtructive be,
To others; then it glory is to Me:
Here let it periſh, and be hurled by,
Into oblivion everlaſtingly.
For, with this *Mind*, I can be pleas'd, (as much)
Though none but I my ſelfe did know it ſuch.
And, he that hath contentment, *needs not care*;
What other mens opinions of it, are
I care not though for many griefes to come,
To live an hundred yeeres, it were my *Doome*.
Nor care I though I ſummon'd be, away,
At *Night*, to *Morrow morning*, or to *Day*.
I care not whether *This*, you read or no,
Nor whether you beleeve it, if you doe.

I care not whether any Man ſuppoſe
All *This* from Iudgement, or from Raſhnes flowes.
Nor meane I, to take *Care* what any man,
Will thinke thereof; Or Comment on it can.
I care not who ſhall fondly cenſure it;
Becauſe it was not with more *Method* writ:
Or fram'd in imitation, of the *Straine*,
In ſome deepe *Grecian* or old *Romane* vaine.
Yea, though that all men living ſhould deſpiſe,
Theſe Thoughts in Me, to heed, or Patronize:
I vow, *I care not*. And I vow, no leſſe,
I care not who diſlikes this *Careleſneſſe*.
My *Minde's* my Kingdome; and I will permit
No others *Will*, to have the rule of it.
For, I am free; and no mans power (I know)
Did make me thus, nor ſhall unmake me now.
But, through a Spirit none can quench in me:
This *Mind* I got, and this, my *Mind* ſhall be.

To Envy.

NOw looke upon Me Envy, if thou dare,
Dart all thy Malice shoot mee ev'ry where:
Try all thy waies thou canst, to make me feele
The cruell sharpnesse of thy poys'ned steele.
For, I am Envy-proofe, and scorne I doe,
The worst thy cankered spight can urge thee to.
This Word, I care not, is so strong a Charme,
That He, who speakes it truely feares no harme,
Which thy accursed Rancor, harbor may;
Or, his perverseſt Fortunes, on him lay.
Goe, hateſull Fury; Hagge, goe, hide thou then,
Thy ſnakie head, in thy abhorred Den.
And ſince thou canſt not have thy will of Me:
There, Damned Fiend, thine own tormentres be,
Thy forked ſtings upon thy body turne;
With Helliſh flames, thy ſcorched entrailes burne;
From thy leane Carkaſſe, thy blacke ſinewet teare,
With thine owne Venome burſt, and periſh there.

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

A Poſtſcript.

QVite through this *Iland* hath my *Motto* rung,
And twenty dayes are paſt, ſince up I hung
My bold *Impreza*: which defiance throwes
At all the malice of faire *Vertues* foes.
The good approve it; and ſo crowne the Cauſe
Of this my Reſolution, with applauſe:
That ſuch as ſpight it, dare not to appeare,
In oppoſition to the *Challenger*.
Their *Malice* would enforce them; but, it lyes
Oppreſſed yet, with fearefull *Cowardize*;
For, they ſo arm'd have found me, that they feare,
I may (in ſpight of all their *Enuy*) beare
The Conqueſt from them: and upon the Face
Of their be-ſpotted *Fame*, ſtick more diſgrace.
This, makes them *Storme* in private, *Slander*, *Raile*,
Threat, *Libell*, *Rime*, *Detract*; and to prevaile
Vpon my *Patience*, try their vtmoſt Art,
But, I ſtill mind my *Mottoes* latter part,
And *Care not* for it: which more makes them chafe,
And ſtill the more they fret, the more I laugh.
But, now their *Envies* have ſo well conſpir'd,
That they have fram'd the *Proiect* they deſir'd;
And tooke ſuch courſe, that (if their word you take)
Shall move my *Choller*, and my *Patience* ſhake.
Forſooth, ſome *Rimers* they have hyr'd, to chew
Their *Rancor* into Balladry, and ſpew
Their blacke Deſpight, which to a drunken note,
They, in a hundred *Tavernes*, have by roate
Already belcht unto that *Auditory*,
Who are the fi teſt *Trumpets* of their Story.

When their *Inventions* (by the power Divine
Of much inspiring *Sacke* and *Claret wine*)
Are ripened to the highest; then they say
The *Stationer* expects it ev'ry day;
And that he may a saving bargaine make,
(Aforehand) doth his *Customers* bespeake.
But when these *Braine wormes* crawling forth you spy,
(As pitty 'twere, such wit should smother'd lie)
They will bewray the *Sires*; and mak't appeare,
That *Ignorance* and *Envy* Parents were
To that despightfull Issue: So, that he
Who shall a Rush the lesse, esteeme of *Me*,
For ought there Writ: ev'n (He) is one of *Them*,
Whose *Hate*, and whose *Affliction* I contemne.
The *Instruments* they get to serve the turne,
Are those, that are unworthy of my Scorne:
And if contend, or answer them I should;
It more might wrong me, then their Riming could,
As therefore, when an armed Souldier feeles
A testy *Curre* in vaine to gnaw his heeles;
He minds not Him: but spends his blowes upon
Those churlish Peasants, that did set him on.
So; I, that know these *Dogges* doe but their kind;
Well; let them barke, and snarle, and spend their wind,
Till they grow weary. But let them sit strong,
That urge them to it; or I'le lay along
Their high *Top gallant*, where each Groome shall see
How worthy scorne and infamy they be.
For, they who are their *Patrons* are such Foes,
As I may somewhat worthily oppose:
And I'le unmaske them so, that you shall spie
In them, *Detraction's* true *Anatomy*.
Yea, whereas they have by their malice, thought
To have on me their spightfull pleasures wrought;

I'le

I'le from their *Cenſures*, an occaſion take,
To ſhew how other men a ſport ſhall make
At all *Detractions*; So, thoſe ſlaves undoe,
Who that baſe practiſe are inclin'd unto.
Raile they that liſt: for thoſe men know not yet,
What mind I have; who thinke the man that writ
This *Motto*, can be ever brought to feare
Such poore fond things, as idle *Carpers* are;
Nay rather, from thoſe ſlanders they ſhall raiſe,
I will advantage gather for my praiſe:
While they that in my ſhame would take delight,
Shall gnaw their fleſh through vengeance and deſpight
To ſee how I, unmov'd their envy mocke,
And make of them this Ages laughing-ſtocke.
For, leſt to have prevailed they ſhould ſeeme;
And ſo grow wiſe men in their owne eſteeme:
(Or, by their fooliſh brags, diſheartен ſuch,
Whoſe reſolutions are not growne ſo much)
When I at leiſure am; for Recreation,
I'le merry make my ſelfe, to their vexation;
Yet ſhall my Mirth from Malice be ſo free,
That though I bitter to the guilty be.
It ſhall appeare that I in love doe ſcourge them,
That of their foule Corruptions I may purge them.
And that it may be knowne how Vertue hath
A ſting to puniſh, though not moov'd to wrath.
But goe; and for the *Pamphlet* ſeeke about,
For, yet ere night ('tis thought) it will come out.
Yet, when you finde it; Doe not looke for there
His wit alone, whoſe Name you ſee it beare:
(For though you nothing can collect from thence,
But foul-mouth'd *Language*, *Rime* and *Impudence*)
Yet there expect, (ſince 'tis the common cauſe
Of all *Crowt-Poets*, and *Poeticke-Dawes*,

Which I have toucht) that all the *Brotherhood*,
Will lend their wits to make the Quarrell good.
For, to that purpose they are all combind;
Yea, to their strong *Confed'racy* are ioynd,
That *Corporation*, by whose Patronage,
Such *Poetry* hath flourisht in this Age:
And some beside, that dare not yet be knowne,
Haue favour, to this goodly Project showne.
But, let them joyne their force; For I had rather
Ten Millions should themselves against Me gather;
(And plot and practise for my overthrow)
Then be the *Conqueror* of one base Foe.
For, as mine enemies increasing be;
So, Resolution doth increase in mee:
And if I must have foes, my *Fates* shall friend me,
If great and noble enemies they send me.
But, whether on meane Foes, or great I light,
My *Spirit* will be greater then their spight.

An Epigram, *written by the* Author *on his owne* Picture; *where this* Motto *was inſcribed.*

THus, others Loves, have ſet my ſhadow forth,
To fill a Roome, with *Names* of greater worth:
And *Me*, among the reſt, they ſet to ſhow,
Yet, what I am, I pray miſtake not, tho.
Imagine me, nor *Earle*, nor *Lord*, nor *Knight*,
Nor any new advanced *Favourite*.
For, you would ſweare, if *This* well pictur'd me,
That ſuch a One I ne'r were like to be.
No child of pure kind *Fortune's* was I borne,
For all that iſſue holdeth *Me* in ſcorne.
Yet, *He* that made *Me*, hath allur'd *Me* to,
Fortune can make no ſuch; nor ſuch undo.
And bids me, in no Favours take delight;
But what I ſhall acquire, in *Her* deſpight.
Which *Mind*, in Raggs, I rather wiſh to beare,
Then riſe through baſenes, braveſt Robes to weare:
Part of my *Outſide* hath th. Picture ſhowne;
Part of my *Inſide*, by theſe *Lines* is knowne:
And 'tis no matter of a ruſh to me,
How *This* or *That*, ſhall now eſteemed be.

FINIS.

FAIRE-VIRTVE,

THE MISTRESSE OF PHILARETE.

Written by

GEO. WITHER.

Catul. Carm. xv.

——————*nihil veremur*
Istos, qui in platea, modo huc, modo illuc
In re præterenut sua occupati.

LONDON:
Printed by *Thomas Harper* for *John Grismand*, and are to be sold at his shop in Ivie Lane, 1633.

FAIRE VIRTVE,

THE MISTRESSE OF PHILARETE.

Written by

GEO. WITHER.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

THis being one of the Authors first Poems, was composed many yeeres agone; and unknowne to him, gotten out of his custodie by an acquaintance of his. And comming lately to my hands without a Name, it was thought to have so much resemblance of the Maker, that many, upon the first sight, undertooke to gueſſe who was Author of it: And, perſwaded that it was likely alſo, to become profitable both to them and me.

Whereupon, I got it authorized, according to Order: intending to publiſh it, without further inquiry. But, attaining by chance a more perfect knowledge to whom it moſt properly belonged:

I thought it fitting to acquaint him therewithall. And did so; desiring also, both his good will to publish the same, and leave to passe it under his Name. *Both which I found him very unwilling to permit; lest the seeming lightnesse of such a* Subject, *might somewhat disparage, the more serious* Studies, *which he hath since undertaken.*

Yet, doubting (this being got out of his Custodie) some imperfecter Copies *might hereafter be scattered abroad in writing, or, be, unknowne to him, imprinted: He was pleased (upon my importunities) to condescend that it might be published, without his* Name. *And his words were these.*

"*When (said hee) I first composed it, I well liked thereof, and it well enough became my* "*yeares: but now, I neither like, nor dislike it.* "*That (therefore) it should be divulged, I desire* "*not: and whether it be, or whether (if it happen* "*so) it be approved or no,* I care not. *For this* "*I am sure of: howsoever it be valued, it is* "*worth as much as I prize it at: likely it is also* "*to be as beneficiall to the World, as the World* "*hath beene to me; and will be more then those* "*who like it not, ever deserved at my hands.*

These were his speeches: And (if you looked for a Prologue) *thus much he wished mee to tell you,*

you, in ſtead thereof: becauſe (as he ſaid) hee himſelfe had ſomewhat elſe to doe. Yet, (to acknowledge the truth) I was ſo earneſt with him, that as buſie as hee would ſeeme to be, I got him to write this Epiſtle *for me: and have thereunto ſet my* Name. *Which, he wiſhed me to confeſſe: Partly to avoid the occaſion of belying my Invention, and partly becauſe he thought ſome of you would ſuppoſe ſo much.*

I entreated him to explain his meaning, in certaine obſcure paſſages. But, he told mee, hee that were to take away the employment of his Interpreters: Whereas he would purpoſely leave ſomewhat remaining doubtfull to ſee what Sir Politick Would be, *and his Companions could picke out of it.*

I deſired him alſo, to ſet downe, to what good purpoſes, this Poeme *would ſerve. But his reply was: How that would be well enough found out, in the peruſing, by all ſuch as had honeſt underſtandings: and they who are not ſo provided; he hopes will not reade it. More I could not get from him.*

Whether therefore, this Miſtreſſe of Philarete, *be really a* Woman, *ſhadowed under the name of* Virtue: *or* Virtue *onely, whoſe lovelineſſe is repreſented by the Beauty of an excellent* Woman: *Or, whether it meane both together,*

I cannot tell you. But, thus much I dare promise for your money; that here you shall finde familiarly expressed, both such Beauties *as yong men are most intangled withall; and the excellency also of such, as are most worthy their affection. That seeing both impartially set forth, by him that was capable of both, they might the better settle their love on the best.*

Hereby also, those Women, *who desire to be truely beloved, may know what makes them soto be. And seeke to acquire those accomplishments of the* Minde, *which may endeare them, when the sweetest Features of a beautifull Face, shall be converted into Deformities. And here is described, that Lovelinesse of theirs, which is the principall object of wanton affection, to no worse end: but that those, who would never have look't on this* Poeme (*if* Virtue *and* Goodnesse *had beene therein, no otherwise represented, then as they are objects of the Sense*) *might, where they expected the satisfaction of their sensualitie onely; meet with that also, which would insinuate into them, an apprehension of more reasonable, and most excellent perfections. Yea, whereas the common opinion of* Youth *hath been; that, onely old men, and such as are unable, or past delighting in abodily lovelinesse, are those who are best capable*

of

of the Mindes perfections: And that they doe therefore so much preferre them before the other; because their Age or stupiditie hath deprived them of being sensible what pleasures they yeeld. Though, this be the vulger errour; yet here it shall appeare, that he, who was able to conceive the most excellent pleasingnesse, which could bee apprehended in a Corporall Beautie; *found it (even when he was most enamour'd with it) farre short of that unexpressible sweetnesse, which hee discovered in a vertuous and well tempered Disposition. And if this be not worth your money, keepe it.*

IOHN MARRIOT.

PHILARETE TO HIS MISTRESSE.

Haile, thou faireſt of all Creatures,
Vpon whom the Sun doth ſhine:
Model of all rareſt Features,
And perfections moſt divine.
Thrice *All-haile*: And bleſſed be
Thoſe that love and honour thee.

Of thy worth, this rurall Storie,
Thy unworthy Swaine hath pend:
And, to thy ne're-ending glory,
Theſe plaine *Numbers* doth commend.
Which, enſuing Times ſhall warble,
When 'tis loſt, that's writ in Marble.

Though thy praiſe and high deſervings
Cannot all, be here expreſt:
Yet, my love, and true-obſervings,
Someway, ought to be profeſt.
And, where greateſt love we ſee,
Higheſt things attempted be.

By

By thy *Beautie*, I have gained,
To behold, the beſt perfections:
By thy *Love*, I have obtained,
To enioy the beſt affections.
And my tongue to ſing thy praiſe,
Love, and *Beautie*, thus doth raiſe.

What, although in ruſticke ſhaddowes,
I, a Shepheards breeding had?
And, confined to theſe Meadowes;
So, in home-ſpun Ruſſet clad?
Such as I, have now and then,
Dar'd as much, as greater men.

Though a ſtranger to the *Muſes*,
Young, obſcured, and deſpis'd:
Yet, ſuch *Art*, thy Love infuſes,
That, I, thus, have Poetiz'd.
Read, and be content to ſee,
Thy admired Power in me.

And, oh grant, thou *Sweeteſt Beautie*,
(Wherewith ever Earth was grac't)
That this Trophee of my Dutie,
May with Favour be imbrac't:
And diſdaine not, in theſe *Rymes*,
To be ſung, to after-Times.

Let

Let those doters on *Apollo*,
That adore the *Muses* so,
(And, like Geese, each other follow)
See, what Love alone, can doe.
For, in *Love-layes*, Grove, and Field;
Nor to Schooles, nor Courts will yeeld.

On this Glasse of thy perfection,
If that any *Women* pry;
Let them thereby take direction,
To adorne themselves thereby.
And, if ought amisse they view,
Let them dresse themselves anew.

Young men, shall by this, acquainted
With the truest *Beauties* grow:
So, the Counterfeit, or painted,
They may shun, when them they know.
But the *Way*, all will not find:
For, some eyes have, yet are blind.

Thee, entirely, I have loved,
So, thy *Sweetnesse*, on me wrought;
Yet, thy *Beautie* never mooved,
Ill temptations, in my thought,
But, still did thy *Beauties* Ray,
Sun-like, drive those Foggs away.

Those

Thoſe, that MISTRESSES are named,
And for that, ſuſpected be;
Shall not need to be aſhamed,
If they patterne take by thee.
Neither ſhall their SERVANTS feare,
Favours, openly to weare.

Thou, to no man favour daineſt,
But what's fitting to beſtow;
Neither, Servants entertaineſt,
That can ever wanton grow.
For, the more they looke on thee,
Their *Deſires* ſtill bettered be.

This, thy *Picture*, therefore ſhow I
Naked unto every eye.
Yet, no feare of *Rivall* know I,
Neither touch of *Iealouſie*.
For, the more make love to thee,
I the more ſhall pleaſed be.

I, am no *Italian* Lover,
That will mewe thee in a Iayle;
But, thy *Beautie* I diſcover,
Engliſh-like, without a vaile.
If, thou mayſt be wonne away;
Winne and weare thee, he that may.

Yet,

Yet, in this thou mayeſt beleeve me;
(So indifferent though I ſeeme)
Death with tortures would not grieve mee,
More then loſſe of thy eſteeme,
For, if VIRTVE me forſake;
All, a ſcorne of me will make.

Then, as I on Thee relying,
Doe no changing, feare in Thee:
So, by my defects ſupplying,
From all changing, keepe thou me.
That, unmatched we may prove
Thou, for, *Beautie*; I, for *Love*.

Then, while their Loves, are forgotten,
Who to Pride, and Luſt were ſlaves;
And, their *Miſtreſſes* quite rotten,
Lye unthought on, in their graves.
Kings and Queenes (in their deſpight)
Shall, to mind us, take delight.

FAIRE-

FAIRE-VIRTVE:

OR,

THE MISTRESSE OF PHIL'ARETE.

Two pretty Rills *doe meet, and meeting make*
Within one vally, a large silver lake:
About whose bankes the fertile mountaines stood,
In ages past bravely crownd with wood;
Which lending Cold sweet shadowes, gave it grace,
To be accounted Cynthia's *Bathing place.*
And from her father Neptunes *brackish Court,*
Faire Thetis *thither often would resort,*
Attended by the Fishes of the Sea,
Which in those sweeter waters came to play.
There, would the daughter of the Sea-God *dive;*
And thither came the Land-Nymphs *every Eve,*
To wait upon her: bringing for her brewes,
Rich garlands of sweet flowers, and Beachy boughs,

For,

For, pleasant was that Poole; and neere it, then,
Was neither rotten Meesh, nor boggy Fen.
It was not over growne with boystrous Sedge,
Nor grew there rudely then along the edge,
A bending Willow, nor a prieky Bush,
Nor broad-leaf'd Flag, nor Reed, nor knotty Rush.
But here, well order'd was a grove with Bowers.
Three grassy plots set round about with Flowers.
Here, you might (through the water) see the land,
Appeare, strewd o're with white or yellow sand.
Tone, deeper was it; and the winde by whiffes.
Would make it vise, and wash the little cliffes,
On which, oft pluming Iate (unfrighted than)
The gagling Wildgoose, and the snow white Swan:
With all those flockes of Fowles, which to this day,
Vpon those quiet waters breed, and play.

For, though those excellences wanting be,
Which once it had; it is the same, that we
By transposition name the Ford of Arle,
And out of which along a Chalky Marle,
That River trils, whose waters wash the Fort,
In which brave Arthur kept his royall Court.
North-east (not far from this great Poole) there lies
A tract of Beechy mountaines, that arise
With leasurely ascending to such height,
As from their tops the warlike Ile of Wight
You in the Oceans bosome may espie,
Though neere two hundred furlongs thence it lie:
The pleasant way, as up those hils you clime,
Is strewed o're, with Marjarome and Thyme.
Which growes inset. The hedge rowes do not want
The Cowslip, Violet, Primrose, nor a Plant,
That fresh'y scents: as Birch both greene and tall,
Low Sallowes, on whose bloomings Bees doe fall.

Faire

Faire Woodbinds, which about the hedges twine;
Smooth Priuet, and the sharpe-sweet Eglantine.
With many moe, whose leaues and blossomes faire,
The Earth adorne, and oft perfumes the ayre.
When you vnto the highest doe attaine;
An intermixture both of Wood and Plaine,
You shall behold: which (though aloft it lye)
Hath downes for sheepe, and fields for husbandry.
So much (at least) as little needeth more,
If not enough to merchandize their store.
In every Rowe hath Nature planted there,
Some banquet, for the hungry passenger.
For here, the Hasle nut and Filbird grow:s;
There Bulloes, and a little further Sloes.
On this hand standeth a faire wilding tree;
On that, large thickets of blacke Cherries be!
The shrubbie fields, are Raspice Orchards there,
The new fel'd woods, like Strabery gardens are:
And, had the King of Rivers blest those hils
With some small number of such pretty Rills
As flow elsewhere, Arcadia had not seene
A sweeter plot of Earth then this had beene.
For what offence this Place was scanted so
Of springing waters, no record doth show:
Nor have they old tradition left, that tels;
But till this day, at fiftie fathome Wels
The Shepheards drink. And strange it was to heare
Of any Swaine that euer lived there,
Who either in a Pastorall Ode had skill,
Or knew to set his fingers to a quill:
For, rude they were who there inhabited,
And to a dull contentment being bred,
They no such art esteem'd, nor tooke much heed
Of any thing the world without them did.

Ev'n there, and in the least frequented plate
Of all these mountaines, is a little space
Of pleasant ground hemd in with dropping trees,
And those so thicke, that Phœbus scarcely sees
The earth they grow on once in all the yeere,
Nor what is done among the shadowes there,
Along those lonely pathes (where never came
Report of Pan, or of Apollo's name,
Nor rumor of the Muses, till of late)
Some Nymphs were wandring, and by chance or Fate,
Vpon a Launde arived, where they met
The little flocke of Pastor Philaret.
They, were a troupe of Beauties knowne well nigh
Through all the Plaines of happy Britany.
A Shepheards lad was he, obscure and young,
Who (being first that ever there had sung)
In homely Verse, expressed Country loves;
And onely told them to the Beechy groves:
As if to sound his name he never ment,
Beyond the compasse that his Sheep walke went.
They saw not him, nor them perceived he:
For, in the cranches of a Maple-tree
He shrouded sate, and taught the hollow hill
To Eccho forth the Musique of his quill:
Whose tatling voyce redoubled so the sound
That where he was conceald, they quickly found.
And there, they heard him sing a Madrigall;
That soone betrayed his cunning to them all.
Full rude it was no doubt, but such a Song,
Those rusticke, and obscured shades among,
Was never heard (they say) by any eare;
Vntill his Muses had inspir'd him there:
Though meane and plain, his Country habit seem'd,
Yet by his Song the Ladies rightly deem'd,

That

That either he had travailed abrode,
Where Swaines of better knowledge make abode:
Or else, that some brave Nymph, who us'd that Grove,
Had dained to inrich him with her love.
Approaching nearer, therefore to this Swaine,
They him salated; and he them againe;
In such good fashion, as well seemd to be
According to their state and his degree.
Which greetings, being past, and much chat,
Concerning him, the place, with this and that;
He, to an Arbor doth those beauties bring;
Where, he them prayes to sit, they him to sing:
And to expresse that untaught Country Art,
In setting forth the Mistresse of his hart;
Which they o'reheard him practise, when unseene,
He thought no eare had of it witnesse beene.
At first (as much unable) he refus'd,
And seemed willing to have been excus'd,
From such a taske For, trust me Nymphs (quoth he)
I would not purposely uncivill be,
Nor churlish in denying what you crave;
But, as I hope Great Pan my flocke will save,
I rather wish, that I might heard of none,
Enjoy my Musicke by my self alone:
Or, that the murmurs of some little Floud
(ioynd with the friendly Ecchoes of the wood)
Might be th'impartiall Vmpires of my wit,
Then vent it, where the world might heare of it.
And doubtlesse, I had sung lesse loud while-ere,
Had I but thought of any such so neer.
Not that I either wish obscurifide,
Her matchlesse Beauty; or desire to hide
Her sweet perfections. For, by Love I sweare,
The utmost happinesse that I ayme at here,

It but to compasse worth enough to raise
A high-built Trophee equall with her praise.
Which (faireſt Ladies) *I ſhall hope in vaine:*
For, I was meanly bred in yonder Plaine.
And, though I can well prove my Blood to be
Deriv'd from no ignoble Stems to me:
Yet Fate and Time them ſo obſcur'd and croſt,
That with their Fortunes, their eſteeme is loſt.
And whatſoere repute I ſtrive to win,
Now, from my ſelfe alone, it muſt begin.
For, I have nor eſtate, nor friends, nor fame,
To purchaſe either credit to my name,
Or gaine a good Opinion; though I doe
Aſcend the height I ſhall aſpire unto.
If any of thoſe vertues yet I have,
Which honour to my Predeceſſours gave,
Ther's all that's loſt me. And though ſome contemne
Such needy Iewels; yet it was for them
My Faire-one did my humble ſuit affect,
And dained my adventurous love reſpect.
And by their helpe, I paſſage hope to make
Through ſuch poore things as I dare undertake.
But, you may ſay; what goodly things, alas!
Can my deſpiſed meanneſſe bring to paſſe?
Or what great Monument of honour raiſe
To Vertue, in theſe Vice abounding dayes?
In which (a thouſand times) more honour finds,
Ignoble gotten meanes, then noble minds?
Indeed, the world affoordeth ſmall reward
For honeſt minds; and therefore her regard
I ſeeke not after: neither doe I care,
If I have bliſſe, how others thinke I fare.
For, ſo my thoughts have reſt, it yrkes not me,
Though none but I, doe know how bleſt they be.

Hett

Here therefore, in these groves and hidden plaines,
I pleased sit alone; and many straines
I carroll to my selfe, these hills among:
Where no man comes to interrupt my Song.
Whereas, if my rude layes make knowne I should,
Beyond their home; perhaps, some Carpers would
(Because they have not heard from whence they be)
Traduce, abuse, and scoffe both them and me.
For, if our great and learned Shepheards (who
Are grac't with wit, and fame, and favours so,)
With much adoe, escape uncen'sur'd may;
What hopes have I to passe unscoft I pray,
Who yet unto the Muses am unknowne?
And live unhonoured, here among mine owne?
A gadding humour seldome taketh me,
To range out further then yon mountaines be:
Nor hath applausive Rumour borne my name
Vpon the spreading wings of sounding Fame:
Nor can I thinke (faire Nymphs) that you resort
For other purpose, then to make a sport
At that simplicitie which shall appeare
Among the rude untuter'd Shepheards here.
I know that you my Noble Mistresse weene
At best, a homely Milk maid on the Green;
Or some such Country Lasse, as tasked slaves
At servile labour untill Holy dayes.
For, poore mens vertues so neglected grow,
And are now prized at a rate so low.
And 'tis impossible, You should be brought,
To let it with beleefe possesse your thought,
That any Nymph, whose love might worthy be;
Would daigne to cast respective eye on me.
You see I live, possessing none of those
Gay things, with which the world enamor'd growes.

To woo a Courtly Beautie; I have neither
Rings, Bracelets, Iewels, nor a Scarfe, nor Feather.
I use no double dyed Cloth to weare;
No Scrip embroydered richly do I beare:
No silken Belt, nor Sheephook layd with pearles,
To win me favour from the Shepheards Girles.
No place of office, or command I keep,
But this my little flocke of homely sheep.
And in a word; the summe of all my pelf
Is this; I am the Master of my self.

No doubt, in Courts of Princes you have been,
And all the pleasures of the Palace seen.
There, you beheld brave Courtly passages,
Betweene Heroës and their Mistresses.
You, there perhaps (in presence of the King)
Have heard his learned Bards and Poets sing.
And what contentment then, can wood, or field,
To please your curious understandings yeeld?
I know, you walked hither, but to prove,
What silly Shepheards doe conceive of love:
Or to make triall how our simplenesse
Can passions force, or Beauties power expresse:
And when you are departed, you will joy,
To laugh, or descant on the Shepheards toy.

But yet (I vow) if all the Art I had
Could any more esteem, or glory add
To her unmatched worth; I could not weigh
What you intended. Prethee lad, quoth they,
Distrustfull of our Courtesie do not seeme.
Her Noblenesse can never want esteeme;
Nor thy concealed Measures be disgrac't,
Though in a meaner person they were plac't:
If thy too modestly reserved Quill,
But reach that height, which we suppose it will.

The meanneſſe or obſcureneſſe cannot wrong,
The Nymph *thou ſhalt eternize in thy Song.*
For, as it higher reares thy glory, that
A noble Miſtreſſe *thou haſt aymed at:*
So, more unto her honour it will prove,
That whilſt deceiving ſhadowes others move,
Her conſtant eyes, could paſſe unmoved by,
The ſubtill times bewitching bravery,
And thoſe obſcured virtues love in thee,
That with deſpiſed meanneſſe clouded be.
Now then, for her ſweet ſake, whoſe Beauteous eye
Hath filled thy ſoule with heavenly Poeſie,
Sing in her praiſe ſome new inſpired ſtraine:
And, if within our power there ſhall remaine,
A favour to be done may pleaſure thee,
Aske, and obtain it, whatſoere it be.

Faire Ladies, *quoth the lad, ſuch words as theſe,*
Compell me can: and, therewithall he roſe;
Return'd them thanks, obeiſance made, and then,
Downſate again, and thus to ſing began.

YOV, that at a blush can tell,
Where the best perfections dwell;
And the substance can conjecture,
By a shadow, or a Picture:
Come, and try, if you by this;
Know my *Mistresse*, who she is.
For, though I am farre unable
Here to match *Apelles* table,
Or draw *Zeuxes*, cunning Lines,
Who so painted *Bacchus* Vines,
That the hungry Birds did muster;
Round the counterfeited Cluster.
Though, I vaunt not to inherit,
Petrarchs, yet unequal'd spirit,
Nor to quaffe the sacred *Well*,
Halfe so deepe as *Astrophill*:
Though, the much commended *Celia*,
Lovely *Laura*, *Stella*, *Delia*,
(Who in former times excell'd)
Live in Lines unparaled;
Making us beleeve 'twere much,
Earth should yeeld another such:
Yet, assisted but by Nature,
I assay to paint a Creature,
Whose rare worth, in future yeeres,
Shall be prays'd, as much as theirs:
Nor let any thinke amisse,
That I have presumed this:
For, a gentle *Nymph* is she,
And hath often honor'd me.
Shee's a noble sparke of light,
In each part, so exquisit,

Had

Had ſhe in times paſſed beene,
They had made her beauties Queene:
Then, ſhall cowardly deſpaire,
Let the moſt unblemiſht *faire*,
For default of ſome poore Art
(Which her favour may impart)
And the ſweeteſt Beauty fade,
That was ever borne or made?
Shall, of all the *faire ones*, ſhe
Onely ſo unhappy be;
As to live in ſuch a Time,
In ſo rude, ſo dull a Clime,
Where no ſpirit can aſcend
High enough, to apprehend
Her unprized excellence,
Which lies hid from common ſenſe?
Never ſhall a ſtaine ſo vile,
Blemiſh this, our *Poets Ile*.
I my ſelfe, will rather runne,
And ſeeke out for *Helicon*.
I, will waſh, and make me cleane,
In the waves of *Hippocrene*:
And in ſpight of Fortunes barres,
Climbe the *Hill* that braves the ſtarres,
Where, if I can get no *Muſe*
That will any skill infuſe,
(Or my juſt attempt prefer)
I will make a *Muſe* of *Her*:
Whoſe kind heat ſhall ſoone diſtill,
Art, into my ruder quill.
By her favour, I will gaine
Helpe, to reach ſo rare a *Straine*:
That the learned *Hils* ſhall wonder,
How the untaught vallies under,

Met with Raptures so divine,
Without knowledge of the Nine.

I, that am a Shepheards Swaine,
Piping on the lowly plaines,
And no other Musique can,
Then what learn'd I have of *Pan*.
I, who never sung the *Layes*,
That deserve *Apollo's* bayes,
Hope not onely, here to frame,
Measures, which shall keep Her name
From the spight of wasting Times,
But (enshrin'd in sacred Rimes)
Place her, where her forme divine,
Shall to after ages shine:
And without respect of Odds,
Vye renowne with *Demy Gods*.

Then, whilst of her praise I sing,
Harken, *Vally*, *Grove*, and *Spring*;
Listen to me sacred *Fountaines*,
Solitary *Rocks* and *Mountaines*:
Satyres, and you wanton *Elves*,
That doe nightly sport your selves.
Shepheards, you that on the Reede,
Whistle while your lambs doe feed:
Aged *Woods*, and *Floods*, that know,
What hath been long times agoe.
Your more serious *Notes* among,
Heare, how I can in my *Song*.
Set a *Nymphs* perfection forth:
And, when you have heard her worth:
Say, if such another *Lasse*,
Ever knowne to mortall was.

Listen *Lordings*, you that most
Of your outward honours boast:

And

And you *Gallants*; that thinke scorne,
We to lowly fortunes borne,
Should attaine to any graces,
Where, you looke for sweet embraces,
See, if all those vanities,
Whereon your affection lies.
Or the Titles, or the power
By your Fathers vertues your,
Can your *Mistresses* enshrine,
In such state, as I will mine:
Who am forced, to importune
Favours, in despight of *Fortune*.
Beauties listen; chiefly you,
That yet know not *Virtues* due.
You, that thinke there are no sports,
Nor no honours but in *Courts*.
(Though of thousands there lives not
Two, but dye and are forgot)
See, if any *Palace* yeelds
Ought more glorious, then the *Fields*.
And consider well, if we
May not as high flying be
In our thoughts, as you that sing
In the Chambers of a King.
See; if our contented minds,
Whom *Ambition* never blinds;
(We, that clad in home spun gray,
On our owne sweet Meadowes play)
Cannot honour (if we please)
Where we list as well as these,
Or as well of worth approve,
Or with equ ll passions love.
See, if beauties may not touch
Our soone-loving hearts as much:

Or our services effect
Favours, with a true respect
In your good conceits to rise,
As our painted Butterflies.
And you *Fairest* give her roome,
When your Sexes pride doth come:
For that Subject of my song,
I invoke these Groves among,
To be witnesse of the Layes,
Which I carroll in her praise.
And because she soone will see,
If my *Measures* faultie be;
Whilst I chaunt them, let each *Rime*
Keepe a well proportion'd time:
And with straines that are divine,
Meet her thoughts in every line.
Let each accent there, present
To her Soule a new content;
And, with ravishings so ceaze her,
She may feele the height of pleasure.
You enchanting *spells*, that lye
Lurking in sweet *Poesie*:
(And to none else will appeare,
But to those that worthy are)
Make *Her* know there is a power
Ruling in these *Charmes* of your;
That transcends (a thousand heights)
Ordinary mens delights:
And can leave within her brest,
Pleasures, not to be expresst.
Let her linger, on each straine,
As if she would heare't againe;
And were loth to part from thence,
Till she had the quintessence,

Out

Out of each conceit ſhee meers,
And had ſtor'd her with thoſe ſweets,
Make her, by your Art to ſee:
I, that am her Swaine, was he,
Vnto whom all beauties here,
Were alike, and equall deare.
That I could of freedome boaſt,
And of favours with the moſt:
Yet, now (nothing more affecting)
Sing of *Her*, the reſt neglecting:
Make her heart, with full compaſſion,
Iudge the merit of true paſſion;
And, as much my love prefer,
As I ſtrive to honor *Her*.
Laſtly; you that will (I know)
Heare me, wh'ere you ſhould or no.
You, that ſeeke to turne all Flowers,
By your breaths infectious powers,
Into ſuch ranke lothſome weedes,
As your dunghill nature breeds.
Let your hearts be chaſt, or here
Come not, till you purge them cleare.
Marke; and marke then, what is worſt:
For, what ere it ſeeme at firſt;
If you bring a modeſt minde,
You ſhall nought immodeſt finde
But, if any too ſevere,
Hap to lend a partiall eare;
Or, out of his blindneſſe yawne,
Such a word, as *Oh prophane*:
Let him know thus much from me,
If here's ought prophane, tis he;
Who applies theſe excellences,
Onely to the touch of ſenſes:

And, dimm sighted, cannot see
Where the soule of this, may be.
Yet, that no offence may grow,
'Tis their choice, to stay, or goe.
Or, if any for despight,
Rather comes, then for delight;
For his presence I'le not pray,
Nor his absence: come he may.
Criticks shall admitted be,
Though I know they'le carp at me.
For I neither feare nor care,
What in this, their censures are.
If the *Verse* here used, be
Their dislike; it liketh me.
If my Methode they deride,
Let them know *Love is not tide*
In his free Discourse, to chuse
Such strict rules, as Arts men *use*.
These may prate of Love, but they
Know him not: for He will play
From the matter, now and then,
Off and on, and off again.
If this Prologue tedious seeme,
Or the rest too long they deeme;
Let them know, my love they win,
Though they goe ere I begin.
Iust as if they should attend me,
Till the last, and there commend me.
For, I will for no mans pleasure,
Change a Syllable or measure:
Neither for their praises adde
Ought to mend what they thinke bad:
Since it never was my fashion,
To make worke of Recreation.

Prologus

Pedants shall not tye my straines
To our Antique *Poets* vaines;
As if we, in latter dayes,
Knew to love, but not to praise,
Being borne as free as these,
I will sing, as I shall please.
Who, as well new paths may turn,
As the best before have done,
I disdaine to make my Song
For their pleasures short or long.
If I please I'le end it here,
If I list I'le sing this yeere.
And, though none regard of it,
By my selfe I pleas'd can sit,
And, with that contentment cheare me,
As it halfe the world did heare me.
But because I am assured,
All are either so conjured,
As they will my Song attend,
With the patience of a friend;
Or (at least) take note, that I
Care not much; now willingly
I these goodly colours lay,
Wind nor Raine shall weare away.
But retaine their purest glasse,
When the Statutes made of brasse,
For some Princes more renowne,
Shall be wholly overthrowne:
Or (consum'd with cankred rust)
Lie neglected in the dust.
And my Reason gives d rection,
(When I sing of such pe fection)
First, those beauties to declare,
Which (though hers) without her are.

To

To advance her fame, I find,
Those are of a triple kind.
Priviledges she hath store:
At her birth, since and before.
From before her birth, the fame,
She of high descents may claime;
(Whose wel-gotten honours, may
Her deserving more display)
For, from heavenly race she springs,
And from high and mighty Kings,
At her birth; she was by *Fate*
In those *Parents* fortunate,
Whose estates and virtues stood,
Answerable to their blood.
Then, the *Nation*, *Time*, and *Place*,
To the rest may adde some grace:
For the *People*, with the *Clime*,
And the fashions of the time;
(In all which she hath been blest,
By enjoying them at best)
Doe not onely mend the features,
But oft times make better natures.
Whereas, those who hap not so,
Both deform'd, and ruder grow.
In those Climes, and latter daies,
To deserve sweet Beauties praise,
(Where so many females dwell,
That each seemeth to excell)
In more glory twenty fold,
Then it was in dayes of old,
When our ordinary *Faire ones*
Might have been esteemed rare ones;
And have made a subject fit,
For their bravest *Poets* wit.

Little

Little Rush lights, or a sparke,
Shineth fairely in the darke:
And to him occasion gives
That from sight of lesser lives,
To adore it: yet the Ray
Of one Torch will take away
All the light of twenty more,
That shin'd very well before.
So, those petty Beauties, which
Made the times before us rich;
Though but sparkles seem'd a flame,
Which hath been increast by Fame,
And their true affections, who
Better never liv'd to know.
Whereas, her if they had seene,
She had sure adored beene,
And taught Ages past, to sing
Sweeter in their Sonneting.
Such a *Ray*, so cleare, so bright,
Had out-shined all the light,
Of a thousand such as theirs,
Who were then esteemed Starres;
And would have enlightned, neere
Halfe the worlds wide *Hemisphere*.
She is faireſt, that may passe
For a faire one, where the Lasse
Trips it on the Country greene,
That may equall *Spartas* Queene.
Where (in every street you see)
Throngs of *Nymphs* and Ladies be,
That are faire enough to move
Angels; and enamour *Jove*.
She must matchlesse features bring,
That now mooves a *Muse* to sing,

When

When a one small *Province* may
Shew more Beauties in a day,
Then the halfe of *Europe* could,
Breed them in an age of old:
Such is she, and such a lot
Hath her rare perfection got:

Since her birth, to make the colour
Of so true a Beautie fuller;
And to give a better grace
To that sweetnesse in the face:
She, hath all the furtherance had,
Noble educations add
And not onely knoweth all,
Which our Ladies, Courtship call;
With those knowledges, that doe
Grace her sex, and lute thereon:
But she hath attain'd to find,
(What is rare with womankind)
Excellencies, whereby she
May in soule delighted be;
And reape more contentment, than
One of twenty twousand can.

By this meanes, hath better'd him,
All without her, and within;
For, it hath by adding Arts,
To adorne her native parts,
Raised to a noble flame,
(Which shall lighten forth her fame)
Those deare sparkes of sacred fire,
Which the *Muses* did inspire
At her birth; that she compleate,
Might with them be fit a seat.

But, perhaps I doe amisse,
To insist so long on this!

These are superficiall things;
And but slender shadowings,
To the worke I have in hand
Neither can you understand,
What her excellence may be,
Till *her selfe* describ'd you see.
Nor can mine, or any penn,
Paint her halfe so louely then,
As she is indeed. For here
Might those *Deities* appeare,
Which young *Paris* view'd, at will,
Naked upon *Ida* hill;
That I from those three might take,
All their beauties One to make
(Those, no question well compact,
Would have made up one exact)
Something yet, we misse of might,
To expresse her sweetnesse right,
Iuno's maiestie would fit;
Venus beauty, *Pallas* wit:
Might have brought to patterne hers,
In some shew'd particulars.
But, they never can expresse
Her whole frame or worthinesse;
With those excellences, which
Make both soule and body rich.
Pallas sometimes was untoward,
Venus wanton, *Iuno* froward:
Yea, all three infected were,
With such faults as women are.
And, though falsly *Deifi'd*,
Frailties had, which shee'le deride.
By *her selfe*, must therefore she,
Or by nothing pattern'd be.

And

And I hope to paint her ſo,
By *her ſelf*; that you ſhall know,
I have ſerv'd no common *Dame*,
Of meane worth, or vulgar fame,
But a *Nymph* that's fairer than,
Pen or Pencill, portrait can.
And to morrow if you ſtay
Backe againe this uncoth way:
I my ſimple Art will ſhow:
But, the time prevents me now.
For, except at yonder glade,
All the Land is under ſhade,
That, before theſe Ewes be told,
Thoſe my Weathers in the fold,
Ten young Wainlings driven downe
To the Well beneath the Towne;
And my Lambkins changed from
Brome leaze, to the Mead at home:
'Twill be faire in night: and ſo
I ſhall make my father woe
For my ſtay, and be in feare
Some what is miſchanced here.
On your way, I'le therefore bring you,
And a Song or two I'le ſing you,
Such as I (halfe in deſpaire)
Made when firſt I woo'd my *Faire*:
Whereunto my Boy ſhall play,
That my voyce aſſiſt it may,

1

COme my Muſe, if thou diſdaine,
All my comforts are bereft me;
No delight doth now remaine,
I nor friend, nor flocke have left me,
They are ſcattered on the plaine.

(Men, alas) are too ſevere,
And make ſcoffes at Lovers Fortunes;
Women, hearted like the Beare,
That regards not who importunes,
But, doth all in pieces teare.

If I ſhould my ſorrowes ſhow
Vnto Rivers, Springs, or Fountaines,
They are ſenceleſſe of my woe;
So are groves, and rocks, & mountains,
Then, oh whether ſhall I goe?

Meanes of harbour me to ſhield
From deſpaire; Ah, know you any?
For, nor Citie, Grange, nor Field
(Though they lend content to many)
Vnto me, can comfort yeeld.

I have wept and sighed to,
For compassion to make triall:
Yea, done all that words can doe,
Yet have nothing but denyall.
What way is there then to woee?

Shall I sweare, protest, and vow?
So have I done most extreamely.
Should I die? I know not how.
For, from all attempts unseemely,
Love, *and* Vertue, *keepes me now.*

I have heard that Time *prevailes;*
But I feare me 'tis a fable:
Time, *and all endeavour failes;*
To beare more, my heart's unable,
Yet none careth what it ayles.

Lines, *to some have op't the dore,*
And got entrance for affection.
Words *well spoken, much implore*
By the Gestures *good direction:*
But a Look *doth ten times more.*

T'is the Eye *that onely reades,*
To the heart, loves deepest Lectures.
By a mooving looke it pleads.
More then common sence conjectures:
And, a way to pitty leades.

This, I knowing did obserue,
(both by words *&* looks *cõplaining)*
Yet, for pitty, I may ſtarue:
There's no hope of my obtaining;
Till I better can deſerue.

Yea, and he that thinkes to winne
By deſert, may be deceiued.
For, they who haue worthieſt bin,
Of their right haue been bereaued,
And a Groome admitted in.

Wherefore Muſe, *tothee I call,*
Thou (ſince nothing elſe availes me)
Muſt redeeme me from my thrall.
If thy ſweet enchantment failes me,
Then adue, loue, life, and all.

2

TEll me my heart, what Thoughts these paintings move?
My Thoughts of LOVE.
What Flames are these, that set thee so on fire?
Flames of DESIRE.
What Meanes hast thou, contentment's flowre to crop?
No Meanes but HOPE.
Yet let us feed on Hope, and Hope the best.
For, they amid their griefes are something blest;
Whose Thoughts, & Flames, & Meanes, have such fruit
They may at once, both LOVE, DESIRE, and HOPE.

But say; what Fruit will love at last obtaine?
Fruitlesse DISDAINE.
What will those Hopes prove, which yet seem so fair?
Hopelesse DESPAIRE.
What End shall run those passions out of breath?
An endlesse DEATH.
Oh can there be such cruelty in Love?
And doth my Fortune so ungentle prove,
She will no Fruit, nor Hope, nor End bequeath,
But cruellest DISDAIN, DISPAIRE, and DEATH?

Then what new Studie shall I now apply?
Studie to DIE.
How might I end my Care, and dye content?
Care to REPENT.
And what good Thoughts may make my end more boy?
Thinke on thy FOLLY.
Yes, so I will, and since my Fate can give
No Hope, but ever without Hope to live
My Studies, Cares, and Thoughts, I'le all apply,
To weigh my FOLLY well, REPENT and DIE.

Sa

SAd Eyes, what doe you ayle
To be thus ill disposed?
Why doth your sleeping faile,
Now all mens else are closed?
Wast I, that were did bow
In any servile duty;
And will you make me now,
A slave to Love and Beauty?

What though thy Mistresse smile,
And in her love affects thee?
Let not her eye beguile,
I feare she disrespects thee.
Doe not poore heart depend
On those vaine thoughts that fill thee,
Theyle faile thee in the end,
So must thy passions kill thee.

What hopes have I, that she
Will hold her favours ever;
When so few women be,
That constant can persever?
What ere she doe protest,
When Fortunes doe deceive me;
Then she, with all the rest,
I feare, alas! will leave me.

Whilſt youth & ſtrength remains,
With art that may commend her;
Perhaps, ſhe nought diſdaines,
Her ſervant ſhould attend her.
But, it is one to ten,
If croſſes overtake me;
She will not know me, then;
But ſcorne, and ſo forſake me.

Shall then in earneſt truth,
My careſull eyes obſerve her?
Shall I conſume my youth,
And ſhort my time to ſerve her?
Shall I, beyond my ſtrength,
Let paſſions, torments prove me,
To heare her ſay, at length,
Away, I cannot love thee?

Oh, rather let me dye,
Whilſt I thus gentle finde her,
T'were worſe then death, if I
Should finde ſhe proves unkinder.
One frowne (though but in ieſt)
Or one unkindnes, fained,
Would rob me of more reſt,
Then ere could be regained.

But, in her eyes I finde
Such signes of pitty mooving;
She cannot be unkinde
Nor erre, nor faile in loving.
And, on her forehead, this,
Seemes written to relieve me;
My heart no joy shall misse,
That Love, *or* Shee *can give me.*

Which if I finde, I vow,
My service shall persever:
The same that I am now,
I will continue ever.
No others high degree,
Nor beauteous looke shall change me.
My Love shall constant be,
And no estate estrange me.

When other noble Dames
By greater men attended;
Shall with their Lives and Names,
Have all their glories ended;
With fairest Queenes *shall she*
Sit sharing equall glory:
And Times *to come, shall be,*
Delighted with our Story.

In spight of others hates,
More honour I will doe her,
Then those, that with Estates,
And helpes of Fortune woo her.
Yea, that true worth I spie,
Though Monarchs strove to grace it,
They should not reach more hie,
Then I dare hope to place it.

And though I never vaunt,
What favours are possessed,
Much lesse content I want,
Then if they were expressed.
Let others make their mirth,
To blab each kisse, or toying;
I know no blesse on earth,
Like secret Love enjoying.

And this shall be the worst,
Of all that can betide me;
If I, like some accurst,
Should finde my hopes deride me:
My Cares will not be long,
I know which way to mend them;
Ile thinke who did the wrong,
Sigh, breake my heart, and end them.

HAile faire *Beauties*, and againe,
Haile to all your goodly traine.
What I promis'd yesterday,
If it please you, heare ye may:
For, now once begun have I,
Sing I will, though none were by.
And, though freely on I runne,
Yet confused paths to shunne,
First, that part shall be disclos'd,
That's of *Elements* compos'd.
There, the two unequall paire,
Water, *Fire*, *Earth*, *Ayre*.
(Each one suting a Complexion,)
Have so cunning a Commixtion;
As they, in proportion sweet,
With the rarest temper meet.
Either, in as much as needeth,
So as neither, ought exceedeth.
This pure substance, is the same,
Which the *Body* we doe name.
Were that, of immortall stuffe;
Tis refin'd and pure enough,
To be cal'd a *Soule*: for sure,
Many *Soules* are not so pure.
I (that with a serious looke,
Note of this rare *Moddel* tooke)
Find, that Nature in their places,
So well couched all the *Graces*,
As the curiousst eyes that be,
Can nor blot, nor blemish see.
Like a Pine it groweth streight,
Reaching an approved height:

And hath all the choice perfections,
That inflame the best affections.
In the motion of each part,
Nature seemes to strive with *Art*,
Which her gestures most shall blesse,
With the gifts of Pleasingnesse.
When she sits, me thinkes, I see,
How all virtues fixed be,
In a frame; whose constant mould,
Will the same unchanged hold.
If you note her when she moves,
Cythera drawne with Doves:
May come learne such winning motions,
As will gaine to loves devotions,
More then all her painted wiles;
Such as teares, or sighes, or smiles:
Some, whose bodies want true graces,
Have sweet features in their faces:
Others, that doe misse them there,
Lovely are some other where;
And to our desires doe fit,
In behaviour, or in wit:
Or some inward worth appearing,
To the soule, the soule endearing.
But in her your eye may finde,
All that's good in *Womankinde*.
What in others we preferre,
Are but sundry parts of her:
Who, most perfect, doth present,
What might one, and all content:
Yea, he that in love still ranges,
And each day, or hourely changes;
(Had he iudgement but to know,
What perfection in her grow)

There would find the ſpring of ſtore,
Sweare a faith, and change no more.
Neither in the totall frame,
Is ſhe only void of blame;
But, each part, ſurvey'd aſunder,
Might beget both love and wonder.
If you dare to looke ſo high,
Or behold ſuch maieſtie;
Lift your wondring eyes, and ſee,
Whether ought can better'd be.
Ther's her *Haire*, with which Love angles
And beholders eyes intangles.
For, in thoſe faire curled ſnares,
They are hampred unawares:
And compeld to ſweare a duty,
To her ſweet intrauling beauty.
In my mind, 'tis the moſt faire,
That was ever called haire,
Somewhat brighter then a browne,
And her *Treſſes* waving downe,
At full length, and ſo diſpread:
Mantles her from foot to head.
If you ſaw her Arched Brow,
Tell me pray, what Art knowes how
To have made it in a line,
More exact, or more divine.
Beauty there may be diſcri'd,
In the height of all her pride.
'Tis a meanly riſing plaine,
Whoſe pure white hath many a vaine,
Interlacing like the ſprings,
In the earths enamillings.
If the tale be not a toy,
Of the little winged *Boy*;

When he meanes to ſtrike a heart,
Thence he throwes the fatall dart:
VVhich of wounds ſtill makes a paire,
One of Love, one of Diſpaire.
Round her viſage: or ſo neare,
To a roundnes doth appeare,
That no more of length it takes,
Then what beſt proportion makes.
Short her *Chinne* is; and yet ſo,
As it is iuſt long enow:
Lovelines, doth ſeeme to glory,
In that Cyrcling *Promontory*.
Pretty moving features skip,
Twixt that hillocke and the lip:
If you note her, but the while
She is pleas'd to ſpeake, or ſmile.
And her Lips (that ſhew no dulnes)
Full are, in the meaneſt fulnes:
Thoſe, the leaves be, whoſe unfolding,
Brings ſweet pleaſures to beholding:
For, ſuch pearles they doe diſcloſe,
Both the *Indies* match not thoſe:
Yet, are ſo in order placed,
As their whiteneſſe is more graced.
Each part is ſo well diſpoſed,
And her dainty mouth compoſed,
So, as there is no diſtortion,
Misbeſeemes that ſweet proportion.
When her Ivorie Teeth ſhe buries,
Twixt her two enticing cherries,
There appeares ſuch pleaſures hidden,
As might tempt what were forbidden.
If you looke againe the whiles,
She doth part thoſe lips in ſmiles.

'Tis as when a flash of light,
Breakes from heaven to glad the night,
Other parts may pencill crave,
But those lips I cannot leave;
For (me thinketh) I should goe,
And forsake those Cherries so.
There's a kinde of excellence,
Holds me from departing hence.
I would tell you what it were,
But my cunning failes me there.
They are like in their discloses,
To the mornings dewie roses:
That besides the name of faire,
Cast perfumes that sweet the *Ayre*.
Melting soft her kisses be,
And had I, now, two or three;
(More inspired, by their touch)
I had prais'd them twise as much.
But sweet *Muses* marke ye how,
Her faire eyes doe checke me now,
That I seem'd to passe them so:
And their praises over-goe:
And yet blame me not, that I
Would so faine have past them by.
For, I feared to have seene them,
Lest there were some danger in them.
Yet, such gentle lookes they lend,
As might make her foe, a friend;
And by their allurings move
All beholders, unto love.
Such a power is also there,
As will keepe those thoughts in feare;
And command enough I saw,
To hold impudence in awe.

There, may he that knowes to love,
Read contents, which are above,
Their ignoble aimes, who know
Nothing, that so high doth grow.
Whilst she me beholding is,
My heart dares not thinke amisse:
For, her sight most piereing cleare,
Seemes to see, what's written there.

Those bright *Eyes*, that with their light,
Often times have blest my sight,
And in turning thence their shining,
Left me in sad darkenesse pining:
Are the rarest, lovelyest gray,
And do cast forth such a ray;
As the man, that black prefers,
More would like this gray of hers.

When their matchles beames he shrouds,
'Tis like *Cynthia* hid in Clouds.
If againe she shew them light,
'Tis like morning after night.
And 'tis worthy well beholding,
With how many a pretty folding,
Her sweet eye lids grace that faire,
Meanly fring'd with beaming haire:
Whereby neatly overspread,
Those bright lamps are shadowed.

'Twixt the *Eyes*, no hollow place,
Wrinkle nor undecent space,
Disproportions her in ought;
Though by *Envy*, faults were sought.

On those *Eye-browes* never yet,
Did disdainefull scowling sit.
Love and *Goodnesse* gotten thither,
Sit on equall thrones together;

And

And doe throw iuſt ſcorne on them,
That their government contemne.
Then (almoſt obſcur'd) appeares
Thoſe her Iewell-gracing *Eares*,
Whoſe owne Beauties more adorne,
Then the richeſt *Pearle* that's worne
By the proudeſt *Perſian* Dames,
Or the beſt that *Nature* frames.
There, the voice (in loves *Meanders*)
Thoſe their pretty cirklings, wanders:
Whoſe rare turnings will admit,
No rude ſpeech to enter in.
Stretching from mount *Forheadlies*,
Beauties Cape betwixt her eyes.
Which two Chryſtall-paſſing lakes,
Loves delightfull *Iſthmus* makes;
Neither more nor leſſe extending,
Then moſt meriteth commending,
Thoſe, in whom that part hath beene,
Beſt deſerving praiſes ſeene:
Or, (ſurveyd without affection)
Came the neereſt to perfection.
Would ſcarce handſome ones appeare,
If with her compar'd they were.
For it is ſo much excelling,
That it paſſeth meanes of telling.
On the either ſide of this,
Loves moſt lovely Proſpect is.
Thoſe her ſmiling *Cheeks*, whoſe colour
Comprehends true Beauty fuller,
Then the curiouſt mixtures can,
That are made by art of Man.
It is Beauties *Garden plot*,
Where, as in a *True-love knot*,

So,

So, the Snowy Lilly growes,
Mixed with the Crimson Rose,
That, as friends they ioyned be:
Yet, they seeme to disagree,
Whether of the two shall raigne;
And the Lillies oft obtaine
Greatest sway; unlesse a blush
Helpe the Roses at a push.
Hollow fallings, none there are;
Ther's no wrinkle, ther's no scarre
Onely ther's a little *Mole*,
Which from *Venus* cheeke was stole.

If it were a thing in Nature,
Possible, that any Creature,
Might decaying life repaire
Onely by the helpe of Aire:
There were no such Salve for death,
As the balme of her sweet breath.
Or, if any humane power,
Might detaine the Soule an houre,
From the flesh to dust bequeathing,
It would linger on her breathing:
And be lake in mind, that there,
More then mortall pleasures were:
And whose fortune were so faire,
As to draw so sweet an ayre,
Would no doubt, let sleighted lie,
The perfumes of *Arabie*.
For the *English* Eglantine,
Doth through envy of her, pine.
Violets, and Roses too;
Feares that she will them undoe.
And, it seemes that in her brest,
Is compos'd the *Phœnix* nest.

But, descend a while mine eye,
See, if polisht Ivory,
Or the finest fleeced flockes,
Or the whitest *Albion* Rocks;
For comparisons may stand,
To expresse that snowy hand.
When she drawes it from her glove,
It hath virtue to remove,
Or disperst; if there be ought,
Cloudeth the beholders thought.
If that palme but toucheth yours,
You shall feele a secret power
Cheare your heart; and glad it more,
Though it droopt with griefe before.
Through the vaines, disposed true
Crimson, yeelds a Saphir hue:
Which addes grace, and more delight,
By embracing with the white.
Smooth, and moist, and soft, and tender,
Are her palmes; the fingers slender;
Tipt with mollified Pearle.
And if that transformed Girle,
Whose much cunning, made her dare,
With *Joves* daughter to compare,
Had that hand worne; maugre spight,
Shee had sham'd the *Goddesse* quite.
For, there is in every part,
Nature perfecter then Art.
These, were joyned to those Armes,
That were never made for harmes:
But, possesse the sweetest graces,
That may apt them for imbraces.
Like the Silver streames they be,
Which from some high hill we see

Clipping

Clipping in a goodly *Vale*,
That growes proud of such a thrall.
Neither *Alabaster* Rocks,
Pearl-strowd shores, nor *Cotswold* flockes,
Nor the Mountaines tipt with snow,
Nor the Milk-white Swannes of *Po*,
Can appeare so faire to me,
As her spotlesse shoulders be.
They are like some worke of state,
Cover'd with the richest plate:
And a presence have, that strike
With devotions, *Goddes-like*.
'Twixt those shoulders (meanly spread)
To support that Globe-like head,
Riseth up her *Neck*, wherein,
Beautie seemeth to beginne
To disclose it selfe, in more
Tempting manner then before.
How, therein she doth excell,
(Though I would) I cannot tell:
For, I naught on earth espie,
That I may expresse it by.
There, should Lovers as in dutie,
Hang rich *Trophies* vp to Beauty.
Tis proportion'd iust in height,
That is even with delight.
Yet, it is a great deale higher,
Then to answere base desire.
Where the *Neck* hath end, begins
That smooth path, where loves close gins
Are thicke placed to inthrall,
Such, as that way straggle shall.
There, a pleasing passage lies,
Farre beyond the sight of eyes:

And much more delight containes,
Then the old *Elizian* Plaines.
Whatsoever others say,
There's alone the *Milkie-way*;
That to beauties walkes doth goe,
Which, if others came to know,
In possessing their delight,
They should neuer reach the height,
Of the pleasures which I share,
Whilst that those debarred are,
Yet (unspoken of) there rests
Her two twinlike lovely *Breasts*,
Whose round-rising, pretty panting
I would tell, but art is wanting.
Words can never well declare,
Her faire sweet perfections there;
For, would measures give me leave,
To expresse what I conceive,
I doe know I should goe neare,
Halfe to ravish all that heare.
And, but that I learne to season,
What I apprehend with *Reason*,
It had made my *Passions* weight,
Sinke me through my owne conceit.
There I finde so large a measure,
Of an unexpressed pleasure;
That my heart, through strong surmize,
In a pleasing fainting lies.
He that there may rest to prove,
Softer finds those beds of love,
Then the Cotton ripest growne;
Or fine pillowes of such Downe,
As in time of Molting, fanns,
From the breasts of silver *Swanns*.

Those

Thoſe two ſiſters are a paire
Smoth alike, like ſoft, like faire;
If together they be viewed.
Yet if they apart be ſhewed,
That you touch, or ſee, ſeemes ſmother;
Softer, fairer, then the other.

That the Colour may delight,
So much red as makes the white
Purer ſeeme, is ſhed among:
And then, here, and there, along,
Runnes a *Saphire-Mine*, whoſe blew
Shaddowd, makes ſo brave a ſhew
On thoſe lillie mounts, as tho,
Beauties ſimples there did grow.
In the vale, 'twixt either hill,
Lies Deſire in ambuſh ſtill;
And ſurprizeth every eye,
Which doth that way dare to pry.

There, is ſure the twy-top *Hill*,
Where the *poets*, learne their skill:
That's *Parnaſſus* where the *Muſes*,
Chaſt, and wiſe *Minerua* uſes:
Her two Cherriſets are thoſe,
Whence the pleaſanſt *Nectar* flowes:
And no fruits ere equall'd theſe,
Fetch from the *Heſperides*.

Once, as *Cynthia* games ſhe Chaſed,
And for Aire, left halfe unlaſed,
Her light ſummer-robe of greene,
(Beauties ſafe, but ſlender skreene)
Vnawares, I partly ſpide,
That faire Lillie field unhid,
Which you may her Belly names;
Yet, nor ſhe, nor I, to blame.

For

For, it was but what mine eye,
Might behold with modeſtie.
Tis a faire and matchleſſe Plaine,
Where unknowne Delights remaine,
Tis the ſtore-houſe wherein, Pleaſure
Hides the richeſt of her treaſure.
Which, true Modeſtie (in ward)
Keepes with a continuall guard,
Of ſuch *Virtues*; as ſhee', ſure,
No corruption can allure.
There they ſay (for mind it well)
I doe this by hereſay, tell,
Growes her *Navell* which doth ſeeme,
Like ſome *Iewel* of eſteeme:
With ſo wondrous cunning wrought,
That an iniury 'tis thought:
Such a beauty, with the reſt,
(Should unknowne) be unexpreſt.
Somewhat elſe there is, that's hidden;
Which to name I am forbidden:
Neither have I ever pried,
After that ſhould be unſpied.
Never ſhall my *Maiden-Muſe*,
So her ſelfe, and me abuſe,
As to ſing what I may feare,
Will offend the Choiſeſt eare.
Though I know, if none be by,
But true friends to Modeſtie;
I might name each part at will,
And yet no mans thought be ill.
Yet, for feare looſe hearers may
Iudge amiſſe, if more I ſay:
I'le deſcend to ſhun all blame,
To the Pillers of this Frame.

Where

Whete, though I nere aimd so high,
As her dainty youthfull Thigh;
(Whose rare softnes, smothnes, fulnes,
Being knowne, would teach my dulnes
Such a straine, as might befit
Some brave *Tuscan Poets* wit)
Once a sawcie bush I spide,
Plucke her silken skirts aside;
So discovered unto me,
All those beauties to the knee.
And, before the thornes entanglings,
Had let goe the Silver spanglings,
I perceiv'd the curious knitting,
Of those joynts were well befitting;
Such a Noble piece of worke:
'Mongst whose turnings, seem'd to lurke,
Much to entertaine the sight,
With new objects of delight.
Then the Legge for shape as rare,
Will admit of no compare.
Streight it is; the Anckle leane,
Full the Calfe, but in the meane:
And the slender Foot doth fit,
So each way to suit with it,
As she nothing lesse excels
Therein, then in all things els.
Yea from Head to Foot, her feature,
Shewes her an unblemisht creature:
In whom love with reason, might,
Finds so matchlesse a *Delight*.
That more cannot be acquired,
Nor, a greater blisse desired.
Yet if you will rest an houre,
Vnder yonder shady bowres

I, anon my *Muse* will raise
To a higher pitch of praise.
But a while with Raspice-berries,
Strawberries, ripe Peares, and Cherries,
(Such as these our Groves doe beare)
We will coole our palats there.
And those homely Cates among,
Now and then, a Past'rall Song,
Shall my *Lad*, here, sing, and play:
Such, as you had yesterday.

I

A Lad whose faith will constant prove
And never know an end:
Late by an oversight in love,
Displeas'd his dearest friend.
For which, incens'd she did retake,
The favours which he wore;
And said, he never for her sake,
Should weare, or see them more.

The griefe whereof, how neere it went,
And how unkindly tooke;
Was figur'd by the discontent,
Appearing in his looke.
At first, he could not silence breake,
(So heavy sorrow lay)
But when his sighs gave way to speake,
Thus, sadly did he say.

My onely Deare; and with that speech,
Not able to sustaine,
The flouds of griefe at sorrowes breach;
He paus'd awhile againe.
At length (nigh fainting) did expresse,
These words with much adoe;
Oh deare! let not my loves excesse,
Me, and my love undoe.

She, little moved with his paine,
His much distraction eyde;
And changing love, into disdaine,
Thus (still unkind) replide:
Forbeare to urge one kindnesse more,
Vnlesse you long to see,
The good respect you had before,
At once all lost in me.

With that, dismaid, his suit he ceast,
And, downe his head he hung:
And, as his Reasons strength decreast,
His passion grew more strong.
But, seeing she did slight his mone
(With Willow Garlands wreath'd)
He sate him downe, and all alone,
This sad complaint he breath'd.

Oh Heavens! Quoth he, why doe we spend,
Endeavours thus in vaine;
Since what the Fates doe fore-intend,
They never change againe?
Nor Faith, nor Love, nor true Desert,
Nor all that man can doe,
Can win him place within her heart,
That is not borne thereto.

Why doe I fondly waste my youth,
In secret sighs and teares?
Why to preserve a spotlesse truth,
Take I so many cares?
For, women that no worth respect,
Doe so ungentle prove,
That some shall winne by their neglect,
What others lose with love.

Those,

Those, that have set the best at naught,
And no man could enioy;
At last by some base Gull are caught,
And gotten with a toy.
Yea, they that spend an ages sight,
Their favours to obtaine;
For one unwilling overslight,
May loose them all againe.

How glad, and faine, alas would I,
For her have underwent,
The greatest care, ere she should trie,
The smallest discontent?
Yet she, that may my life command,
And doth those passions know,
Denieth me a poore demand,
In height of all my woe.

Oh, if the Noblest of her time,
And best below'd of me;
Could for so poore, so slight a crime,
So voyd of pitie be.
Sure, had it beene some common one,
Whose patience I had tride;
No wonder I had been undone,
Or unforgiven di'de.

A thousand lives I would have laid,
So well I once beleev'd,
She would have dain'd to lend me ayd,
If she had seene me griev'd.

But now, I live to see the day,
Where I presumed so,
I neither dare for pitty pray,
Nor tell her of my woe.

Yet, let not poore despised heart,
Her worth ought questiond be;
Hadst thou not fayled in desert,
She had not failed thee.
But lest perhaps, they flout thy mone,
That should esteeme thee deare;
Go, make it by thy selfe alone,
Where none may come to heare.

Still keep thy forhead crown'd with smiles,
What passions ere thou trie;
That none may laugh at thee the whiles,
Thou discontented lye.
And let no wrong, by change distaine
A love so truely faire:
But rather, never hope againe,
And thou shalt ne're despaire.

O retyr'd

2

QRetyr'd by cruell passions that oppresse me,
(With heart nigh broken, Time no hope would give me)
Upon my bed I laid me downe to rest me;
And gentle sleepe I wood to relieve me.
But oh alas! I found that on the morrow
My sleeping Ioyes, brought forth my waking Sorrow.

For loe, a dreame I had so full of pleasure,
That to possesse, what to imbrace I seemed,
Could not effect my Joy in higher measure,
Then now it grieves me, that I have but dreamed.
Oh let my dreames be sighes and teares hereafter:
So, I that sleeping weepe, may wake in laughter.

Faine would I tell, how much that shadow pleas'd me;
But tongue and pen, want words, and art in telling.
Yet, this I le say, to shew what horror seaz'd me;
(When I was robd of blisse, so much excelling)
Might all my dreames be such; oh let me never
Awake againe: but sleepe, and dreame for ever.

For, when I waking saw my selfe deceived,
And what an inward Hell it had procured,
To finde my selfe of all my ioyes bereaved,
It brought on passions not to be indured:
And, knew I, next night had such dreames in keeping,
I'de make my eyes, forsweare, for ever sleeping.

In

3

YOu wooddy Hils, you Dales, you Groves,
You Flouds, and every Spring,
You Creatures come, whom nothing moves,
And heare a Shepheard sing.
For, to Heroës, Nymphs and Swaines,
I long have made my mone:
Yet, what my mournefull Verse containes,
Is understood of none.

In Song, APOLLO give me skill;
Their love, his Sisters daine.
With those that haunt Parnassus hill,
I friendship entertaine:
Yet, this is all in vaine to me,
So hapleſſely I fare,
As those things which my glory be,
My cauſe of ruine are.

For, Love hath kindled in my breſt,
His never quenched fire:
And I, who often have expreſt,
What other men deſire.
(Because I could ſo dive into
The depth of others mone)
Now, I my own affliction ſhow,
heedd am, of none.

Oft have the Nymphs of greateſt worth,
Made ſute my Songs to heare.
As oft (when I have ſighed forth
Such notes as ſaddeſt were)
Alas! ſaid they, poore gentle heart,
Who ere that Shepheards be:
But, none of them ſuſpects my ſmart,
nor thinkes it meaneth me.

When I have reacht ſo high a ſtraint,
Of paſſion in my Song;
That they have ſeene the teares to raine
And trill my cheeke along:
Inſtead of ſigh, or weepingeye,
To ſympathize with me;
Oh, were he once in love, they cry,
How moving would he be?

Oh pitty me, you Powers above,
And take my skill away:
Or, let my hearers think I love,
And faine not what I ſay.
For, if I could diſcloſe the ſmart,
Which I unknown do beare;
Each line would make them ſighs impart,
And every word a teare.

Had I a Miſtreſſe, ſome do think,
She would revealed be;
And I would favours weare, or drinke
Her Health upon my Knee.
Alas poor fooles! they aime awry,
Their fancy flags too low:
Could they my loves rare courſe eſpy,
They would amazed grow.

But, let nor Nymph, nor Swaine conceive,
My tongue ſhall ever tell,
Who of this reſt, doth me bereave;
Or where I am not well.
But, if you ſighing me eſpie,
Where rareſt features be;
Marke, where I fixe a weeping eye,
And ſweare you, There is ſhe.

Yet, ere my eyes betray me ſhall,
Ile ſwell, and burſt with paine:
And, for each drop they would let fall,
My heart ſhall bleed me twaine.
Yet, ſince my ſoule more ſorrow beares,
Then common Lovers know;
I ſcorn, my paſſions ſhould like theirs,
A common humour ſhow.

Eare, never heard of, heretofore,
Of any Love like mine.
Nor ſhall there be for evermore,
Affection ſo divine.
And, that to faine it, none may try,
When I diſſolv'd muſt be;
The firſt I am, it lived by,
And die it ſhall, with me.

Boy, h'a done; for now my brain
Is inſpir'd afreſh again,
And new Raptures preſſing are,
To be ſung in praiſe of her:
Whoſe faire *Picture* lyeth nigh,
Quite unvail'd to ev'ry eye.
No ſmall favour hath it been,
That ſuch Beautie might be ſeen:
Therefore, ever may they rue it,
Who with evill eyes ſhall view it;
Yea, what ancient ſtories tell,
Once to rude *Acteon* fell,
(When with evill thoughts he ſtood
Eying *Cynthia* in the Flood)
May that fatall horned curſe,
Light upon them; or a worſe.
But (whatever others be)
Leſt ſome fault be found in me,
If unperfect this remaine;
I will over-trym't againe.
Therefore, turn where we begun:
And now all is over-runne.
Marke, if every thing expreſt,
Sute not ſo unto the reſt,
As if *Nature* would prefer,
All perfections unto her.
Wherefore ſeemes it ſtrange to any,
That they daily ſee ſo many,
Who were elſe moſt perfect Creatures,
In ſome one part, want true features?
Since, from all the fair'ſt that live,
Nature took the beſt, to give

Her

Her perfection in each part.
I, alone, except her heart;
For, among all woman-kind,
Such as hers, is hard to find.
If you truely note her face,
You shall find it hath a grace,
Neither wanton, nor o're serious;
Nor too yeelding, nor impetious:
But, with such a feature blest,
It is that, which pleaseth best:
And delights each sev'rall eye,
That affects with modesty.
Lowlinesse, hath in her look,
Equall place with Greatnesse took.
And, if *Beautie* (any where)
Claimes Prerogatives, 'tis there.
For at once, thus much 'twill doe,
Threat, command, perswade, and woe.
In her *Speech* there is not found,
Any harsh, unpleasing sound.
But a well beseeming power;
Neither higher, neither lower,
Then will suite with her perfection:
'Tis the Loadstone of Affection.
And, that man, whose judging eyes,
Could well sound such mysteries,
Would in love, make her, his choice;
Though he did but heare her voice.
For, such accents, breath not, whence
Beauty keeps *Non residence*.
Never word of hers, I heare,
But 'tis Musicke to mine eare:
And, much more contentment brings,
Then the sweetly-touched strings,

Of the pleasing Lute, whose straines,
Ravish hearers when it plaines.
Rais'd by her discourse, I flie,
In contented thoughts so high,
That I passe the common measures,
Of the dulled Senses pleasures:
And, leave farre below my flight,
Vulger pitches of delight.
If she smile, and merry be;
All about her, are as she.
For, each looker on, takes part
Of the ioy that's in her heart.
If she grieve, or you but spie
Sadnesse peeping through her eye;
Such a grace it seemes to borrow,
That you'l fall in love with sorrow:
And abhorre the name of Mirth,
As the hatefulst thing on earth,
Should I see her shed a teare,
My poore eyes would melt, I feare.
For, much more in Hers appeares,
Then in other womens teares:
And her looke, did never faine
Sorrow, where there was no paine.
Seldome hath she beene espide
So impatient as to chide:
For; if any see her so,
They'l in love with anger grow.
Sigh, or speake, or smile, or talke,
Sing, or weepe, or sit, or walke,
Every thing that she doth do,
Decent is, and lovely too.
Each part that you shall behold,
Hath within it selfe inrold,

What you could desire to see,
(Or your heart conceive to be)
Yet, if from that part your eye,
Moving shall another spye:
There you see as much or more.
Then you thought to praise before
While the eye surveyes it, you
Will imagine that her *Brow*
Hath all beautie; when her *Cheek*,
You behold, it is as like
To be deemed fairest too.
(So much there can Beautie doe)
Looke but thence upon her eye,
And you wonder by and by,
How there may be any where,
So much worthy praise as there.
Yet, if you survey her Brest,
Then as freely you'l protest,
That in them perfection is;
Though (I know) that one poore kisse,
From her tempting Lips, would then,
Make all that forsworne agen.
For, the selfe same moving grace,
Is at once in every place,
She, her beauty never soyles,
With your oyntments, waters, oyles,
Nor no loathsome *Fucus* settles,
Mixt with *Iewish* fasting spettles.
Faire by *Nature*, being borne,
She doth borrowed beauty scorne.
Who so kisses her, needs feare
No unwholesome varnish there;
For, from thence he onely sips,
The pure *Nectar* of her lips.

And at once with theſe he cloſes,
Melting Rubies, Cherries, Roſes.
Then, in her behaviour, ſhe
Striveth but herſelfe to be.
Keeping ſuch a decent ſtate,
As (indeed) ſhe ſeemes to hate
Precious leiſure ſhould beſpent,
In abuſed Complement.
Though ſhe knowes what other doe,
(And can all their Courtſhip too)
She, is not in ſo ill caſe,
As to need their borrowed grace.
Her Diſcourſes ſweetned are,
With a kind of artleſſe care,
That expreſſeth greater Art,
Then affected words impart:
So, her geſtures (being none,
But that freeneſſe which alone,
Suits the braveneſſe of her mind)
Make, her, of her ſelf, to find,
Poſtures more becomming far,
Then the meer acquired, are.
If you marke, when for her pleaſure,
Shee vouchſafes to foot a *Meaſure*,
Though, with others skill ſhe pace,
Ther's a ſweet delightfull grace
In herſelfe; which doth prefer
Art, beyond that Art in her.
Neither needs ſhe beat her wit,
To deviſe what dreſſings fit,
Her complexion, and her feature,
So beholding are to nature;
If ſhe in the Faſhions goe,
All the reaſon ſhe doth ſo,

Is; becauſe ſhe would not erre,
In appearing ſinguler.
Doubtleſſe, not for any thought,
That 'twill perfect her in ought.
Many a dainty-ſeeming *Dame*,
Is in native Beauties lame.
Some are graced by their Tyres,
As their Quoifs, their Hats, their Wyres.
One, a Ruffe doth beſt become;
Falling Bands much alt'reth ſome.
And their favours, oft, we ſee,
Changed as their dreſſings be.
Which, her Beauty never feares;
For, it graceth all ſhe weares.
If ye note her Tyre to day,
That, doth ſute her beſt, you'l ſay,
Marke, what ſhe next morn doth weare;
That, becomes her beſt you'l ſweare.
Yea, as oft as her you ſee;
Such new graces, ſtill there be:
As, ſhe ever ſeemeth grac't,
Moſt by that ſhe weareth laſt.
Though it be the ſame ſhe wore,
But the very day before:
When ſhe takes her Tyers about her,
(Never halfe ſo rich without her)
At the putting on of them,
You may liken every Iem,
To thoſe lamps, which at a Play,
Are ſet up to light the day.
For, their luſtre addes no more,
To what *Titan* gave before;
Neither doth their pretty gle'mings,
Hinder ought, his greater bea'mings.

And yet (which is strange to me)
When those costly deckings be,
Laid away; there seems deseri'd,
Beauties, which those Vailes did hide.
And, she looke, as doth the Moone,
Past some Cloud through which she shone:
Or, some *Iewell Watch*, whose Case,
Set with *Diamonds*, seemes to grace
What it doth containe within;
Till the curious worke be seene,
Then; tis found, that costly shrining,
Did but hinder others shining.
If you chance to be in place,
When her Mantle she doth grace;
You would presently protest,
Frisk dressings were the best.
If againe she lay it downe,
While you view her in a Gowne:
And how those her dainty limbs,
That close-bodied garment trims.
You would sweare, and sweare agen;
She appeared loveliest then:
But, if she so truely faire,
Should untie her shining haire,
And at length, that treasure shed;
Iove endured *Ganimed*,
Neither *Cythereas* loy,
Nor the sweet selfe-loving *Boy*,
(Who in beauty did surpasse)
Nor the fair'st that ever was:
Could, to take you prisoner bring,
Lookes so sweetly conquering.
She, excels her, whom *Apollo*,
Once with weeping eyes did follow.

Or that *Nymph*, who shut in Towers,
Was beguild with golden showers;
Yea, and She, whose love was wont,
To swimme o're the *Hellespont*.
For her sake (though in attire,
Fittest to enflame desire)
Seem'd not halfe so faire to be,
Nor so lovely, as is she.
For, the man whose happy eye
Viewes her in full Majesty:
Knowes, she hath a power that moves,
More then doth the Queen of Loves,
When she useth all her power,
To inflame her Paramour.
And, sometime I doe admire,
All men burne not with desire.
Nay, I muse her servants are not
Pleading love; but oh they dare not!
And, I therefore wonder, why
They doe not grow sicke, and die.
Sure they would doe so, but that
By the ordinance of *Fate*,
There is some concealed thing,
So, each gazer limiting;
He can see no more of merit,
Then beseemes his worth and spirit.
For, in her a *Grace* there shines,
That o're-daring thoughts confines;
Making worthlesse men dispaire,
To be lov'd of one so faire,
Yea, the *Destinies* agree,
Some good-iudgments blind should be,
And not gaine the power of knowing
Those rare Beauties in her growing.

Reason doth as much imply :
For, if every iudging eye,
(Which beholdeth her) should there,
Find what excellencies are :
All, o'recome by those perfections,
Would be captive to affections.
So, in happinesse unblest;
She, for Lovers, should not rest.
This, wellheeding, think upon :
And, if there be any one,
Who alloweth not the worth,
Which my *Muse* hath painted forth;
Hold it not defect in her;
But, that hee's ordain'd to erre.
Or, if any female wight,
Should detract from this I write,
She, I yeeld, may shew her wit,
But disparage her no whit.
For, on earth few women be,
That from Envies touch are free.
And, who ever, *Envy* knew,
Yeeld those honours that were due ?
Though sometime my Song I raise,
To unused heights of praise,
(And breake forth as I shall please,
Into strange *Hyperboles*)
Tis to shew, Conceit hath found,
Worth, beyond expressions bound.
Though, her breath I doe compare,
To the sweet'st perfumes that are;
Or, her eyes that are so bright,
To the mornings cheerfull light,
Yet, Idoe it not so much,
To inferre that she is such;

As to ſhew, that being bleſt,
With what merits name of beſt,
She appeares more faire to me,
Then all Creatures elſe that be.
Her true beauty leaves behind,
Apppreheanſions in my mind,
Of more ſweetneſſe then all Art,
Or inventions can impart.
Thoughts, too deep to be expreſt,
And too ſtrong to be ſuppreſt.
Which, oft raiſeth my conceits,
To ſo unbeleeved heights;
That (I feare) ſome ſhallow brain,
Thinks my *Muſes* doe but fain.
Sure, he wrongs them if he doe:
For, could I have reached to
So like Straines, as theſe you ſee;
Had there been no ſuch as *She?*
Is it poſſible that I,
Who ſcarce heard of *Poeſie*,
Should a meare *Idea* raiſe,
To as true a pitch of praiſe,
As the learned *Poets* could,
Now, or in the times of old;
All thoſe reall beauties bring,
Honord by their *Sonnetting?*
(Having Arts, and favours to,
More t'encourage what they doe)
No; if I had never ſeen,
Such a beauty; I had been
piping in the Country ſhades,
To the homely *Dary-maides*:
For a Country Fidlers fees;
Clouted creame, and bread and cheeſe.

I no skill in *Numbers* had,
More then every Shepheards *Lad*,
Till *She* taught me, *Straines* that were,
Pleasing to her gentle eare.
Her faire splendor, and her worth,
From obscureneſſe, drew me forth.
And, becauſe I had no *Muſe*,
She her ſelf daignd to infuſe
All the skill, by which I clime,
To theſe praiſes in my *Rime*.
Which, if ſhe had pleas'd to adde,
To that Art ſweet *Drayton* had,
Or that happy Swaine that ſhall
Sing *Britanias Paſtorall*;
Or to theirs, whoſe *Verſe* ſet forth
Roſalind, and *Stella's* worth;
They had dou- led all their skill,
Gained on *Apollos* Hill:
And, as much more ſet her forth,
As I'me ſhort of them in worth.
They, had unto heights aſpired,
Might have juſtly been admired;
And, in ſuch brave Straines had moved,
As of all had been approved.
I, muſt praiſe her as I may;
Which I doe mine owne rude way:
Sometime ſetting forth her glories,
By unheard of *Allegories*.
Think not, tho, my *Muſe* now ſings,
Meere ablurd, or fained things.
If to gold I like her Haire,
Or, to Starres, her Eyes ſo faire:
Though I praiſe her Skin by ſnow,
Or, by Pearles, her double Row:

Tis that you might gather thence,
Her unmatched excellence.
Eyes, as faire (for eyes) hath she
As starres faire, for starres may be.
And, each part as faire doth show,
In it kind, as white in Snow.
Tis no grace to her at all,
If her Haire I *Sunne beames* call:
For, were there a power in Art,
So to pourtrait every part,
All men might those beauties see,
As thee do appear to me.
I would scorne to make compare
With the glorioust things that are.
Nought I ere saw, faire enow,
But the Haire, the haire to show.
Yet, some think him overbold,
That compares it but to Gold.
He, from Reason seemes to erre,
Who commending of his Deare,
Gives her Lips the Rubies hue,
Or by Pearles her Teeth doth shew.
But what Pearles, what Rubies can,
Seeme so lovely faire, to man,
As her Lips whom he doth love,
When in sweet discourse they move?
Or her lovelier Teeth the while,
She doth blesse him with a smile?
Starres indeed, faire Creatures be:
Yet, amongst us, where is he,
Ioyes not more the while he lies,
Sunning in his *Mistresse* Eyes,
Then in all the glimmering light,
Of a starrie winters night?

Tis

Him

Him to flatter, most suppose,
That prefers before the Rose
Or the Lillies (while they grow,)
Or the flakes of new-faln snow,
Her complexion whom he loveth:
And yet, this my *Muse* approveth.
For, in such a beauty, meets
Vnexpressed moving sweets;
That, (the like unto them) no man,
Ever saw but in a *Woman*.
Look on *Moon*, on *Starrs*, on *Sunne*,
All Gods Creatures over-runne.
See, if all of them presents,
To your mind, such sweet contents:
Or, if you from them can take,
Ought that may a beauty make,
Shall one halfe so pleasing prove,
As is *Hers*, whom you do love.
For indeed, if there had been
Other mortall Beauties seen,
Objects for the love of man,
Vaine was their creation than.
Yea, if this could well be granted,
Adam might his *Eve* have wanted.
But a woman is the Creature,
Whose proportion with our nature
Best agrees; and whose perfections,
Sympathize with our affections:
And not only finds our Senses,
Pleasure in their excellencies.
But our reason also knowes
Sweetnesse in them, that outgoes
Humane wit to comprehend,
Much more, truely, to commend.

Note

Note, the beauty of any Eye;
And, if ought you praiſe it by,
Leave ſuch paſſion in your mind,
Let my *Reaſons* eye be blind.
Marke, if ever red or white,
Any where, gave ſuch delight,
As when they have taken place,
In a worthy womans face.
He that ſo much hath not noted,
Will not: or is grown beſotted.
Such as Lovers are, conceive,
What impreſſions Beauty leave;
And thoſe Hearts, that fire have took,
By a love-enflaming looke:
Thoſe, believe what here I ſay;
And, ſuppoſe not that I ſtray,
In a word, by ſetting forth
Any praiſe beyond true worth.
And yet, wherefore ſhould I care,
What anothers Cenſures are,
Since I know her to be ſuch,
As no praiſe can be too much?
All that ſee her, will agree,
In the ſelfe ſame mind with me;
If their wit be worth the having,
Or their iudgement merit craving.
And the man that kens her not,
Speaks, at beſt, he knowes not what:
So, his Envy, or good will,
Neither doth her good nor ill.
Then, Fooles cavils I diſdaine,
And, call backe my *Muſe* againe,
To decipher out the reſt,
For, I have too long digreſt.

This is *She*, in whom there meets
All variety of sweets.
An *Epitomie*, of all,
That on earth we Faire may call.
Nay, yet more I dare aver:
He that is possest of her,
Shall at once all pleasure find,
That is reapt from *Woman-kind*.
Oh, what man would further range,
That in one might finde such change?
What dull eye such worth can see,
And not sworne a Lover be?
Or, from whence was he, could prove,
Such a Monster in his love;
As, in thought, to use amise,
Such unequald worth as this?
Pitie 'twere that such a Creature,
Phenix like, for matchlesse feature,
Should so suffer; or be blamed,
With what now the Times are shamed.
Beautie (unto me divine)
Makes my honest thoughts encline
Vnto better things, then that,
Which the vulger aymeth at.
And, I vow, I grieve to see,
Any Faire, and false to be:
Or, when I sweet pleasures find,
Matcht with a defiled mind,
But (above all others) *Her*,
So much doth my soule prefer;
That to Him whose ill desire,
Should so nurse a lawlesse Fire,
As to tempt, to that, which might
Dimme her sacred Virtues light;

I could wish that he might die
Ere he did it; though 'twere I.
For, if *She* should hap to stray,
All this Beautie would away:
And not her alone undoe,
But kill him, that prais'd her so.
But, I know her *Maker* will
Keep her undistained still:
That ensuing ages may
Pattern out, by her the way
To all goodnesse. And if *Fate*
That appoints all things a Date,
Heare me would; I'de wish that She
Might for aye preserved be.
And that neither wasting Cares,
Neither all consuming Yeares,
Might, from what she is, estrange her,
Or in mind, or body change her.
For, oh why should envious *Time*,
Perpetrate so vile a crime,
As to waste, or wrong, or staine,
What shall ne're be matcht againe?
Much I *Hope*, it shall not be:
For, if Love deceive not me,
To that height of Faire she growes.
Age, or Sickneſſe (Beauties foes)
Cannot so much wrong it there,
But enough there will appeare,
Ever worthy to be lov'd:
And, that heart shall more be mov'd,
(Where there is a iudging eye)
With those prints it doth espie,
Of her beauty wrong'd by *Time*,
Then by others, in their prime.

One

One advantage she hath more,
That adds grace to all before,
It is this; her Beauties fame.
Hath not done her honour shame,
For, where Beautie we do find,
Envy still is so unkind,
That although their *Vertues* are
Such, as passe their Beauties farre;
Yet on *Slanders* rocks they be;
Shipwrackt oftentimes, we see:
And are subject to the wrongs
Of a thousand spightfull tongues,
When the greatest fault they had,
Was, that some would make them bad;
And not finding them for action,
Sought for vengeance, by detraction.

But her beauty sure no tongue,
Is so villanous to wrong.
Never did the Iealousst eare,
Any muttering humour heare,
That might cause the least suspects,
Of indifferent defects.
And (which somewhat stranger is)
They, whose slanders few can misse,
(Though set on by evill will,
And habituated ill)
Nothing can of her invent,
Whence to frame disparagement.

Which, if we respect the crimes,
Of these loose injurious times;
Doth not only truely prove,
Great discretion in her love:
And, that she hath liv'd upright,
In each jealous tongues despight.

But, it muſt be underſtood,
That her priuate thoughts are good.
Yea, 'tis an apparant ſigne,
That her beauty is diuine:
And, that *Angels* haue a care,
Mens polluting tongues ſhould ſpare
To defile what God hath giuen,
To be deare to Earth, and Heauen.
Tell me you that heare me now;
Is there any one of you,
Wanteth feeling of affection?
Or that loues not ſuch perfection?
Can there be ſo dull an eare,
As of ſo much worth to heare;
And not ſeriouſly incline,
To this Saint-like friend of mine?
If there be; the fault doth lie,
In my artleſſe *Poeſy*.
For, if I could reach the Straine,
Which me thinks I might obtain;
Or, but make my meaſures flie,
Equall with my fantaſie;
I would not permit an eare,
To attend unraviſht here;
If, but ſo much ſence it knew,
As the blocks that *Orpheus* drew.
Think on this deſcription, well,
And, your nobles *Ladies* tell;
Which of you (that worth can ſee)
This my *Miſtreſſe* would not be?
You brave *Engliſh*, who haue run,
From the riſing of the *Sun*:
Till in trauelling you found,
Where he doth conclude his Round.

You,

You, that have the beauties seene,
Which in fartheſt Lands have beene;
And ſurveid the faire reſorts,
Of the *French* and *Spaniſh* Courts:
(With the beſt that *Fame* renownes,
In the rich *Tranſ-Alpine* Townes)
Do not with our brainleſſe Fry,
(That admire each novelty)
Wrong your Countries fame in ought,
But, here freely ſpeake your thought;
And I durſt preſume youle ſweare,
Shee's not matched any where.

Gallants, you that would ſo fain,
Nymphs and *Ladies* loves obtaine,
You, that ſtrive to ſerue and pleaſe,
Faireſt *Queenes* and *Empreſſes*.
Tell me this, and tell me right;
If you would not (ſo you might)
Leaue them all deſpis'd to prove,
What contents are in her love?

Could your Fathers ever tell,
Of a *Nymph* did more excell?
Or hath any ſtory told,
Of the like, in times of old?
Dido was not ſuch a one,
Nor the *Troians* Paragone.
Though they ſo much favour found,
As to have their honours crownd,
By the beſt of *Poets* pens,
Ever known before or ſince.

For had *Dido* been ſo fair,
Old *Anchiſes* noble heire;
Joves command had diſobaid:
And with her in *Carthage* ſtaid:

Whern he would have quite forſwore,
Seeing the *Lavinian* Shore.
Or, had *Ledas* Daughter been,
(When ſhe was the *Spartan* Queen)
Equall with his lovely one,
Menelaus had never gone,
From her ſight ſo farre away,
As to leave her for a prey;
And his roome, to be poſſeſt,
By her wanton *Phrygian* gueſt.
But leſt yet among you, ſome,
Thinke ſhe may behind theſe, come:
Stay a little more, and heare me:
In another ſtraine I'le reare me.
I'le unmaſque a beauty, now,
Which to kiſſe, the gods may bow.
And ſo feelingly did move,
That your ſoules ſhall fall in love.
I have yet, the beſt behind;
Her moſt faire, unequald, *Minde*.
This, that I have here expreſt,
Is but that, which vailes the reſt.
An incomparable ſhrine,
Of a Beauty more divine,
Whereof, ere I farther ſpeake,
Off againe, my *Song* I'le breake.
And, if you among the Roſes,
(Which, yon quickſet hedge incloſes)
Will with plucking flowers, beguile
Ted out-ſeeming Time awhile;
Till I ſtep to yonder Green,
(Whence the ſheep ſo plain are ſeen)
I, will be returned, ere
You an houre have ſtayd there.

And, excuſe me now, I pray,
Though I rudely goe away.
For, Affaires I have to do:
Which, unleſſe I look into;
I may ſing out Summer here,
Like the idle Graſhopper,
And at winter hide my head,
Or elſe faſt, till I am dead.
Yet if Ruſticke *Paſt'rall Meaſures*,
Can ought adde unto your pleaſures;
I will leave you ſome of thoſe,
Which, it pleas'd me to compoſe,
When diſpairing fits were over;
And I made a happy *Lover*,
Exercis'd my loving paſſion,
In an other kind of faſhion,
Then to utter, I deviſed,
When I fear'd to be deſpiſed.
Thoſe; ſhall lye in gage for me,
Till I backe returned be.
And, in writing; here, you have them
Either Sing, or Read, or leave them.

Admir

Sonnet I.

ADmire not Shepheards Boy,
Why I my Pipe forbeare;
My sorrowes, and my joy,
Beyond expression are.
Though others may,
In Songs display
Their passions, when they woot:
Yet mine doe flie,
A pitch too high,
For words to reach unto.

If such weake thoughts as those,
With other fancies move,
Or, if my breast did close,
But common Straines of Love:
Or passions stare,
Learnd me no more,
To feele then others doe:
I'de paint my cares,
As black as theirs,
And teach my Lynes to woe.

But oh! thrice happy yee,
Whose meane conceit is dull;
You from those those thoughts are free,
That stuffe my breast so full:
My loves excesse,
Lets to expresse,
What Songs are used to:
And my delights,
Take such high flights,
My loves will me undoe.

I have a Love that's faire,
Rich, Wise, and Nobly borne;
Shee's true Perfections heire,
Holds nought but Vice in scorne.
A heart to find,
More chast, more kind,
Our Plaines afford no moe.
Of her degree,
No blab I le be,
For doubt, some Prince should woee.

And yet I doe not feare,
(Though she my meanneſſe knowes)
The Willow Branch to weare,
No, nor the yellow hoſe.
For, if great love
Should ſue for love,
She would not me forgoe:
Reſort I may,
By night or day.
Which braver, dare not doe.

You Gallants, borne to pelfe,
To Lands, to Titles ſtave;
I'me borne but to my Selfe,
Nor doe I care for more.
Adde to your earth,
Wealth, Honours, Birth,
And all you can thereto;
You cannot prove,
That height of Love,
Which, I in meanneſſe doe.

Great Men have helps to gaine,
Those favours they implore;
Which, though I winne with paine,
I find my ioyes the more.
Each Clowne may rise,
And climbe the skies,
When he hath found a Staire:
But ioy to him
That dares to climbe,
And hath no helpe, but ayre.

Some say, that Love repents,
Where Fortunes disagree;
I know the high'st contents,
From low beginnings be.
My love's unfain'd,
To her that daigned,
From Greatnesse, stoop thereto.
She loves, cause I.
So meane, dar'd trie
Her better worth to woo.

And yet although much ioy,
My Fortune seemes to blesse;
Tis mixt with more annoy,
Then I shall ere expresse:
For, with much paine
Did I obtaine,
The Iem Ile nere forgoe:
Which, yet I dare
Nor shew, nor weare;
And that breeds all my woe.

But fie, my foolish tongue,
How loosely now it goes!
First, let my Knell be rung,
Ere I doe more disclose.
Mount thoughts on high,
Cease words, for why:
My meaning to divine:
To those I leave,
That can conceive,
So brave a Love as mine.

And now no more Ile sing,
Among my fellow Swaines:
Nor Groves nor Hilles shall ring,
With Ecchoes of my plaines.
My Measures be
Confus'd (you see)
And will not suite thereto:
Cause, I have more
Brave thoughts in store,
Then words can reach unto.

Sonnet

Sonnet 2.

HEnce away, you Syrens leave me,
And unclaspe your wanton Armes,
Sugred words shall ne're deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand Charmes)
Fie, fie, forbeare;
No common snare,
Could ever my affection chaine:
Your painted baits,
And poore deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'me no slave to such as you be,
Neither shall a snowy Brest,
Wanton Eye, or Lip of Ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest.
Goe, goe, display
Your beauties ray,
To some ore-soon enamour'd Swaine:
Those common wiles,
Of sighs and smiles,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere, vowed a duty,
Turne away thy tempting eyes.
Shew not me a naked Beautie,
Those Impostures I dispise.
My Spirit lothes,
Where gawdy clothes,
And fained Othes, may love obtaine.
I love Her so,
Whose looke, sweares No;
That all your labours will be vaine.

Can be prize the tainted Poſies,
Which on every breſt are worne;
That may plucke the ſpotleſſe Roſes,
From their never-touched Thorne?
I can goe reſt,
On her ſweet Breſt;
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
Then hold your tongues,
Your Mermaid Songs,
Are all beſtow'd on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that baſely dallies,
Where each Peaſant mates with him,
Shall I haunt the thronged Vallies,
Whilſt ther's noble Hils to climbe?
No, no; though Clownes
Are ſker'd with frownes,
I know the beſt can but diſdaine:
And thoſe Ile prove;
So ſhall your Love
Be all beſtowed, on me in vaine.

Yet, I would not daigne embraces,
With the greateſt faireſt She,
If another ſhar'd thoſe graces,
Which had been beſtowed on Me.
I gave that One,
My Love, where none
Shall come to rob me of my gaine.
Your fickle Hearts
Makes Teares and Arts,
And all, beſtowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a Dutie,
Where each lustfull Lad may woo.
Give me Her, *whose Sun-like Beautie,*
Buzzards *dare not sore unto.*
She, she it is,
Affords that blisse,
For which I would refuse no paine,
But such as you,
Fond fooles adue;
You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Proud she seem'd in the beginning,
And disdaind my looking on:
But that coy one in the winning,
Proves a true one being wonne.
What ere betide,
Shee'l nere divide,
The favour she to me shall daigne.
But your fond love,
Will fickle prove:
And all that trust in you are vaine.

Therefore know, when I enioy One,
(And for love employ my breath)
She I court shall be a coy one,
Though I winne her with my death.
A favour there,
Few ayme at dare:
And if perhaps, some Lover plaine,
She is not wonne,
Nor I undone,
By placing of my love in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens *leave me;*
Seek no more to work my harmes:
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me;
Who am proofe against your Charmes.
You labour may,
To lead astray,
The heart, that constant shall remaine:
And I the while,
Will sit and smile,
To see you spend your time in vaine.

Sonnet 3.

VVHen Philomela *with her straines,*
The Spring had welcom'd in;
And Flora *to bestrow the Plaines,*
With Dasies *did begin:*
My Love and I (on whom suspitious eyes,
Had set a thousand spies)
To cosen Argos *strove;*
And seen of none,
We got alone,
Into a shady Grove.

On every bush the Eglantine,
With leaves perfumed hung,
The Primrose *made the hedge-rowes fine,*
The woods, of Musicke rung.
The Earth, the Ayre, and all things did conspire
To raise contentment higher,
That had I come to woe:
Nor meanes of grace,
Nor time, nor place;
Were wanting thereunto.

With hand in hand, alone we walkt,
And of e ach other eyde:
Of Love, and passions past, we talkt,
Which our poore hearts hath tride.
Our souls, infus'd into each other were,
And what may be her care,
Did my more sorrow breed.
One mind we bore;
One Faith we swore:
And both in one agreed.

Her dainty Palme I gently prest,
And with her Lips I plaid.
My Cheek upon her panting Brest,
And on her Neck I laid.
And yet we had no sense of wanton lust:
Nor did we then mistrust
The poyson in the sweet.
Our Bodies wrought
So close, we thought,
Because our Soules should meet.

With pleasant toyle, we breathlesse grew,
And kist in warmer blood:
Upon her Lips, the Hony-dew,
Like drops of Roses stood;
And on those Flowers plaid I the busie Bee;
Whose sweets were such to me,
Them could I not forgot,
No, not to feast,
On Venus Brest;
Whence streames of sweetnesse flow,

But, kissing and embracing, we
So long together lay;
Her touches all inflamed me,
And I began to stray.
My hands presum'd so far, they were too bold.
My tongue, unwisely told
How much my heart was chang'd:
And Vertue quite,
Was put to flight,
Or for the time estrang'd.

Oh! what are we, if in our strength,
We over-boldly trust?
The strongest forts, will yeeld at length.
And so our Vertues must.
In Me, no force of Reason had prevaild;
If she had also faild.
But ere I further straid,
She sighing kist,
My naked wrist;
And thus, in teares she said.

Sweet heart (quoth she) if in thy brest,
Those Vertues real be,
Which hitherto thou hast profest,
And I beleev'd in thee:
Thy Selfe and Me, oh seek not to abuse.
Whilst Thee I thus refuse,
In hotter flames I frie:
Yet, let us not,
Our true love spot,
Oh, rather let me die.

For, if thy heart should fall from good,
What would become of mine?
As strong a passion, stirres thy blood,
As can distemper thine.
Yet in my brest this rage I (mother) would
Though it consume me) should;
And my desires contain.
For, where we see,
Such breaches be,
They seldome step againe.

Are we the two, that have so long,
Each others loves imbrac't?
And never did Affection wrong,
Nor think a thought unchast?
And shall, oh shal we now, our markles joy,
For one poor touch destroy?
And all content forgoe?
Oh no, my Deare,
Sweet heart, forbeare;
I will not loose thee so.

For, should we do a deed so base,
(As it can never be)
I could no more have seen thy face,
Nor wouldst thou look on me.
I should of all our passions grow asham'd,
And blush when thou art nam'd,
Yea (though thou constant wert)
Jf being nought',
A jealous thought,
Would still torment my heart.

What goodly thing do we obtain,
If I consent to thee?
Rare joyes we loose, and what we gaine,
But common pleasures be:
Yea, those (some say) who are to lust enclind,
Drive Love out of the mind;
And so much Reason misse:
That they admire,
What kind of fire,
A chast affection is.

No vulger blisse I aymed at,
When first I heard thee woo:
I'le never prize a man for that,
Which every Groome can doe.
If that be love, the baseſt men that be,
Doe love as well as we.
Who, if we beare us well,
Doe paſſe them then,
As Angels, men
In glory doe excell.

Whilſt thus ſhe ſpake, a cruell Band
Of Paſſions ceazd my Soule:
And, what one ſeemed to command,
Another did controule.
Twixt Good and Ill, I did divided ſit.
But, as I rais'd mine eye,
In her me thought I ſaw
Thoſe vertues ſhine,
Whoſe rayes divine,
Firſt gave Deſire a Law.

With that, I felt the bluſh of ſhame,
Into my cheek returne;
And Love, did with a chaſter flame,
Within my Boſome burne.
My ſoule, her light of reaſon had renew'd,
And by thoſe beames I view'd,
How ſlily Luſt enſnares,
And all the fires,
Of ill Deſires,
I quenched with my Teares.

Go Wantons now, and flout at this
My coldneſſe, if you liſt;
Vaine fooles, you never knew the bliſſe,
That doth in Love conſiſt,
You ſigh, and weep, and labour to enioy,
A Shade, a Dreame, a Toy.
Poore folly you purſue,
And are unbleſt,
Since every beaſt,
In pleaſure equals you.

You never took ſo rich content,
In all your wanton play,
As this to me hath pleaſure lent,
That Chaſt ſhe went away.
For as ſome ſins, which we committed have;
Sharp ſtings behind them leave.
Whereby we vexed are:
So, ill ſuppreſt,
Begetteth reſt,
And peace, without compare:

But left this Conquest slight you make,
Which on my selfe I wonne;
Twelve labours I will undertake,
With Ioves *victorious* Sonne,
Ere I Will such another brunt endure.
For, had Diana *pure,*
Thus tempted been to sinne;
That Queen *of Night,*
With her chast light,
Had scarce a Maiden bin.

OH! how honor'd are my *Songs*;
Grac't by your melodious tongues?
And how pleasing doe they seem,
Now your voyces Carroll them?
Were not, yet that taske to do,
Which my word inioynes me to,
I should begge of you, to heare,
What your owne inventions were.
But, (before I ought will crave)
What I promis'd, you shall have.
And, as I on mortall Creatures,
Gaid, to view her bodies features;
Shewing how to make the Senses,
Apprehend her excellences.
Now; I speake of no worse subiect,
Then a Soules, and Reasons obiect:
(And relate a Beauties glories,
Fitting heavenly *Auditories*)
Therefore, whilst I sit and sing,
Hemme me *Angels*, in a Ring.
Come ye *Spirits*, which have eyes,
That can gaze on Deityes:
And unclog'd, with brutish sences,
Comprehend such excellences.
Or, if any mortall eare,
Would be granted leave to heare,
(And find profit with delight,
In what now I shall indite)
Let him first be sure, to season
A prepared heart with reason:
And, with iudgement, drawing nigh,
Lay all fond affections by.

So,

So, through all her vailings, He
Shall the Soule of beautie ſee.
But, avoid you earth bred Wights,
Cloid with ſenſuall appetites.
On baſe obiects glut your eyes,
Till your ſtarveling pleaſure dyes.
Feed your eares with ſuch delights,
As may match your groſſe conceits;
For, within your muddy brain,
Theſe, you never can contain.
Think not you, who by the ſence,
Only iudge of excellence;
(Or doe all contentment place,
In the beauty of a face)
That theſe higher thoughts of our,
Soare ſo baſe a pitch as your.
I can give as well as you,
Outward Beauties all their due:
I can moſt contentments ſee,
That in love or women be.
Though I dote not on the features,
Of our daintieſt female creatures;
(Nor, was ere ſo void of ſhames,
As to play their lawleſſe games)
I more prize a ſnowy Hand,
Then the gold on *Tagus* ſtrand:
And a dainty Lippe before
All the greateſt Monarchs ſtore:
Yea, from theſe I reape as true,
And as large contents as you.
Yet, to them I am not tide,
I have rarer ſweets eſpide;
(Wider proſpects of true pleaſure)
Then your curbed thoughts can meaſure.

In her Soule, my Soule deſcries,
Obiects, that may feed her eyes.
And the beauty of her mind,
Shewes my Reaſon where to find,
All my former pleaſure doubled.
Neither with ſuch paſſion troubled;
As wherewith it oft was croſt:
Nor ſo eaſie to be loſt.
I, that raviſht lay, wel nigh,
By the luſtre of her eye:
And, had almoſt ſworne affection,
To the fore expreſt perfection;
As if nothing had been higher,
Whereunto I might aſpire.
Now, have found, by ſeeking neerer,
Inward worth, that ſhining clearer;
(By a ſweet and ſecret moving)
Drawes me to a dearer loving.
And, whilſt I that love conceive,
Such impreſſions it doth leave,
In the intellective part;
As, defaceth from my heart,
Ev'ry thought of thoſe delights,
Which allure baſe appetits.
And, my mind ſo much imployes,
In contemplating thoſe ioyes,
Which, a purer ſight doth find,
In the beauty of her mind:
That, I ſo thereon am ſet,
As (me thinks) I could forget,
All her ſweeteſt outward graces:
Though I lay in her imbraces.
But, ſomethink ng with a ſmile,
What they would have done the while:

Now

Now ſuppoſe my words are ſuch,
As exceed my power too much.
For, all thoſe, our Wantons hold,
Void of Vigor, dull and cold:
Or (at beſt) but fools, whoſe flame,
Makes not way unto their ſhame.
Though at length with griefe they ſee
They the fooles do prove to be.
Theſe, the body ſo much minded,
That their reaſon over-blinded,
By the pleaſures of the Sence,
Hides from them that excellence;
And that ſweetneſſe, whoſe true worth,
I am here to blazon forth.
Tis not; tis not, thoſe rare graces,
That do lurke in womens faces.
Tis not, a diſplayd perfection,
Youthfull eyes, nor cleare complexion;
Nor a skin, ſmooth ſatten like,
Nor a dainty Roſie cheek,
That to wantonneſſe can move,
Such as vertuouſly do love:
Beauty, rather gently drawes
Wild Deſires, to Reaſons Lawes;
And oft frights men from that ſin,
They had elſe tranſgreſſed in:
Through a ſweet amazement, ſtrooke,
From an over-ruling looke.
Beautie never tempteth men
To laſciviouſneſſe; but when
Careleſſe idleneſſe hath brought
Wicked longings into thought.
Nor doth youth, or heat of blood,
Make men prove what is not good.

Nor

Nor the ſtrength of which they vaunt,
Tis the ſtrength, and power they want,
And the baſeneſſe of the Mind,
Makes their bruit deſires inclind,
To purſue thoſe vaine delights,
Which affect their Appetites.
And ſo blinded do they grow,
(Who are overtaken ſo)
As their dulneſſe cannot ſee,
Nor beleeve that better be.
Some have bloud as hot as their,
Whoſe affections looſeſt are;
Bodies that require no art,
To ſupply weake *Natures* part.
Youth they have; and, ſure, might to,
Boaſt of what, ſome (ſhameleſſe doe)
Yet, their Minds that aime more high,
(Then thoſe baſer pleaſures lye)
Taught by *Virtue* can ſuppreſſe,
All attempts of wantonneſſe.
And ſuch powerfull motives frame,
To extinguiſh *Paſſions* flame;
That (by reaſons good direction)
Qualifying looſe affection;
They'l in midſt of Beauties fires,
Walke unſcorcht of ill Deſires.
Yet, no ſuch, as ſtupid ſhame,
Keeps from actions worthy blame.
But, in all ſo truly Man,
That their apprehenſions can
Prize the bodies utmoſt worth:
And, find many pleaſures forth,
In thoſe Beauties; more then you,
That abuſe them, ever knew.

But,

But, perhaps her outward grace,
Here deſcrib'd, hath tane ſuch place,
In ſome ore-enamourd breaſt,
And ſo much his heart poſſeſt,
As he thinks it paſſeth telling,
How ſhe may be more excelling:
Or what worth, I can prefer,
To be more admir'd in Her.
Therefore, now I will be briefe,
To prevent that misbeliefe.
And, if there be preſent here,
Any one, whoſe nicer eare:
Taskes my *Meaſures*, as offending,
In too ſeriouſly commending
What affects the Senſe; or may,
Iniure Virtue any way,
Let them know, 'tis underſtood,
That if they were truely good,
It could never breed offence,
That I ſhewd the excellence,
With the power of *God* and *Nature*,
In the beauty of his creature.
They from thence would rather raiſe,
Cauſe, to meditate his praiſe:
And thus thinke; *How faire muſt He,*
That hath made this Faire-one be!
That, was my propoſed end,
And, to make them more attend
Vnto this; ſo much excelling,
As it paſſeth meanes of telling.
But at worſt; if any ſtraine,
Makes your *Memories* retaine,
Sparks of ſuch a bonefull fire,
As may kindle ill deſire:

This,

This, that followes after, shall
Not alone extinguish all,
But, ev'n make you blush with shame,
That your thoughts were so to blame.
Yet, I know, when I have done,
(In respect of that bright *Sunne*,
Whose inestimable light
I would blazon to your sight)
These ensuing flashes, are,
As to *Cynthia's* beames a Starre;
Or, a petty Comets ray,
To the glorious Eye of Day.
For, what power of words or Art,
Can her worth at full impart?
Or, what is there, may be found,
Plac'd within the Senses bound;
That can paint those sweets to me,
Which the eyes of Love doe see?
Or the Beauties of that Mind,
Which her body hath enshrin'd.
Can I thinke, the *Guide of Heaven*,
Hath so bountifully given,
Outward features, cause he meant,
To have made lesse excellent,
Her divine part? Or suppose,
Beauty, *Goodnesse* doth oppose;
Like those fooles, who doe despaire,
To find any Good and Faire?
Rather, there I seek a mind,
Most excelling, where I find
God hath to the body lent,
Most-beseeming Ornament.
But, though he that did inspire
First, the true *Promethean* fire.

In each severall soule did place
Equall excellence and Grace,
As some think; yet have not they
Equall beauties every way.
For, they more or lesse appeare,
As the outward *Organs* are:
Following much the temp'rature
Of the body, grosse or pure.
And I doe beleeve it true,
That, as we the Body view:
Nearer to perfection grow;
So, the *Soule* her selfe doth show:
Others more, and more excelling,
In her power; as in her dwelling.
For, that purenesse giveth way,
Better to disclose each Ray,
To the dull conceit of man,
Then a greater substance can.
Thus, through spotlesse *Christall*, we
May the *Dayes* full glory see;
When, if clearest Sunbeames passe,
Through a foule polluted glasse:
So discolourd they'l appeare;
As those Stains they shone through, were.
Let no *Criticke* cavill then,
If I dare affirme agen;
That her minds perfections are,
Fairer then her Bodie's far;
And, I need not prove it by
Axioms of *Philosophy*,
Since no proofe can better be,
Then their rare effect in me.
For, while other men complaining,
Tell their *Mistresses* disdaining;

Free

Free from care, I write a ſtorie,
Only of her worth and glory.
While moſt Lovers pining ſit,
(Rob'd of libertie and wit)
Vaſſaling themſelves with ſhame,
To ſome proud imperious *Dame*:
Or, in Songs their Fate bewailing,
Shew the world their faithles fayhng,
I, enwreath'd with boughs of *Myrtle*,
Fare like the beloved *Turtle*.
Yea while moſt, are moſt untoward,
Peeviſh, vaine, inconſtant, froward,
While their beſt contentments bring,
Nought but after-ſorrowing.
She, thoſe childiſh humours ſlighting,
Hath conditions ſo delighting,
And doth ſo my bliſſe indeavour,
As my ioy increaſeth euer.
By her actions I can ſee,
That her *Paſſions* ſo agree,
Vnto *Reaſon*, as they erre,
Seldome to diſtemper her.
Love ſhe can (and doth) but ſo,
As ſhe will not overthrow,
Loves content by any folly,
Or, by deeds that are unholy:
Dotingly, ſhe nere affects;
Neither willingly neglects
Honeſt love: but meanes doth find,
With diſcretion to be kind.
Tis not thundring *Phraſe* nor *Othes*,
Honors, wealth, nor painted Clothes.
That can her good liking gaine,
If no other worth remaine.

Never took her heart, delight
In your *Court Hermaphrodite*,
Or such frothy *Gallants*, as
For the times *Heroes* passe.
Such; who (still in love) doe all
Faire, and *Sweet*, and *Lady* call.
And where e're they hap to stray,
Either prate the rest away;
Or, of all discourse to seek,
Shuffle in at *Cent*, or *Gleek*.
Goodnesse more delights her than,
All their Maske of Folly can.
Fond, she hateth to appeare,
Though she hold her friend as deare,
As her part of life unspent:
Or, the best of her content.
If the heat of youthfull fires,
Warme her blood with those desires,
Which are by the course of Nature,
Stird in every perfect Creature:
As those *Passions* kindle, so
Doth *Heavens* grace, and *Reason* grow
Abler, to suppresse in her
Those rebellions; and they stirre,
Never more affection, then
One good thought allayes agen.
I could say, so chast is she,
As the new-blowne Roses be.
Or, the drifts of Snow, that none
Ever toucht, or look't upon.
But, that were not worth a Flie,
Seeing so much Chastitie,
Old *Pigmalions* Picture had:
Yea, those *Smocks* borne or made,

Ne're to know Desire; might say,
She deserv'd no more then they.
Whereas, whilst their worth proceeds
From such wants, as they must needs,
Be unmov'd (cause Nature fram'd
No affections to be tam'd)
Through her dainty limbs, are spread,
Vigour, heat, and freely shed,
Life blood into every vaine;
Till they fill, and swell againe:
And no doubt they strive to force
Way, in some forbidden Course.
Which, by *Grace* she still resists;
And so courbs within their lists,
Those Desires, that she is chaster,
Then if she had none to master.
Malice, never lets she in:
Neither hates she ought, but sin:
Envy if she could admit,
Ther's no meanes to nourish it:
For, her gentle heart is pleas'd.
When she knowes anothers ea.'d.
And ther's none, who ever got
That perfection, she hath not,
So, that no cause is there, why
She should any one envy.
Mildly angry shee'le appeale,
That the baser Rout may feare;
Through presumption to misdoe.
Yet, she often faines that to.
But let wrong be whatsoever,
She gives way to *Choller*, never.
If she e're of *Vengeance* thought,
Twas nor life, nor bloud was sought;

But (at moſt) ſome prayer to move,
Iuſtice for abuſed Love:
Or, that *Fate* would pay againe,
Loves neglectors with diſdaine.
If ſhe ever crav'd of *Fate*,
To obtaine a higher State;
(Or ambitiouſly were given)
Sure, 'twas but to climbe to heaven,
Pride, is from her heart as farre,
As the *Poles* in diſtance are.
For, her worth, nor all this praiſe,
Can her humble ſpirit raiſe,
Leſſe to prize me, then before;
Or her ſelfe, to value more.
Were ſhe *Vaine*; ſhe might alledge,
'Twere her Sexes priviledge,
But, ſhee's ſuch; as (doubtleſſe) no man
Knowes leſſe folly, in a woman.
To prevent a being *Idle*,
Sometime, with her curious Needle,
(Though it be her meaneſt glory)
She ſo limnes an Antique ſtory,
As *Minerva* (would ſhe take it)
Might her richeſt *Sample* make it.
Other while, againe, ſhe rather
Labors, with delight to gather
Knowledge from ſuch learned Writs,
As are left by famous Wits.
Where, ſhe chiefly ſeeks to know,
God; *Her ſelfe*; and what we owe
To our *Neighbour*: ſince with theſe,
Come all needfull Knowledges.
She, with *Adam*, never will
Long to learne both *Good* and *Ill*;

But, her ſtate well underſtood,
Reſts her ſelfe, content with *Good*.
Avarice, abhorreth ſhe,
As the lothſom'ſt things that be:
Since ſhe knowes it is an ill,
That doth peſt vertue kill.
And, where ere it comes to reſt,
(Though in ſome ſtrict Matrons breſt)
Be ſhe ne're ſo ſeeming iuſt,
Ile no ſhewes of Goodneſſe truſt.
For, if you but gold can bring;
Such, are hir'd to any thing.
If you think ſhe Iealous be;
You are wide. For, credit me,
Her ſtrong'ſt Iealouſies, nought are,
Other then an honeſt care,
Of her friends. And, moſt can tell,
Who ſo wants that, Loves not well.
Though ſome little feare ſhe ſhowes,
'Tis no more then love allowes:
So the paſſion d not move her,
Till ſhe grieve, or wrong her lover.
She may think He may do ill;
Though, ſhee'l not beleeve he will.
Nor, can ſuch a harmleſſe thought,
Blemiſh true affection ought:
Rather, when as elſe it would,
Through ſecurity grow cold,
This her Paſſion, keeping meaſure,
Strengthens Love, and ſweetens Pleaſure.
Cruelty her ſoule deteſts;
For, within her boſome reſts,
Nobleſt *Pitty*; uſherd by,
An unequall'd Courteſie.

And, is griev'd at good mens moane,
As if the griefe were all her owne.
Iuſt ſhe is; ſo iuſt, that I
Know ſhe would not wrong a Flye;
Or, oppreſſe the meaneſt thing,
To be Miſtreſſe to a King.
If our *Painters* would include,
Temperance and *Fortitude*,
In one Picture; She would fit,
For the nonce to patterne itt
Patient as the *Lamb* is ſhe.
Harmeleſſe, as the *Turtles* be.
Yea, ſo largely ſtor'd, with all
Which we Mortals *Goodneſſe* call;
That, if ever *Virtue* were,
Or may be, incarnate here;
This is ſhe, whoſe praiſes, I
Offer to Eternitie.
Shee's no Image trim'd about,
Faire within, and foule without:
But a *Jem* that doth appeare,
Like the *Diamond*, every where,
Sparkling rayes of Beautie forth;
All of ſuch unblemiſht worth,
That were poſſible, your eye
Might her inmoſt thoughts eſpie,
And behold the dimmeſt part,
Of the luſtre in her heart:
It would find that *Center* paſſe,
What the *Superficies* was.
And, that every angle there,
Like a *Diamonds* inſide were.
For, although that Excellence
Paſſe the piercingſt Eye of Sence;

By their operations we,
Gueſſe at things that hidden be.
So (beyond our common reach)
Wiſe men can by Reaſon teach,
What the influences been,
Of a *Planet*, when unſeen;
Or the Beautie of a Starre,
That doth ſhine above us farre.
So, by that wide-beaming Light,
Wherewith *Titan* Courrs our ſight,
By his cloathing of the Earth;
By the wondrous, various Birth,
Of new Creatures, yeerely bred
Through his heat, and nouriſhed:
And by many Virtues moe
(Which our Senſes reach unto)
We conclude; they are not all,
Which make faire that goodly *Ball*.
Though ſhe prize her honour more,
Then the far-fetcht precious ſtore
Of the rich *Molucchi*, or
All the wealth was traffickt for,
Since our *Veſſels*, paſſage knew
Vnto *Mexico*, *Peru*:
Or thoſe ſpacious Kingdomes, which
Make the proud *Iberians* rich.
Tis not that uncertaine blaſt,
Keeps my *Miſtreſſe* Good, or Chaſt.
She, that but for honours ſake,
Doth of ill a Conſcience make;
(More in feare what Rumour ſayes,
Then in love to vertuous wayes)
Though ſheſeem'd more civill than,
You have ſeen a Courtezan,

For an honor: And cries *Oh fie*,
At each shew of vanitie.
Though she censure all that be,
Not so foolish coy as she.
Though she with the *Roman Dame*
Kill her selfe, to purchase fame.
She would prostitute become,
To the meanest basest Groome;
If so closely they may doe it,
As the world should never know it.
So at best those women prove,
That for honour; virtue love.
Give me her, that Goodnesse chuseth
For it owne sake: And refuseth
To have greatest honors gain'd,
With her secret conscience stain'd.
Give me her, that would be poore;
Die disgrac't, nay, thought a whoore;
And each Times reproch become,
Till the generall day of Doome:
Rather then consent to act
Pleasing sinne, thongh by the fact,
(With esteem of vertuous) she
Might the *German Empresse* be.
Such my *Mistrisse* is; and nought
Shall have power to change her thought.
Plaasures cannot tempt her eye,
On their Bayts to glance awry.
For their good she still esteemes,
As it is; not as it seemes:
And, she takes no comfort in
Sweetest pleasure, sowr'd with Sin.
By her selfe, she hath such care,
That her actions decent are,

For, were ſhe in ſecret hid,
None might ſee her what ſhe did.
She would doe, as if for ſpies,
Every wall were ſtucke with eyes.
And be chary of her honour,
Cauſe the heavens do look upon her,
And, oh what had power to move,
Flames of Luſt, or wanton love,
So farre, to diſparage us,
If we all, were minded thus?
Theſe are Beauties that ſhall laſt,
When the Crimſon bloud ſhall waſt;
And the ſhining Haire waxe gray,
Or with age be worne away.
Theſe yeeld pleaſures, ſuch as might
Be remembred with delight;
When we gaſpe our lateſt breath,
On the loathed bed of death.
Though diſcreetly ſpeake ſhe can,
Shee'l be ſilent, rather than
Talke while others may be heard.
As if ſhe did hate, or fear'd,
Their Condition; who will force
All, to wait on their diſcourſe.
Reaſon hath on her beſtowed
More of knowledge, then ſhe owed
To that Sex. and *Grace* with it,
Doth aright her Practiſe fit.
Yet, hath *Fate* ſo framed her,
As ſhe may at ſometime, erre:
But, if ere her iudgement ſtray,
Tis that other women may,
Thoſe mu[illegible]leaſing Beauties ſee,
Which in yeelding Natures be.

For, since no perfection can
Here on earth be found in *Man*,
Ther's more good in free submissions,
Then ther's ill in our transgressions.
Should you heare her, once, contend,
In discoursing, to defend
(As she can) a doubtfull Cause:
She such strong Positions drawes
From known Truths, and doth apply,
Reasons with such Maiestie:
As if she did undertake,
From some *Oracle* to speake.
And you could nor think, what might
Breed more love, or more delight.
Yet, if you should mark agen,
Her discreet behaviour, when
She finds reason to repent
Some wrong-pleaded *Argument*.
She so temperately lets all
Her mis-held opinions fall;
And, can with such mildnesse bow:
As 'twill more enamour you,
Then her knowledge. For, there are
Pleasing sweets without compare
In such yeeldings; which doe prove,
Wit, *Humilitie*, and *Love*.
Yea, by those mistakings; you
Her Condition so shall know,
(And the nature of her mind,
So undoubtedly shall find)
As will make her, more endeared,
Then if she had never erred.
Farther; than she nought may misse,
Which worth praise in woman is:

This,

This, unto the reſt I add,
If I wound, or ſickneſſe had;
None ſhould for my curing runne.
(No not to *Apoll's* ſonne)
She, ſo well, the *Virtue* knowes,
Of each needfull Hearb that growes;
And ſo fitly can apply,
Salves to every Malady:
That, if ſhe, no ſuccour gave me,
Twere no meanes of *Art* could ſave me:
Should my Soule oppreſſed lye,
(Sunke with griefe and ſorrow nigh)
She hath balme for minds diſtreſt;
And could eaſe my painted breaſt.
She ſo well knowes how to ſeaſon,
Paſſionate diſcourſe with Reaſon;
And knowes how to ſweeten it,
Both with ſo much love and wit;
That, it ſhall prepare the Sence,
To give way with leſſe offence.
For, grieved minds can ill abide,
Counſell churliſhly appli'd:
Which, inſtead of comfortings;
Deſperation, often brings.
But, harke *Nymphs*: me thinks, I heare
Muſicke, ſounding in mine eare:
Tis a *Lute*: And hee's the beſt
For a Voice, in all the *Weſt*,
That doth touch it. And the Swaine,
I would have you heare ſo faine,
That my *Song*, forbeare will I.
To attend his melodie:
Hither comes he, day by day,
In theſe Groves to ſing and play.

And, in yon close-Arbor, He
Sitteth now, expecting me,
He, so bashfull is; that mute
Will his Tongue be, and his *Lute*,
Should he happen to espie
This, unlookt for company.
If you, therefore list to heare him,
Let's with silence walke more neer him.
Twill be worth your pains(beleeve me)
(If a Voice, content may give yee)
And, await you shall not long;
For, He now begins a *Song*.

Sonnet 1.

WHat is the cause, when elsewhere I resort,
I have my Gestures, and Discourse more free?
And (if I please) can any Beauty Court,
Yet stand so dull, and so demure by thee?
Why are my speeches broken, whilst I talke?
Why doe I feare almost thy hand to touch?
Why dare I not imbrace thee as we walk,
Since, with the greatest Nymphs I've dar'd as much)
Ah! know that none of those I e're affected;
And therefore, us'd a careless Courtship there:
Because, I neither their Disdaine respected,
Nor reckon'd them, or their embraces deare.
But, loving Thee, my Love hath found content;
And rich delights, in things indifferent.

Sonnet 2.

WHy covet I, thy blessed eyes to see;
Whose sweet aspect, may cheere the saddest mind?
Why, when our bodies must divided be,
Can I no houre of rest, or pleasure find?
Why doe I sleeping start, and waking mone,
To find, that of my dreamed Hopes I misse?
Why, do I often contemplate alone,
Of such a thing as thy Perfection is?
And wherefore, when we meet, doth Passion stop
My speechlesse Tongue, and leave me in a panting?

Why,

Why doth my heart o're chargd with feare and hope,
(In ſpight of Reaſon) almoſt droop to fainting?
Becauſe in Me thy excellencies moving,
Have drawn me to an Excellence in loving.

Sonnet 3.

FAire, *ſince thy* Virtues *my affections move,*
And I have vowd, my purpoſe is to ioyne,
(In an eternall bond of chaſteſt Love)
Our Soules, to make a Mariage moſt divine.
Why (thou maiſt think) then, ſeemeth he to prize,
An outward Beauties *fading hew ſo much?*
Why, doth he read ſuch Lectures in mine eyes?
And often ſtrive my tender palme to touch?
Oh pardon my preſuming: For I ſweare,
My Love is ſoyled, with no luſtfull ſpot:
Thy Soules *perfections, through thoſe vailes appeare,*
And I halfe faint, that I embrace them not.
No ſenſe Deſires doth make thy touches ſweet,
But, my Soule ſtriveth, with thy Soule *to meet.*

Sonnet 4.

SHall I wasting in Dispaire,
Dye because a Womans faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
Cause anothers Rosie are?
Be she fairer then the Day,
Or the Flowry Meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire she be.

Should my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
Cause I see a Woman kind?
Or a well disposed Nature,
Joyned with a lovely Feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-Dove, or Pelican:
If she be not so to me,
What care I, how kind she be.

Shall a Womans Virtues move,
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well-deserving known,
Make me quite forget mine owne?
Be she with that Goodnesse blest,
Which may gaine her name, of Best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be.

Cause

Cause her Fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and dye?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think, that with them, they would do,
That without them dare to woo.
And, unlesse that mind I see,
What care I, though great she be,

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire,
I will ne're the more dispaire,
If She love me, this believe;
I will dye, e're she shall grieve.
If she slight me, when I woo;
I can scorne, and let her goe.
For, if she be not for me,
What care I, for whom she be.

Sonnet

Sonnet 5.

I Wandred out a while agone,
And went I know not whither:
But, there do Beauties many a one,
Resort, and meet together.
And Cupids power will there be showne,
If ever you come thither.

For, like two Sunnes, two Beauties bright,
Ishining saw together.
And, tempted by their double light,
My eyes I fixt on either:
Till both at once, so thral'd my sight,
I lov'd, and knew not whether.

Such equall sweet Venus gave,
That I prefer'd not either.
And when for love, I thought to crave,
I knew not well of whether.
For, one while, This, I wisht to have,
And then, I That, had leiser.

A Lover of the curiousst Eye,
Might have been pleas'd in either.
And so, I must confesse, might I,
Had they not been together.
Now, both must love, or both deny,
In one, enioy I neither.

But yet at last I scapt the smart,
I feard, at comming hither.
For, seeing my divided heart,
I chusing, knew not whether.
Love angry grew, and did depart;
And now, I care for neither.

SEe; these Trees so ill did hide us;
That the Shepheard hath espide us:
And (as iealous of his cunning)
All in hast away is running.
To entreat him backe againe,
Would be labour spent in vaine.
You may therefore, now, betake ye
To the Musicke I can make ye;
Who, doe purpose my Invention,
Shall pursue my first intention.
For, in *Her* (whose worth I tell)
Many excellences dwell,
Yet unmention'd, whole perfections
Worthy are of best affections.
That, which is so rare to find,
Both in Man, and Womankind:
That; whose absence *Love* defaceth,
And both Sexes more disgraceth,
Then the spight of furrowed *Age*,
Sicknesses, or *Sorrowes* rage:
That's the Iewell so divine,
Which doth on her Forehead shine.
And, therewith endowed is *She*,
In an excellent degree.
CONSTANCY (I meane) the purest
Of all *Beauties*; and the surest.
For, who ere doth that possesse,
Hath an endlesse lovelinesse,
All Afflictions, Labours, Crosses,
All our Dangers, Wounds and Losses,
Games of Pleasure, we can make,
For that matchlesse *Womans* sake;

In whose breſt that Virtue bideth:
And we ioy what e're betideth.
Moſt dejected *Hearts* it gladdeth,
Twenty thouſand glories addeth
Vnto *Beauties* brighteſt *Ray*:
And, preſerves it from decay.
Tis the *Salt*, that's made to ſeaſon,
Beauty, for the uſe of *Reaſon*.
Tis the Verniſh, and the Oyling,
Keeps her colours freſh from ſpoyling.
Tis an Excellence, whereby
Age, though ioyn'd with *Poverty*,
Hath more deare affection wonne,
Then freſh *Youth*, and *Wealth* have done:
Tis a Lovelineſſe, endearing
Beauties, ſcarce worth note, appearing;
Whilſt a fairer fickle *Dame*,
Nothing gaines, but ſcorne and ſhame.
Further; tis a *Beautie*, ſuch
As I can nor praiſe too much,
Nor frame *Meaſures*, to expreſſe.
No; nor any man, unleſſe
He, who (more then all men croſt)
Finds it in that *Woman* loſt;
On whoſe Faith, he would have pawnd
Life, and all he could command.
Such a Man may by that Miſſe
Make us know how deare it is;
When, o're charg'd with griefe, he ſhall
Sigh, and breake his heart withall.
This is that *Perfection*, which
In her favour makes me rich.
All whoſe *beauties* (nam'd before)
Elſe, would but torment me more.

And,

And, in having this, I find,
(What e're haps) a quiet mind:
Yea, tis that, which I do prize,
Farre above her Lips, her Eyes:
Or, that generall Beauty, whence
Shines each severall Excellence.
For, alas! what gaind hath he,
Who may clip the faireſt *She*
(That the name of *Woman* beares)
If, unhappily, he feares,
Any others Worth, may win,
What he thought his own had bin?
Him, Baſe minded deem I ſhould,
Who (although he were in Hold,
Wrapt in chaines) would not diſdaine,
Love with her to entertaine
That both daughter to a *Peere*,
And moſt rich and lovely were;
When a braineleſſe *Gull* ſhall dare,
In her, favours with him ſhare:
Or, the Action of a *Player*,
Rob him of a Hope ſo faire.
This, I dread not: For, I know,
Strained geſtures, painted ſhow,
Shameleſſe boaſtings, borrowed Ieſts,
Female Looks, gay-plumed Creſts,
Vowes nor proteſtations vaine,
(Wherwith fools are made ſo vaine)
Move her can; ſave to contemne,
Or perhaps, to laugh at them.
Neither can I doubt, or feare,
Time ſhall either change or weare
This her *Vertue*: Or, impaire
That which makes her Soule, ſo faire.

In which *Truſt*, great Comforts are,
Which, the feare of loſſe, would mar.
Nor hath this my rare *Hope* ſtood,
So much, in her being good;
(With her love to bleſſed things)
As in her acknowledgings,
From a higher power to have them;
And her love, to *Him* that gave them.
For, although to have a mind
Naturally to Good incl n'd,
(And to love it) would aſſure
Reaſon, that it might endure.
Yet (ſince Man was firſt uniuſt)
Ther's no warrant for ſuch *Truſt*.
Virtues, that moſt wonder win,
Would converted be to Sin;
If their flouriſhings began,
From no better Root, then *Man*.
Our beſt *Virtues*, when they are
Of themſelves, we may compare,
To the beautie of a Flower,
That is blaſted in an houre:
And, which growing to be fuller,
Turnes into ſome loathed colour.
But, thoſe being freely given,
And confirm'd in us from heaven;
Have a promiſe on them paſt:
And for evermore ſhall laſt;
Diamond-like, their luſtre clearing,
More and more, by uſe and wearing.
But, if this rare *Worth* I praiſe,
Should by *Fates* permiſſion, raiſe
Paſſions in ſome gentle Breſts
That diſtemper may his reſt;

(And be Author of ſuch Treaſon,
As might nigh endanger reaſon)
Or, inforce his tongue to crave,
What another man muſt have.
Marke, in ſuch a ſtreight as this,
How diſcreet her dealing is.
She is nothing of their humours,
Who, their honour build on Rumours,
And, had rather private ſporting,
Then allow of open courting:
Nor of theirs, that would ſeem holy,
By divulging others folly.
Farther is ſhe from their guiſe,
That delight to Tyrannize,
Or make boaſtings, in eſpying,
Others for their favours dying.
She, a ſpirit doth poſſeſſe
So repleat with Nobleneſſe,
That, if ſhe be there beloued,
Where ſhe ought not to be moved,
Equally, to love againe,
She, doth ſo well entertaine
That affection; as ther's none
Can ſuppoſe it ill beſtowne.
From deluding, ſhe is free:
From diſdaine, as farre is ſhe:
And ſo feelingly beares part,
Of what paines anothers heart;
That no curſe, of ſcorned dutie,
Shall draw vengeance on her *beauty*.
Rather, with ſo tender feare,
Of her Honour, and their care,
She is toucht; that neither ſhall,
Wrong unto her ſelfe befall;

(By the favour ſhe doth ſhow)
Nor will ſhe neglect them ſo;
As may iuſt occaſion give,
Any way to make them grieve.
Hope, ſhe will not ſet them ſee,
Leſt they ſhould preſuming be,
And aſpire to that, which none,
Ever muſt enioy but One.
From *Deſpaire* ſhe keepes them to,
Fearing, they might hap to do,
Either through *Loves* indiſcretions,
(Or much over-ſtirred paſſions)
What, might with th ir hurt and ſhame,
Into queſtion call her name.
And a ſcand ll on her bring,
Who is iuſt in every thing.
She hath markt how others runne;
And by them hath learnd to ſhunne,
Both their fault, who (overwiſe)
Erre, by being too preciſe:
And their folly that o're kind,
Are to all complaints inclind.
For, her wit hath found the way,
How a while to hold them play;
And, that inconvenience ſhunne,
Whereinto, both ſeeme to runne;
By allowing them a ſcope,
Iuſt betwixt *Deſpaire* and *Hope*.
Where confin'd, and reaching neither,
They do take a part in either:
Till, long living in ſuſpence,
(Tyr'd by her indifference)
Time, at laſt, their *Paſſion* weares,
Paſſions wearing, *Reaſon* cleares;

(By

Reaſon

Reason gives their *Iudgement* light;
Iudgement bringeth all to right:
So, their *Hope* appearing vaine,
They become themselves againe.
And, with high applauses, fit,
For such *Virtue*, with such *wit*;
They, that service onely profer,
She may take, and they may offer:
Yet, this course she never proves;
Save with those, whose virtuous Loves,
Vse the noblest meanes of gaining,
Favours, worthy the obtaining,
And, if such should chance to erre,
(Either 'gainst themselves or her)
In some over-sights, when they,
Are through *Passion* led astray.
She, so well mans frailtie knowes,
With the Darts that *Beautie* throwes,
As she will not adding terror,
Breake the heart for one poor error.
Rather (if still good they be)
Twentie remedies hath she,
Gently to apply, where *Sense*
Hath invaded *Reasons* Fence;
And, without or wound, or scarre,
Turnes to Peace, a lawlesse Warre.
But, to those whose baser fires,
Breath out smoake of such desires,
As may dim with unpure streames,
Any part of *Beauties* beames.
She will daigne no milder way,
Those foule burnings to allay;
Save, with such extreme neglect,
As shall work her wisht effect.

And, to use so sharpe a cure,
Shee's not oft constrained, sure.
Cause, upon her forhead, still
Goodnesse sits, so fear'd of *ill:*
That the scorne, and high disdaines,
Wherewithall she entertaines
Those loth'd glaunces; giveth ending,
To such flamings in the tynding:
That their cooled Hopes, needs must
Freeze Desires, in heat of *Lust*.
Tis a power that never lies,
In the fair'st immodest eyes.
Wantons, tis not your sweet eyings,
Forced Passions, faigned Dyings,
Gestures, temptings, Teares, beguilings,
Dancings, Singings, Kissings, Smilings;
Nor those painted sweets, with which,
You unwary men bewitch:
(All united, nor asunder)
That can compasse such a wonder.
Or, to win you love prevailes,
Where her moving *Virtues*, failes.
Beauties, tis not all those Features,
Placed in the fairest Creatures;
Though their best they should discover,
That can tempt from *Her*, a Lover.
Tis not, those soft-snowie Brests,
Where *Love* rockt in pleasure, rests;
(And by their continuall motions,
Draweth hearts to vaine devotions)
Nor the *Nectar* that we sip
From a honey-dropping *Lip*:
Nor those *Eyes*, whence *Beauties* Lances,
Wound the heart with wanton glances:

Nor

Nor, those sought *Delights*, that lye
In *Loves* hidden treasurie:
That, can liking gaine, where she,
Will the best beloved be.
For, should those who think they may,
Draw my love from her away;
Bring forth all their female Graces,
Wrapt me in their close embraces;
Practise all the Art they may;
Weep, or sing, or kisse, or pray,
And with sighs and looks come woo me,
When they soonest may undoe me:
One poor thought of *Her* would arme me
So, as *Circe* could not harme me,
Since beside those Excellences,
Wherewith, others please the *Senses*,
She, whom I have prised so,
Yeelds delights, for *Reason* to.
Who could Dote on thing so common,
As meer outward handsome *Woman*?
Those halfe-beauties, only winne
Fooles, to let affection in.
Vulger wits, from Reason shaken,
Are with such impostures taken;
And, with all their Art in Love,
Wantons can but *Wantons* move.
But, when unto those, are ioynd,
Those things which adorne the *Mind*,
None, their excellences see,
But they straight enthralled be.
Fooles, and wisemen, worst and best,
Subiect are to Loves Arrest.
For, when *Virtue* wooes a Louer,
Shee's an unresisted moover;

That will have no kind of Nay,
And in Loue brooke no delay.
She can make the Senſuall *Wights*,
To reſtraine their Appetites.
And, (her beauty when they ſee)
Spight of *Vice*, in Love to be:
Yea (although themſelves be bad)
Praiſe the good they never had.
She, hath to her ſervice brought,
Thoſe, that Her, have ſet at nought;
And can faire enough appeare,
To enflame the moſt ſevere.
She, hath oft allured out,
The religiouſly devout,
From their Cloyſters, and their Vowes,
To embrace what *She* allowes:
And, to ſuch contentments come,
As blind zeale had bard them from:
While (her lawes miſ-underſtood)
They did ill for love of Good.
Where I find true worth to be,
Sweeteſt are their lips to me:
And embraces tempt me to,
More then outward *Beauties* doe.
That my firme beliefe is this:
If ever I doe amiſſe;
Seeming-Good, the bayt will lay,
That to ill ſhall me betray:
Since, where ſhewes of Goodneſſe are,
I am oft emboldned there,
Freedomes ſo permit and uſe,
Which, I elſewhere do refuſe:
For becauſe I think they meane,
To allow no deed uncleane.

Yet, where two, love *Virtue* shall,
Both at once, they seldome fall.
For, when one hath thoughts of ill,
Tother helpes exile them still.
My faire *Virtues* power is this.
And, that power the Beauty is,
Which doth make *Her* here expresst,
Equally both *Faire* and *Blest*.
This was that consenting *Grace*,
Which affection made me place,
With so deare respect, that never
Can it faile, but, last for ever.
This, a Servant made me sworne,
Who before time, held in scorne;
To yeeld Vassilage, or Duty,
Though, unto the *Queen* of *Beauty*:
Yet, that I her Servant am,
It shall more be to my fame;
Then to owne these *Woods* and *Downes*:
Or be Lord of fifty Townes.
And my *Mistresse* to be deem'd,
Shall more honour be esteem'd;
Then those titles to acquire,
Which most women, most desire.
Yea, when you a woman shall,
Countesse, or a *Dutchesse* call;
That respect it shall not move,
Neither gaine her halfe such love,
As to say, *Loe, this is she*,
That supposed is to be.
Mistresse to PHILARETE.
And, that lovely Nymph, which he,
In a Pastorall *Poem* fam'd,
And FAIRE-VIRTVE, there hath nam'd.

Yet

Yea, some Ladies (tenne to one)
If not many (now unknowne)
Will be very well apaid,
When by chance, she heares it said
She, that *Faire-one* is; whom I,
Here have prais'd concealedly.
And, though now this Ages pride,
May so brave a *Hope* deride.
Yet, when all their Glories passe
As the thing that never was;
(And on Monuments appeare,
That, they ere had breathing here)
Who envy it: She shall thrive
In her Fame. And honour'd live,
Whilst *Great Britaines* Shepheards, sing
English, in their Sonnetting.
And, who ere in future dayes,
Shall bestow the utmost praise,
On his *Love*; that any Man,
Attribute to Creature can.
Twill be this, that he hath dared,
His, and Mine to have compared.
Oh! what starres did shine on me,
When her Eyes I first did see?
And how good was their aspect,
When we first did both affect?
For, I never since to changing
Was enclind, or thought of ranging.
Me, so oft my *Fancy* drew,
Here and there, that I nere knew
Where to place *Desire*, before,
So, that range it might no more;
But, as he that passeth by,
Where in all her lollitie,

Floras riches in a row,
Doth in seemely order grow:
And a thousand Flowers stand,
Bending as to kisse his hand;
Out of which delightfull store,
One he may take; and no more.
Long he pausing, doubteth whether,
Of those faire ones he should gather.
First, the *Primrose* Courts his eyes,
Then, the *Cowslip* he espies;
Next, the *Pansey* seemes to wooe him;
Then, *Carnations* bow unto him:
Which, whil'st that enamour'd *Swaine*,
From the stalke intends to straine,
(As halfe fearing to be seene)
Prettily her leaves betweene,
Peepes the *Violet*: pale, to see,
That her *Virtues* sleighted be.
Which, so much his liking wins,
That, to ceaze her, he begins.
Yet, before he stoopt so low,
He, his wanton eye did throw
On a *Stem* that grew more high,
And the *Rose* did there espie:
Who, beside her pretious scent
(To procure his eyes content)
Did display her goodly Brest;
Where he found at full exprest,
All the good that *Nature* showers
On a thousand other *Flowers*.
Wherewith he, affected, takes it;
His beloved Flowre he makes it.
And, without desire of more,
Walkes through all he saw before.

So,

So, I wandring, but erewhile,
Through the *Garden* of this *Ile*,
Saw rich *Beauties* (I confesse)
And in numbers numberlesse.
Yea, so differing lovely to,
That, I had a world to do,
Ere I could set up my rest,
Where to chuse; and chuse the best.
One I saw, whose *Haire* excelled,
On anothers *Brow* there dwelled,
Such a Maiestie, it seemed,
She, was best to be esteemed.
This, had with her speeches won me,
That, with silence had undone me.
On her Lips the *Graces* hung;
Tother, charm'd me with her tongue.
In her *Eyes*, a third did beare,
That, which did anew insnare.
Then a fourth did fairer show;
Yet, wherein I did not know.
Onely this perceived I,
Somewhat pleas'd my *Fantasie*.
Now, the *Wealth* I most esteemed;
Honour then, I better deemed.
Next, the love of *Beautie* ceazd me,
And, then *Virtue* better pleas'd me.
Iuno's love I nought esteem'd,
Whilst a *Venus* fairer seem'd.
Nay, both could not me suffice;
Whilst a *Pallas* was more wise.
Though I found enough in One,
To content, if still alone.
Amarillis, I did wooe;
And I courted *Phillis* too:

Daphne, for her love I chose;
Cloris for that Damaske Rose,
In her Cheek, I held as deare,
Yea, a thousand likt, wel neere.
And, in love with altogether,
Feared the enioying either;
Cause, to be of one possest,
Bard the hope of all the rest.
Thus I fondly far'd, till *Fate*,
Which (I must confesse in that
Did a greater favour to me,
Then the world can malice doe me)
Shew'd to me that matchlesse *Flowre*,
Subiect for this *Song* of our.
Whose perfection having eyed,
Reason instantly espied;
That, *Desire* (which rang'd abroad)
There, would find a *Period*.
And no marvell, if it might:
For, it there hath all delight;
And in her hath *Nature* placed,
What each severall faire one graced.
No ram I, alone delighted,
With those *Graces* all united;
Which the *Senses* eye doth finde,
Scattered, throughout *Womankind*.
But, my *Reason* finds perfections,
To enflame my *Soules* affections.
Yea, such virtues she possesseth,
As with firmest pleasures blesseth:
And keeps sound, that *Beauties* state,
Which would else grow ruinate.
In this *Flowre* are sweets such store;
I shall never wish for more:

Nor

Nor be tempted out to ſtray,
For the faireſt Buds in *May*.
Let who liſt (for me) advance
The admired *Flowers* of *France*,
Let who will; praiſe and behold,
The reſerved *Marigold*.
Let the ſweet-breath't *Violet*, now,
Vnto whom ſhe pleaſeth, bow.
And the faireſt *Lillie*, ſpread
Where ſhe will, her golden head.
I have ſuch a *Flowre* to weare,
That for thoſe I doe not care.
Never ſhall my *Fancie* range,
Nor once think again of change:
Never will I; (never more)
Grieve, or ſigh, as heretofore:
Nor within the Lodgings lye,
Of *Diſpaire*, or *Iealouſie*.
Let the young and happy Swaines,
Playing on the *Britan* Plaines:
Court unblamd, their Shepheardeſſes.
And with their gold-curled Treſſes;
Toy uncenſur'd, untill I
Grutch at their proſperitie.
Let all *Times*, both *Preſent*, *Paſt*,
And the *Age* that ſhall be laſt,
Vaunt the *Beauties* they bring forth,
I have found in one, ſuch worth:
That (content) I neither care,
What the beſt before me were:
Nor deſire to live, and ſee,
Who ſhall Faire hereafter be.
For, I know the hand of *Nature*,
Will not make a fairer Creature,

Which, becauſe ſucceeding Dayes,
Shall confeſſe; and adde their praiſe,
In approving, what my tongue,
Ere they had their being, ſung.
Once againe, come lend an eare,
And, a *Rapture* you ſhall heare,
(Though I taſt no *Theſpian* Spring)
Will amaze you, whilſt I ſing:
I do feele new *Straines* inſpiring,
And to ſuch brave heights aſpiring,
That my *Muſe* will touch a *Key*,
Higher then you heard to day.
I have *Beauties* to unfold,
That deſerve a Pen of Gold.
Sweets, that never dream'd of were.
Things unknowne: and ſuch, as Eare
Never heard a *Meaſure* ſound;
Since the *Sunne* firſt ran his *Round*.
When *Apelles* limb'd to life,
Loathed *Vulcans* lovely wife.
With ſuch *Beauties* he did trim,
Each ſweet Feature, and each Limbe,
And, ſo curiouſly did place,
Every well-becomming Grace.
That twas ſaid, ere he could draw
Such a *Peece*; he naked ſaw
Many women in their Prime,
And the faireſt of that Time:
From all which he parts did take,
Which aright diſpoſed, make
Perfect *Beautie*. So, when you
Know, what I have yet to ſhow:
It will ſeeme to paſſe ſo farre,
Thoſe things which expreſſed are.

That,

That, you will ſuppoſe I've been
Priviledg'd; where I have ſeen,
All the *Good*, that's ſpread in parts,
Through a thouſand womens hearts.
(With their fair'ſt conditions lye,
Bare, without *Hypocriſie*)
And, that I, have took from thence,
Each diſperſed *Excellence*.
To expreſſe *Her*, who hath gained
More, then ever *One* obtained.
And yet ſoft, (I feare) in vaine,
I have boaſted ſuch a *Straine*.
Apprehenſions ever are
Greater, then expreſſion farre:
And, my ſtriving to diſcloſe
What I know; hath made me loſe
My *Inventions* better part:
And, my *Hopes* exceed my *Art*.
Speake I can; yet think I more,
Words compar'd with *Thoughts*, are poor.
And I find, had I begun,
Such a *Strain*; it would be done,
When we number all the ſands,
Waſht o're periur'd *Goodwins* lands.
For, of things, I ſhould indite;
Which, I know, are infinite.
I do yeeld, my *Thoughts* did clime,
Far above the power of *Ryme*;
And no wonder, it is ſo;
Since there is no *Art* can ſhow;
Red in Roſes, white in Snow;
Nor expreſſe how they doe growe
Yea, ſince Bird, Beaſt, Stone and Tree,
(That inferiour Creatures be)

Beauties have, which we confesse,
Lines unable to expresse,
They more hardly can enroule,
Those that do adorne a *Soule*.
But, suppose my *Measures* could,
Reach the height, I thought they would.
Now, relate, I would not tho;
What did swell within me so.
For if I should all discrie,
You would know as much as I:
And those Clownes the *Muses* hate,
Would of things above them prate.
Or, with their prophaning eyes,
Come to view those *Mysteries*,
Whereof, (since they disesteem'd them)
Heaven, hath unworthy deem'd them.
And beside; it seems to me,
That your eares nigh tired be.
I perceive; the fire that charmeth,
And inspireth me, scarce warmeth
Your chill hearts. Nay sure; were I
Melted into *Passie*,
I should not a *Measure* hit,
(Though *Apollo* prompted it)
Which should able be to leave,
That in you, which I conceive,
You are cold; and here I may
Waste my vitall heat away,
E're you will be moou'd so much,
As to feele one perfect touch
Of those *Sweets*, which yet conceal'd,
Swell my brest, to be reveal'd.
Now, my *Words* I therefore cease:
That, my mounting *Thoughts* in peace,

My

May alone, thoſe pleaſures ſhare,
Whereof, *Lines* unworthy are.
And ſo, you an end doe ſee
Of my *Song*; though long it be,

NO ſooner had the Shepheard *Philaret*,
To this *Deſcription* his laſt period ſet:
But, inſtantly, deſcending from a VVood,
(VVhich on a riſing ground, adioyning ſtood)
A troup of *Satyrs* to the view of all,
Came dancing of a new-deviſed *Brall*.
The *Meaſures* they did pace, by *Him*, were taught them;
VVho, to ſo rare a gentleneſſe had brought them,
That he, had learnd their rudeneſſe an obſerving,
Of ſuch reſpect unto the well deſerving,
As they became to no men elſe a terrour,
But ſuch, as did perſiſt in wilfull errour:
And they, the Ladies made no whit affeard,
Thogh ſince that time they ſome great men have ſcard.
Their Dance, the *Whipping of Abuſe* they nam'd;
And, though the *Shepheard* ſince that, hath bin blam'd,
Yet, now tis daily ſeen in every towne;
And ther's no *Country Dance* that's better known:
Nor, that hath gain'd a greater commendation,
Mongſt thoſe that love an honeſt recreation.
This *Scene* preſented; from a Grove was heard,
A ſet of Violets; and, there was prepard
A Country Banquet, which this *Shepheard* made,
To entertaine the *Ladies* in the ſhade.
And tis ſuppos'd, his *Song* prolonged was
Of purpoſe, that it might be brought to paſſe,

So well it was perform'd, that each one deem'd,
The Banquet might the Citie have beseem'd.
Yet, better was their *Welcome*, then their *Fare*:
Which they perceived, and the merrier were.
One *Beauty* tho, there sate amongst the rest;
That lookt as sad, as if her heart oppresst
With Love had been. Whom *Philaret* beholding,
Sit so demurely, and her Armes enfolding.
Lady (quoth he) am I, or this poor cheer,
The cause that you so melancholy are?
For, if the Obiect of your thoughts be higher,
It fits nor me to know them; nor enquire.
But if from me it commeth, that offends,
I seek the cause that I may make amends.
Kind *Swain* (said she) it is nor so, nor so
No fault in you, nor in your Cheer I know.
Nor do I think there is a Thought in me;
That can too worthy of your knowledge be.
Nor have I, many a day, more pleasure had,
Then here I find; though I have seemed sad.
My heart is sometime heavy, when I smile;
And when I grieve, I often sing the while.
Nor is it sadnesse that doth me possesse,
But, rather, musing with much seriousnesse,
Vpon that multitude of sighs and teares;
With those innumerable doubts and feares:
Through which, you passed; ere you could acquire,
A setled *Hope* of gaining your Desire:
For, you dar'd love a *Nymph*, so great, and faire,
As might have brought a *Prince* unto *Dispaire*.
And sure, the excellencie of your *Passions*,
Did then produce as excellent expressions.
If therefore, Me, the sute may well become;
And, if to you it be not wearisome:

In

In name of all these *Ladies*, I entreat,
That one of those sad *Strains* you would repeat,
Which you compos'd; when greatest discontent
Vnsought for helpe, to your invention lent.
Faire *Nymph* (said *Philaret*) I will doe so.
For, though your *Shepheard* doth no Courtship know,
He hath humanity. And, what's in me
To do you Service, may commanded be.
So, taking down a *Lute*, that neer him hung,
He gav't his *Boy*, who plaid; whilst this, he sung.

Ah me!

Ah me!
Am I the Swaine,
That late from sorrow free,
Did all the cares on earth disdaine?
And still untoucht, as at some safer Games,
Plaid with the burning coals of Love, & Beauties flames?
Wast I, could dive, & sound each passions secret depth at will;
And fro those huge overwhelmings, rise, by help of reason still?
And am I now, oh heavens! for trying this in vaine,
So sunke, that I shall never rise againe
Then let Dispaire, set Sorrows string,
For Straines that dolefullst be.
And I will sing,
Ah me.

But why,
Oh fatall Time!
Dost thou constraine that I,
Should perish in my youths sweet prime?
I, but a while agoe (you cruell Powers)
In spight of Fortune, crept contentments sweetest flowers.
And yet, unscorned, serve a gentle Nymph, *the fairest* Shee,
That ever was belov'd of Man, or Eyes did ever see.
Yea, one whose tender heart, would rue for my distresse;
Yet I, poore I; must perish nay-the lesse.
And (which much more augments my care)
Unmoaned I must dye:
And, no man e're,
Know why.

Thy leave
My dying Song,
Yet take, ere griefe bereave,
The breath which I enioy too long.
Tel thou that Fair-one *this; my soul prefers*
Her love above my life, and that I died hers:
And let Him *be, for evermore to her remembrance deare,*
Who lov'd the very thought of Her; *whilst he remained here.*
And now, farewell thou Place, of my unhappy birth;
Where once I breathd the sweeteſt ayre on earth.
Since me, my wonted ioyes forſake;
And all my truſt deceive:
Of all, I take
My leave.

Farewell,
Swete Groves to you:
You Hils, that higheſt dwell;
And all you humble Valei, adue.
You wanton Brookis, and ſolitary Rockes,
My deare companions all, and you, my tender flockes:
Farewell my Pipe, *& all thoſe pleaſing* Songs, *whoſe moving ſtrains*
Delighted once the faireſt Nymphs, *that dance upon the Plaines.*
You Diſcontents (*whoſe deep, & over-deadly ſmart,*
Have, without pitie, broke the trueſt heart)
Sighs, Teares, *and every ſad annoy,*
That erſt did with me dwell,
And all others ley,
Farewell.

Adue

Adue,
Faire Shepherdesses;
Let Garlands of sad Yewe,
Adorne your dainty golden Tresses.
I, that lou'd you, and often with my Quill,
Made musick that delighted Fountain, Grove, & Hill:
I, whom you loved so; and with a sweet and chast embrace,
(Yea, with a thousand rarer favors) would vouchsafe to grace.
I, now must leave you all alone, of Love *to plaine:*
And never Pipe, nor never Sing *againe.*
I must, for evermore, be gone;
And therefore, bid I you,
And every one,
Adue.

I dye!
For oh, I feele
Deaths horrors, drawing nie;
And all this frame of Nature, *reele.*
My hopelesse heart, despairing of relieefe,
Sinks underneath the heavy weight of saddest griefe.
Which, hath so ruthles torn, so rackt, so tortur'd every vaine;
All comfort comes too late, to have it ever cur'd againe.
My swimming head begins to dance Deaths giddy round.
A shuddering chilnesse doth each sence confound:
Benumb'd is my cold sweltring brow;
A dimnesse shuts my eye;
And now, oh now,
I die.

So movingly. these Lines he did expresse.
And, to a Tune so full of heavinesse,
As if indeed, his purpose had bin past,
To live no longer then the Song did last.
Which in the *Nymphs*, such tender passion bred.
That some of them, did teares of pitty shed.
This, she perceiving, who first crav'd the Song,
Shepheard she said; although it be no wrong,
Nor griefe to you, those passions to recall,
Which heretofore you have been paind withall,
But comforts rather; since they now, are over,
And you (it seemeth) an enioying *Lover*.
Yet, some young *Nymphs* among us I do see,
Who so much moued with your passions be:
That if, my aime, I taken have arighr,
Their thoughts will hardly let them sleep to night.
I dare not therefore, beg of you againe,
To sing another of the selfe-same *Strain*:
For feare, it breed within them, more unrest,
Then womens weakenesses can well disgest.
Yet, in your *Measures*, such content you have;
That, one *Song* more I will presume to crave.
And, if your Memory preserves of those,
Which you of your Affections did compose,
Before you saw this *Mistresse*; Let us heare
What kind of passions then, within you were.
To which request, he instantly obaid;
And, this ensuing *Song*, both sung and plaid.

Sonnet

Sonnet 2.

YOu gentle Nymphs, that on these meadows play,
And oft relate the loves of Shepheards young:
Come, sit you down: for, if you please to stay,
Now may you heare an uncouth Passion sung.
A Lad there is, and I am that poor Groom;
That faln in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Oh doe not smile at sorrow as a Iest;
With others cares good Natures moved be:
And, I should weep, if you had my unrest.
Then, at my griefe, how can you merry be?
Ah, where is tender pitty now become?
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

I, that have oft the rarest features viewd,
And Beauty in her best perfection seen:
I, that have laught at them that Love pursude;
And ever free, from such affections been.
Lo now at last, so cruell is my doom;
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

My heart is full nigh bursting with desire,
Yet cannot find from whence these longings flow:
My brest doth burn, but she that lights the fire,
I never saw, nor can I come to know.
So great a blisse my fortune keeps me from,
That though I dearly love, I know not whom.

Ere I had twice foure Springs, renewed seen,
The force of Beauty I began to prove;

And,

And, ere I nine years old, had fully been,
It taught me how to frame a Song of Love.
And, little thought I, this day should have come,
Before that I to love, had found out whom.

For, on my Chin, the mossy Down you see,
And, in my vaines, well-heated bloud doth glow:
Of Summers, *I have seen twice three times three,*
And, fast my youthfull time away doth go.
That much I fear, I aged shall become:
And still complaine; I love I know not whom.

Oh! why had I a heart bestow'd on me,
To cherish deare affections, so enclind?
Since, *I am so unhappy born to be,*
No obiect, for so true a Love to find.
When I am dead, it will be mist of some:
Yet, now I live; I love, I know not whom:

I, to a thousand beautious Nymphs *am known,*
A hundred Ladies *favours do I weare:*
I, with as many, half in love am grown;
Yet none of them (I find) can be my Deare.
Me thinks I have a Mistresse, *yet to come,*
Which makes me sing; I love I know not whom.

There lives no Swaine *doth stronger passion prove,*
For her, whom most he covets to possesse;
Then doth my heart, that being full of Love,
Knowes not to whom it may the same professe.
For, he that is despis'd, hath sorrow, some:
But he hath more; that loves, and knowes not whom.

Knew

Knew I my Love, *as many others doe,*
To some one obiect might my thoughts be bent:
So, they divided should not wandring goe,
Vntill the feuler united force be spent.
As his, that seeks, and never finds a Home·
Such is my rest; that love, and know not whom.

Those, whom the frowns of iealous friends divide,
May live to meet, and descant on their woe:
And he, hath gaind a Lady *for his Bride,*
That durst not woe her Mayd, a while ago.
But oh! what end vnto my Hopes can come?
That am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Poore Collin, *grieves that he was late disdaind:*
And Cloris *doth for* Willy's *absence pine.*
Sad Thirsis, *weeps for his sick* Phœbe *paind,*
But, all their sorrowes cannot equall mine.
A greater care alas, on me is come:
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Narcissus-like, *did I affect my shade;*
Some shadow yet, I had, to dote upon.
Or, did I love, some Image of the dead,
Whose substance had not breath'd long agone;
I might dispaire, and so an end would come;
Bnt, oh, I love! and cannot tell you whom.

Once in a Dreame; me thought, my Love I view'd;
But, never waking, could her face behold:
And doubtlesse, that resemblance was but shew'd,
That more, my tyred heart torment it should.
For, since that time, more griev'd I am become,
And more in love; and cannot tell with whom.

When

When on my bed at night, to rest I lye,
My watchfull eyes, with teares bedew my cheek:
And then, oh would it once were day, I cry;
Yet when it comes, I am as far to seek.
For, who can tell, though all the earth be reme;
Or when, or where, to find he knowes not whom?

Oh! if she be among the beautious traines,
Of all you Nymphs, *that haunt the silver Rills;*
Or, if you know her, Ladies *of the Plaines,*
Or you, that have your Bowers, on the Hils.
Tell if you can, who will my love become:
Or I shall dye, and never know for whom.

THe *Ladies* smiled oft, when this they heard,
Because the Passion strange to them appeard.
And stranger was it; since, by his expression,
(As well by his own unfain'd confession)
It seemed true. But, having sung it out:
And seeing, scarcely manners, they it thought
To urge him farther, Thus to them he spake:
Faire *Ladies*: for as much as doubt you make
To re-command me: Of mine own accord,
Another *Strain*, I freely will afford.
It shall not be of *Love*, nor any Song,
Which to the praise of *Beauty* doth belong.
But, that hereafter, when you hence are gone,
Your *Shepheard* may be sometime thought upon.
To shew you also, what content the *Field*,
And lovely *Grove*, to honest minds may yeeld.
That you my humble *Fate*, may not despise;
When you return unto your braveries.

And not ſuppoſe, that in theſe homely Bowers,
I hug my Fortune, cauſe I know not yours.
Such Lines Ile ſing, as were compos'd by me,
When ſome proud Courtiers where I hapt to be,
Did(like themſelves) of their own glories prate;
As in contempt, of my more happy ſtate.
And theſe they be.———

Sonnet

Sonnet.

LOrdly Gallants, tell me this,
(Though my ſafe content you weigh not)
In your Greatneſſe what one bliſſe,
Haue you gain'd, that I enioy not?
You haue Honours, you haue Wealth,
I haue Peace, and I haue Health:
All the day, I merry make,
And, at night, no care I take.

Bound to none my Fortunes be;
This, or that mans fall, I fear not.
Him I loue, that loueth me;
For the reſt, a pin I care not.
You are ſad, when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh;
I, that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weep as pleaſeth me.

You may boaſt of fauours ſhowne,
Where your ſeruice is applied:
But, my pleaſures are mine owne,
And to no mans humours tyed,
You oft flatter, ſooth and fain,
I, ſuch baſeneſſe do diſdain:
And to none, be ſlaue I would,
Though my fetters might be gold.

By great Titles, some beleeve,
Highest honours are attained;
And yet Kings have power to give,
To their Fools, what these have gained.
Where they favour, there they may,
All their Names of Honour lay:
But, I look not, rais'd to be:
Till mine own wing carry me.

Seeke to raise your Titles higher.
They are Toyes not worth my sorrow:
Those that we to day admire,
Prove the Ages scorn to morrow.
Take your Honors, let me find,
Virtue, in a free-born Mind:
This, the greatest Kings that be,
Cannot give, nor take from me.

Though I vainly do not vaunt,
Large demesnes, to feed my pleasure:
I have favours where you want,
That would buy respect with treasure:
You have lands lie here, and there;
But my wealth is every where:
And, this, addeth to my store:
Fortune cannot make me poor.

Say, you purchase with your pelfe,
Some respect, where you importune.
Those may love me for my selfe,
That regard you for your Fortune.
Rich, or born of high degree,
Fools, as well as you may be:
But, that Peace, in which I live,
No distent, nor wealth can give.

If

If you boast, that you may gain.
The respect of high-born Beauties:
Know, I never wood in vain,
Nor preferred scorned Duties.
She I love, hath all delight;
Rosie-red, with Lillie white:
And, who ere your Mistresse be,
Flesh and blood as good as She.

Note, of Me, was never took,
For my Woman-like perfections:
But, so like a man, I look,
It hath gaind me best Affections.
For my love, as many showers
Have been wept, as have for yours.
And, yet none doth me condemn
For Abuse, or scorning them.

Though of Dainties you have store,
To delight a choyser Pallat:
Yet your taste is pleas'd no more,
Then is mine in one poor Sallat.
You to please your senses, feed;
But, I eat, good blood to breed.
And am most delighted than,
When I spend it like a man.

Though you Lord it over me,
You in vain thereof have braved:
For, those Lusts my servants be,
Wherunto your minds are slaved.
To your selves you wise appear:
But alas, deceiv'd you are.
You do foolish me esteem,
And are that, which I do seem.

When your faults I open lay,
You are moov'd, and mad with vexing;
But, you ne're could do or say,
Ought to strive me to perplexing.
Therfore my dispised power
Greater is, by far then your.
And, what e're you think of me,
In your minds, you poorer be.

You are pleased, more or lesse,
As men well or ill report you;
And, shew discontentednesse,
When the Times forbeare to court you.
That, in which my pleasures be,
No man can divide from me.
And, my Care, it addes not to
What-so others say, or do.

Be not proud, because you view,
You by thousands are attended:
For alas, it is not You,
But your Fortune, that's befriended.
Where I shew of love have got,
Such a danger feare I not.
Since, they nought can seek of me;
But, for love, belov'd to be.

When your hearts have every thing,
You are pleasantly disposed:
But, I can both laugh and sing.
Though my Foes have me inclosed.
Yea, when dangers me do bemm,
I delight in scorning them,
More then you, in your renown;
Or a King can in his Crown.

You do bravely dominere.
Whilſt the Sun upon you ſhineth.
Yet, if any ſtorm appear,
Baſely then, your mind declineth.
But, or ſhine, or rain, or blow,
I, my Reſolutions know.
Living, Dying, Thrall, or Free,
At one height my Mind *ſhall be.*

When in thraldome I have lain,
Me, not worth your thought you prized.
But, your malice was in vaine,
For, your fauours I deſpiſed.
And, how ere you value me,
I, with praiſe, ſhall thought on be;
When the world eſteems you not,
And your Names *ſhall be forgot.*

In theſe thoughts my riches are,
Now, though poor or meane you deem me;
I am pleas'd, and do not care,
How the Times or you eſteem me.
For, thoſe Toyes that make you gay,
Are but Play games for a day.
And, when Nature *craves her due;*
I, as brave ſhall be, as you.

HEre *Philaret* did give his Song an ending,
To which the *Nymphs* ſo ſeriouſly attending,
About him ſate; as if they had ſuppoſed,
He ſtill had ſomewhat more to be diſcloſed.
And, well they knew not; whether did belong,
Moſt praiſe unto the *Shepheard*, or his *Song*.

For, though (they must confesse) they often heare,
Those *Layes*, which much more deeply learned are:
Yet, when they well considered of the *Place*,
With how unlikely (in their thought) it was,
To give them hope of hearing such a *Straine*;
Or; that so young, and so obscure a *Swaine*,
Should, such a matchlesse *Beauties* favour get,
And know her worth so well, to sing of it.
They wondred at it. And some thus surmiz'd,
That *He* a greater man was, so disguis'd:
Or else, that *She*, whom he so much had prais'd,
Some *Goddesse* was: that those his *Measures* rais'd,
Of purpose, to that rare-attained height,
In *Envi's* and presuming *Art's* despight.

But, whilst they musing, with themselves bethought,
Which way, out of this *Shepheard* to have wrought,
What *Nymph* this *Fair-one* was; and when she liv'd,
Loe, at that very instant there arriv'd
Three men, that by their *Habits*, Courtiers seem'd:
For (though obscure) by some he is esteem'd,
Among the greatest: who do not contemne
In his retyred walkes, to visit him.
And there they tast those pleasures of the mind,
Which they, can not in *Court* nor *Citie* find. (him,
Some newes or message, these new guests had brought
And, to make haste away (it seems) besought him.
For, instantly he rose. And that his nurture,
Might not be taxed by a rude departure,
Himselfe excusing, he those *Nymphs* did pray:
His noble friends might bring them on their way:
Who, as it seems (he said) were therefore come;
That they might wait upon them to their home.
So, with their favour, he departed thence:
And (as they thought) to meet her *Excellence*,

Of

Of whom he sung. Yet many deem that this,
But an *Idea* of a MISTRESSE is,
Because to none, he yet had daind the telling,
Her proper Name, nor shown her place of Dwelling.

When he was gone, a *Lady* from among
Those *Nymphs*, took up his Lute, and sung this Song.

The Nymphs Song.

GEntle Swaine, *good speed befall thee;*
And in Love still prosper thou.
Future Times shall happy call thee,
Though, thou lye neglected now.
Vertues Lovers, shall commend thee,
And perpetuall Fame attend thee.

Happy are those woody Mountains,
In whose shadowes thou dost hide:
And as happy are those Fountains,
By whose murmurs thou dost bide.
For, Contents are here excelling,
More, then in a Princes dwelling.

These thy flocks do cloathing bring thee,
And thy food out of the Fields:
Pretty Songs the Birds do sing thee;
Sweet perfumes the Meddow yeelds:
And, what more is worth the seeing?
Heaven and earth thy prospect being?

None comes hither who denies thee,
Thy contentments (for despight)
Neither any that envies thee,
That, wherin thou dost delight.
But, all happy things are meant thee:
And what ever may content thee.

Thy Affection, Reason measures;
And distempers none it feeds:
Still, so harmlesse are my pleasures,
That no others griefe it breeds.
And, if night beget thee sorrow,
Seldome stayes it, till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly
Seek contentment in their store?
Since they may perceive so plainly,
Thou art rich in being poor?
And that they are vext about it;
Whilst thou merry art without it.

Why are idle brains devising,
How high Titles may be gain'd?
Since by those poor toyes despising,
Thou hast higher things obtain'd?
For the man who scorns to crave them,
Greater is, then they that have them.

If all men could tast that sweetnesse,
Thou dost in my meanesse know;
Kings would be to seek, where Greatnesse,
And their honours to bestow
For, it such content would breed them,
As they would not think they need them.

And

And, if those whose high aspiring
To the Court-preferments be,
Knew how worthy the desiring,
Those things are, enioyed by thee.
Wealth and Titles, would be easie;
Subiects be, for scorn and laughter.

All that Courtly stiles affected,
Should a May-Lords honour have,
He that heaps of wealth collected,
Shou'd be counted as a slave.
And the man with few'st things cumbred,
With the Noblest should be numbred.

Thou their folly hast discerned,
That neglect thy mind and thee;
And to slight them, thou hast learned,
Of what Title e're they be.
That, no more with thee obtaineth,
Then with them, thy meannes gaineth.

All their Riches, Honours, Pleasures,
Poor unworthy trifles seem;
(If compared with thy Treasures)
And, do merit no esteem.
For, they true content provide thee;
And from them can none divide thee.

Whether thralled, or exiled;
Wh.ther poor or rich thou be:
Whether praised or reviled;
Not a rush it is to thee.
This, nor that, thy rest doth woin thee:
But, the mind, which is within thee.

Then, oh why, so madly doate we,
On those things, that us ore-lode?
Why, no more their vainnesse note we;
But still make of them a God?
For alas! they still deceive us;
And, in greatest need they leave us.

Therfore have the Fates provided,
Well (thou happy Swaine) for thee:
That mayst here so far divided,
From the worlds distractions be:
Thee, distempers let them never,
But, in peace continue ever.

In these lovely Groves, injoy thou,
That contentment here begun:
And, thy hours so pleas'd employ thou,
Till the latest glasse be run.
From a Fortune so assured:
By no tempting be allured.

Much good doo't them with their Pompe,
Who in Courts of Princes dwell.
We have read in Antique stories,
How some rose, and how they fell.
And 'tis worthy well the heeding,
Ther's like End, wher's like proceeding.

Be thou, still, in thy affection,
To thy Noble Mistresse *true:*
Let her (never matcht) perfection,
Be the same, unto thy view,
And let never other Beauties,
Make thee faile, in love, or Duties.

For, if thou shalt not estranged
From thy Course professed, bee:
But remain for aye unchanged;
No thing shall have power on thee.
Those that sleight thee now, shall love thee,
And, in spight of spight approve thee.

So those Virtues *now neglected,*
To be more esteem'd, will come:
Yea, those Toyes so much affected,
Many shall be wooed from.
And, the golden Age (deplored)
Shall, by some, be thought restored.

THus sang the *Nymph* so rarely-well inspired,
That all the hearers, her brave *Strains* admired.
And, as I heard, by some that there attended,
When this her *Song* was finisht, all was ended.

A Postscript.

IF any carpe, for that my yonger Times,
Brought forth such idle fruit, as these slight *Rimes*,
It is no matter; so they do not sweare,
That they, so ill imployed, never were.
Whilst their *Desires* (perhaps) they looselier spent;
I gave my heats of youth, this better vent.
And, oft by writing thus, the bloud have tam'd;
Which some, with reading wanton *Layes* enflam'd.
Nor care I, though their censure some have past,
Because my Songs exceed the Fidlers Last.
For, do they think, that I will make my *Measures*,
The longer, or the shorter, for their pleasures?
Or mayme, or Curtolize my free Invention;
Because, Fooles weary are, of their attention,
No; let them know, who do their length contemn,
I make to please my selfe, and not for them.

A Miscelany of Epigrams, Sonnets, Epitaphs, & such other Verses, as were found written, with the Poems, aforegoing.

Of the Invention of the nine Muses.

THe Acts of Ages past, doth *Clio* write,
The Tragedies, *Melpomenes* delight,
Thalia, is with Comedies contented.
Euterpe, first the Shepheards Pipe invented.
Terpsicore, doth Song, and Lute apply,
Dancing *Erato* found Geometry.
Calliope, on loving Verses dwels,
The secrets of the Starres, *Urania* tels.
Polymnia, with choyce words, the speech doth trim,
And great *Apollo* shares with all of them.
Those thrice three *Feminines*, we *Muses* call;
But that one *Masculine* is worth them all.

Of the Labours of Hercules.

FIrst, he the strong *Nemean* Lyon slew:
The many-headed *Hydra* next ore-threw.
The *Eremanthian* Bore he thirdly foyles:
Then of his golden Hornes the *Stagge* he spoyles,
The foule *Stymphalian* Birds he fifthly frayd:
Next, he the Queen of *Amazons* ore-swaid.
Then clensd *Ægeas* Stalls, with filth so foule:
And eightly, tamed the untamed Bull.

He

He slew proud Monsters with his Horses.
From triple *Gryon* his rich Heard he forces,
He slew the *Dragon* for the fruit of gold:
And made blacke *Cerberus* the day beholde.
These were his twelue stoute *Labours*. And they say,
With fifty Virgins in one night he lay.
If true it be, he thought he laboured more
In that one act, then in the twelve before.

Being left by a Gentleman in his Dining-roome, where was nothing but a Map of England to entertain him, he thus turned it into Verse.

FAire *England* in the bosome of the Sea,
Amid her two and fifty *Provinces*,
Sits like a glorious *Empresse*; whose rich Throne,
Great *Nymphs* of honour come to wayt upon.
First, in the height of bravery appeares
Kent, *East* and *South*, and *Middle-Saxons* Shires:
Next *Surry*, *Barkshire*, and *Southampton* get,
With *Dorset*, *Wilton*, and rich *Somerset*.
Then *Devon*, with the *Cornish* Promontory:
Gloster and *Worster*, faire *Sabrinas* glory.
Then *Salope*, *Suffolk*, *Northfolk* large and faire,
Oxford and *Cambridge*, that chrice learned paire,
Then *Lincoln*, *Derby*, *Yorkshire*, *Nottingham*,
Northampton, *Warwick*, *Stafford*, *Buckingham*.
Chester and *Lancaster* (with Heards well stor'd)
Huntingdon, *Hartford*, *Rutland*, *Hereford*,
Then Princely *Durham*, *Bedford*, *Lester*, and
Northumber, *Cumber*, and cold *Westmerland*.

Brave

Brave Engliſh ſhires; with whom lov'd equally
Welch *Munmouth*, *Radnor*, and *Mountgomery*:
Adde all the glory (to her *Train*) they can:
So doth *Glamorgan*, *Brecknock*, *Cardigan*,
Caernarvan, *Denbigh*, *Merioneth*-ſhire,
With *Angleſey* (which ore the ſea doth reare
Her lofty head. And with the firſt, though laſt,
Flint, *Pembroke*, and *Carmarthen* might be plac't.
For all of theſe (unto their power) maintain
Their Miſtreſſe *England* with a royall Train.
Yea, for *Supporters* at each hand, hath ſhe,
The *Wight* and *Man*, that two brave Ilands be.
From theſe, I to the *Scottiſh Nymphs* had iorny'd,
But that my friend was back again returned,
Who having kindly brought me to his home,
Alone did leave me in his *Dining-Rome*:
Where I was fain (and glad I had the hap)
To beg an entertainment of his Map.

An Epitaph upon the Right Vertuous Lady, the Lady Scot.

LEt none ſuppoſe the Relique of the *Iuſt*,
Was here wrapt up, to periſh in the duſt.
No, like beſt *Fruits*, her time ſhe fully ſtood:
Then being grown in *Faith*, and ripe in *Good*;
(With ſtedfaſt hope, that ſhe another day,
Should riſe with *Chriſt*) with *Death* here down ſhe lay.
And, that each part, which *Her* in life had grac't,
Preſerv'd might be, and meet again at laſt:
The *Poor*, the *World*, the *Heavens*, and the *Grave*:
Her *Almes*, her *Praiſe*, her *Soule*, her *Body* have.

An

An Epitaph upon a Woman and her child, buried together in the same Grave.

BEneath this Marble Stone doth lye,
The Subiect of Deaths Tyranny.
A Mother: who in this close Tombe,
Sleeps with the issue of her wombe.
Though cruelly enclinde was he,
And with the fruit shook down the Tree.
Yet was his cruelty in vaine,
For, Tree, and Fruit, shall spring againe.

A Christmas Carroll.

SO, now is come our joyfull'st Feast;
Let every man be jolly.
Each Room, with Ivie leaves is drest,
And every Post with Holly.
Though some Churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads, Garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a Cup of Wine.
And let us all be merry.

Now, all our neighbours Chimneys smoke,
And Christmas *blocks are burning;*
Their Ovens, they with baked-meats choke,
And all their Spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lye:
And, if for cold it hap to dye,
We'le bury't in a Christmas *Pye.*
And ever more be merry.

Now,

Now, every Lad *is wondrous trim,*
And no man minds his labour.
Our Lasses *have provided them,*
A Bag pipe, and a Tabor.
Young men, and Mayds, and Girles and Boyes,
Give life, to one anothers loyes:
And, you anon shall by their noyse,
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank Misers now, do sparing shun:
Their Hall of Musick soundeth:
And, Dogs, thence with whole shoulders run,
So, all things there abundeth.
The Country folk, themselves advance;
For Crowdy-Mutton's *come out of* France:
And Iack *shall pipe, and* Iyll *shall dance,*
And all the Town be merry.

Ned Swash *hath fetcht his Bands from pawn,*
And all his best Apparell.
Brisk Nell *hath bought a Ruffe of Lawn,*
With dropping of the Barrell.
And those that hardly all the yeare
Had Bread to eat, or Raggs to weare,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare:
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the Iustices,
With Capons make their arrants,
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their Warrants.
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want, they take in Beer:
For *Christmas* comes but once a yeer:
And then they shall be merry.

Good

Good Farmours *in the Country, nurse*
The poor, that else were undone.
Some Land Lords *spend their money worse,*
On Lust, and Pride at London.
There the Roysters they do play,
Drab and Dice their Lands away,
Which may be ours another day:
And therfore lets be merry.

The Client now his suit forbeares,
The Prisoners heart is eased.
The Debtor drinks away his cares,
And, for the time is pleased.
Though others Purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow, care will kill a Cat.
And therfore lets be merry.

Hark how the Wagges *abroad do call*
Each other forth to rambling.
Anon, youle see them in the Hall,
For Nuts and Apples scrambling.
Hark how the Roofs with laughters sound!
Anon they'l think the house goes round:
For, they the Sellars depth have found,
And, there they will be merry.

The Wenches *with their* Wassell-Bowles,
About the streets are singing:
The Boyes *are come to catch the* Owles,
The Wild mare *in is bringing.*
Our Kitchin Boy *hath broke his* Boxe,
And, to the healing of the Oxe,
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here, they will be merry.

Now,

Now Kings *and* Queens, *poor Sheep coats have,*
And mate with every body:
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play at Noddy.
Some Youths will now a Mumming go;
Some others play at Rowland hoe,
And, twenty other Gameboys moe:
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry dales,
Should we I *pray be duller?*
No; let us sing some Roundelayes,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, whilst thus inspir'd we sing,
Let all the streets with ecchoes ring;
Woods, and Hils, and every thing,
Bear witnesse we are merry.

An Epitaph upon the Porter of a Prison.

HEre lyes the bones of him that was of late,
A Churlish *Porter* of a Prison gate.
Death many an evening at his lodging knockt,
But could not take him, for the doze was lockt:
Yet at a Tayerne late one night he found him,
And getting him into the seller, drown'd him:
On which, the world (that still the worst is thinking)
Reports abroad, that he was kill'd with drinking:
Yet let no Prisoner, whether Thiefe or Debtor
Rejoyce, as if his fortune were the better;
Their sorrows likely to be nere the shorter,
The *Warden* lives, though death hath took the *Porter*.

A Sonnet upon a ſtolne Kiſſe.

NOw gentle ſleep, hath cloſed up thoſe eyes,
Which waking, kept my boldeſt thoughts in awe:
And free acceſſe unto that ſweet lip, lies,
From whence I long the roſie breath to draw.
Me thinks no wrong it were, if I ſhould ſteale
From thoſe two melting Rubies, one poor kiſſe:
None ſees the theft, that would the thiefe reveale,
Nor rob I her of ought, which ſhe can miſſe:
Nay, ſhould I twenty kiſſes take away,
There would be little ſigne I had done ſo:
Why then ſhould I this robbery delay?
Oh! ſhe may wake, and therewith angry grow.
Well, if ſhe do, I'le back reſtore that one,
And twenty hundred thouſand more for lone.

An Epitaph upon Abram Good-fellow, *a common Alehouſe-hunter.*

BEware, thou look not who here under lies,
Vnleſſe thou long to weep away thine eyes.
This man (as ſorrowfull report doth tell us)
Was, when he liv'd, the Prince of all Good fellowes.
That day he dide, it cannot be believ'd,
How out of reaſon all the *Alewives* griev'd,
And what abominable lamentation
They made at *Black-Boy*, and at *Salvation*:
They howlde and cride, and euer more among,
This was the burthen of their wofull *Song*:
Well, go thy waies, thy like hath never been,
Nor ſhall thy match again be ever ſeen:

For out of doubt, now thou art dead and gone,
Ther's many a Tap-houſe will be quite undone,
And Death by taking thee, did them more skath,
Then yet the Ale-houſe *proiect* done them hath.
Loe, ſuch a one but yeſterday was he,
But now he much is alterd you do ſee.
Since he came hither, he hath left his ryot,
Yea, changed both his company and dyet,
And now ſo civill lyes; that to your thinking,
He neither for an Ale-houſe cares, nor drinking.

An Epitaph upon a Gentlewoman, who had fore-told the time of her death.

HEr, who beneath this ſtone, conſuming lyes,
For many Virtues we might memorize.
But, moſt of all, the praiſe deſerveth ſhe,
In making of her *Words* and *Deeds* agree.
For, ſhe ſo truely kept the *Word* ſhe ſpake,
As that with Death, ſhe promiſe would not breake,
I ſhall (quoth ſhe) be dead, before the mid
Of ſuch a Month. And, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe did.

An Epitaph on a Childe, Sonne to Sir W. H. Knight.

HEre lyes within a Cabinet of ſtone,
The deare remainder of a *Pretty one.*
Who did in wit, his yeares ſo farre out-paſſe,
His Parents wonder, and their ioy he was.
And, by his face, you might have deemed him,
To be on earth ſome heavenly *Cherubim.*
Sixe yeers with life he labour'd. Then deceaſt,
To keep the *Sabbath* of eternall reſt.

So,

So; that which many thousand able men,
Are lab'ring for, till threescore yeers and ten.
This blessed *Child* attained to, ere seaven;
And, now enioyes it with the Saints in Heaven.

A Song.

NOw Young-man, *thy daies and thy glories appear,*
Like Sun-shine and blossoms in Spring of the year.
Thy vigour of body, th) spirits, thy wit,
Are perfect and sound, and untroubled yet.
Now then, oh now then, if safety thou love,
Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker above.

Misspend not a morning, so excellent cleare,
Never (for ever) was happinesse here.
Thy noon-tide of life hath but little delight,
And sorrows on sorrows will follow at night.
Now then, oh, now then, if safety thou love,
Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker above.

That Strength and those Beauties that grace thee to day,
To morrow may perish and vanish away.
Thy Wealth, or thy Pleasures, or Friends that now be,
May waste or deceive, or betrayers to thee.
Now then, oh now then, &c.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

Thy joynts are yet nimble, thy sinews unslack,
And marrow unwasted, doth strengthen thy back.
Thy youth from diseases preserveth the brain;
And blood with free passage, plumps ev'ry vaine.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

But (truſt me) it will not for ever be ſo;
Thoſe Armes *that are mighty, ſhall feebler grow.*
And, thoſe Legs, *ſo proudly ſupporting thee, now,*
With Age or Diſeaſes, will ſtagger and bow.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Then, all thoſe rare Features, *now graceſull in thee;*
Shall (plough'd with Times *furrows) quite ruined be.*
And they who admired, and lov'd thee ſo much,
Shall loath, or forget thou hadſt ever bin ſuch.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Thoſe treſſes of Haire, *which thy youth do adorn,*
Will look like the Meads in a Winterly morn.
And, where red and white intermixed did grow,
Dull paleneſſe, a deadly complexion will ſhow.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

That Forhead *imperious, whereon we now view,*
A ſmoothneſſe and whiteneſſe enameld with blew;
Will looſe that perfection, which youth now maintains,
And change it for hollowneſſe, wrinckles, and ſtains.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Thoſe Eares, *thou with Muſick didſt oft entertain,*
And charm with ſo many a delicate ſtrain,
May miſſe of thoſe pleaſurs, wherwith they are fed,
And never hear Song more, when youth is once fled.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Thoſe Eyes, *which ſo many, ſo much did admire,*
And with ſtrange affections ſet thouſands on fire:
Shut up in that darkneſſe, which age will conſtrain,
Shall never ſee mortall; no, never again.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Those Lips, *wherein* Beauty, *so fully discloses,*
The colour and sweetnesse of Rubies and Roses;
In stead of that hue, will gastlinesse weare,
And none shall believe, what perfection was there.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Thy Teeth *that stood firmly, like Pearles in a row,*
Shall rotten, and scattered disorderly grow:
The Mouth, *whose proportion earths-wonder was thought,*
Shal rob'd of that sweetnesse, be prized at nought:
Now then, oh now then, &c.

That Gate, *and those* Gestures, *that win thee such grace,*
Will turne to a feeble and staggering pace.
And thou, that o're mountains ranst nimbly to day,
Shalt stumble at every rub in the way.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

By these imperfections, old age will prevaile,
Thy marrow, thy sinewes, and spirits will faile.
And nothing is left thee, when those are once spent,
To give or thy self; or another, content.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Those Fancies *that lull thee, with* Dreames *of delight,*
Will trouble thy quiet, the comfortlesse night.
And thou, that now sleepest thy troubles away,
Shalt hear, how each Cockrell *gives warning of day.*
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Then, Thou, that art yet to thousands so dear,
Of all shall despis'd, or neglected appear.
Which, when thou perceiv'st (though now pleasant it be)
Thy life will be grievous and loathsome to thee.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

That

That luſt which thy youth can ſo hardly forgoe,
Will leave thee, and leave thee, repentance and woe.
And then in thy folly no ioy thou canſt have,
Nor hope other reſt, then a comforteleſſe grave.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

For, next ſhall thy Breath be quite taken away,
Thy fleſh turn'd to duſt, and that duſt turnd to clay:
And thoſe thou haſt loved, and ſhare of thy ſtore,
Shall leave thee, forget thee, and mind thee no more.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

And yet, if in time thou remember not this,
The ſlendreſt part of thy ſorrow it is:
Thy ſoule to a torture, more fearfull ſhall wend,
Hath ever, and ever, and never an end.
Now then, oh, now then, if ſafety thou love,
Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker above.

A Dreame:

When bright Phœbus *at his reſt,*
Was repoſed in the Weſt,
And the cheerfull day light gone,
Drew unwelcome darkneſſe on;
Night, her blackneſſe, wrapt about me,
And within, 'twas as without me.

Therefore, on my tumbled bed,
Down I laid my troubled head:
Where, mine eyes inur'd to care,
Seldome us'd to ſlumbring were.
Yet, ar'e-tyr'd of late, with weeping,
Then, by chayce, they fell a ſleeping.

But, such Visions me diseas'd,
As in vain, that sleep I ceaz'd:
For, I sleeping Fancies had,
Which, yet waking, make me sad.
Some can sleep away their sorrow;
But, mine doubles every morrow.

Walking to a pleasant Grove,
(Where I us'd to think of Love)
I, me thought a place did view,
Wherin Flora's riches grew.
Primrose, Hyacinth, and Lillies,
Cowslips, Vy'lets, Daffodillies.

There, a Fountain, close beside,
I, a matchlesse Beauty spide.
So she lay, as if she slept:
But, much grief, her waking kept.
And, she had no softer pillow,
Then the hard root of a Willow.

Down her Cheeks, her tears did flow,
(Which a grieved heart did show)
Her fair eys, the earth beholding,
And, her arms, themselves enfolding;
She, her passion to betoken,
Sigh'd, as if her heart were broken.

So much grief me thought he shew'd,
Thus my sorrow it renew'd:
But, when neerer her I went,
It increast my discontent.
For, a gentle Nymph she proved,
Who, me (long unknown) had loved.

Streight,

Streight, on me she fixt her look;
Which, a deep impression took.
And, of all that live (quoth she)
Thou art welcommest to me.
Then (misdoubting to be blamed)
Thus, she spake, as halfe ashamed.

Thee, unknown, I long affected,
And, as long, in vaine expected.
For, I had a hopefull thought,
Thou wouldst crave, what others sought;
And I, for thy sake, have stayd,
Many wanton Springs, a Maid.

Still, when any wooed me,
They renewd, the thought of thee:
And, in hope thou wouldst have tride
Their Affections, I denide.
But, a Lover, forc't upon me,
By my friends, hath now undone me.

What, I waking dar'd not show,
In a Dreame, thou now dost know:
But, to better my estate,
Now, alas, it is too late.
And, I both awake, and sleeping,
Now, consume my youth in weeping.

Somewhat then, I would have said;
But, replyings were denayd.
For, me thought, when I spake I would,
Not a word bring forth I could.
And, as I a kisse was taking,
That I lost it, by awaking.

Certaine Verſes written to his loving Friend, upon his departure.

SWift *Time*, that will by no entreaty ſtay,
Is now gone by, and ſummons me away.
And, what my griefe denyes my tongue to do,
My true affection drives my pen unto.
Deare Heart; that day, and that ſad houre is come,
In which, thy face I muſt be baniſht from:
And goe to live, where (peradventure) we
Hereafter muſt, for aye, divided be.
For, twixt our bodies, which now cloſe are met,
A thouſand Hils and Vallies ſhall be ſet:
A thouſand Groves, a thouſand weeping Springs,
And many thouſand other envious things,
Which, when we are departed, keep us may,
From comming nearer, till our dying day.
So theſe our hands, which thus, each other touch,
Shall never after this time do ſo much.
Nor ſhall theſe eyes, which yet themſelves delight,
(With mutuall gazing on each other light)
Be ever raiſed up again, ſo neare,
To view each other in their proper ſpheare.
Nor ere raign, through thoſe their Chriſtall orbes.
Reade what ſad paſſion, or poor hearts diſturbs.
Which when we think upon, we ſcarce contain,
Their ſwelling Floud-gates; but a pearly rain
Drops from thoſe plenteous Springs: & forth are ſent
From thoſe ſad dungeons, where our hearts are pent,
So many ſighes; that, in our parting, now,
A ſtorme or Paſſions we muſt venture through.
VVhoſe fury, I would ſtay to ſee ore-paſt
Before I went, in ſpight of all my haſt,

But

But that I view ſome tokens, which fore-tell,
That by delay, the Flouds will higher ſwell;
And, whilſt to be divided, we are loth,
With ſome worſe perill, overwhelme us both.
Oh! rather let us wiſely undergoe
A ſorrow, that will daily leſſer grow;
Then venture on a pleaſing miſchiefe, which
Will unawares, our honeſt hearts bewitch:
And bring us to ſuch paſſe (at laſt) that we
Shall nere perceive it, till undone we be.
I find your love; and ſo the ſame approve,
That I ſhall ever love you, for that love,
And, am ſo covetous of ſuch deare pelfe,
That, for it, I could give away my ſelfe.
And yet, I rather would go pine and dye,
For want thereof: then live till you or I,
Should give, or take, one dram of that delight
Which is anothers; and ſo, marre out-right
Our moſt unſtaind affection: which, hath yet
No inclination unto ill, in it.
Nay (though it more unſufferable were)
I would, ev'n that iuſt liberty forbeare,
Which honeſt friendſhip is allow'd to take:
If I perceiv'd, it me unapt did make,
To maſter my affections, or to goe
On thoſe affaires, that Reaſon cals me to.
Thoſe Parents that diſcreet in loving be,
When on their new-born child a Wen they ſee,
Which may (perchance) in aftertime, diſgrace
The ſweet proportion of a louely face:
(Although it wound their ſoules to heare the mone,
And ſee the tortures of their *pretty-one*)
To weep a little rather are content,
Whilſt he endures the Surgeons Inſtrument;

Then ſuffer that foule blemiſh there, to ſpread;
Vntill his face be quite diſfigured.
So, we betwixt whoſe ſoules, there is begot
That ſweet Babe, Friendſhip; muſt beware, no ſpot
Through our indulgent indiſcretion grow,
That may the beauty of our love ore-throw:
Let's rather beare a little diſcontent;
And learne of Reaſon, thoſe things to prevent
Which marre affection. That our friendſhip may
VVaxe firmer, and more lovely ev'ry Day.
There is, indeed, to gentle hearts, no ſmarting,
That is more torment to them, then departing
From thoſe they love. And doubtleſſe, if that we
VVere ſo united, as the married be;
Our bodies at our parture, would be ſo,
As if each of them did a ſoule forgoe.
But, in our fleſh; we are, and muſt remaine
Perpetuall ſtrangers. and our ſelves containe
From that embrace, which marriage love allowes:
Or elſe, I iniure vertue; you, your vowes.
And, for a ſhort unworthy pleaſure, marre.
Thoſe rich contentments, which eternall are.
Of which, I am in hope, that alwaies we
Should in each others preſence guiltleſſe be.
But in our abſence (ſure I am) we ſhall
Not onely ſtill be innocent of all,
That ſimple folly, and that over-ſight,
To which, our many frailties tempt us might:
But, by this meanes ſhall alſo ſcape the blot,
VVherwith ill tongues our names would ſeek to ſpot.
VVhich if you feare, and would avoid the wrongs
That may befall you by malitious tongues,
Then ſeake my abſence; for I have in that
Vnto my friends, been too unfortunate;

Yet,

Yet, as I love *faire-virtue*, there is no man
Ere heard me boast the favours of a woman
To her dishonour; neither (by my soule)
Was I ere guilty of an Act so foule,
As some imagine Neither do I know
That woman yet, with whom I might be so;
For never kindnesses to me were show'd,
Which I dar'd think, for evill end bestow'd:
Nor ever, to this present houre, did I
Turne friendship, favour, opportunitie;
(Or ought vouchsafe me) thereby to acquire
Those wicked ends which wantons do desire.
For, whensoever lust begun to flame,
It was extinguisht, by true love, and shame.
But, what would this my innocence prevaile,
When your faire Name, *detraction* should assaile?
And how abhord should I hereafter be,
If you should suffer infamy by me?
You feare it not one halfe so much you say,
As you are loth I should depart away:
And hap will will, you think to be content,
Whilst I am here; and you still innocent.
Indeed, those friends approve I not, which may
By every slanderous tongue be talkt away:
But yet, I like not him that will not strive,
As much as in him lyeth, free to live,
From giving iust occasions of offence:
For, else he vainly brags of innocence.
And so do we, unlesse, that without blame
We purpose with our love, to keep our fame.
Then, let us pleased part; and though the dearnesse
Of our affection, covets both a neareneſſe,
In *mynd* and *body*, let us willingly
Beget a vertue of necessity.

And, since we must compelled be to live,
By time and place divided; let us strive
In the despight of time and distance, so
That love of vertue may more perfect grow:
And that this separation, we lament,
May make our meeting fuller of content.
Betwixt our bodies (this I'le not deny)
There is a deare respective sympathy;
Which makes us mutually both ioy, and grieve
As there is cause. And farther, I believe,
That our contentment is imperfect, till
They have each other in possession still:
But, that which in us two, I *Love*, dare name,
Is twixt our Soules, and such a powerfull flame,
As nothing shall extinguish nor obscure,
Whilst their eternall substance doth endure:
No, not our absence; nor that mighty space,
Betwixt my home, and your abiding place.
For, ere your eyes, my eyes had euer seen,
When many thousand furlongs lay between,
Our unknown bodies: And before that you
Had seene my face, or thought the same to view,
You most entirely loved me (you say)
Which shewes, our soules had then found out the way,
To know each other: And unseen of us,
To make our bodies meet unthought of, thus.
Then; much lesse now, shall hill, or dale, or grove,
Or, that great tract of ground which must remove
My body from you: there my soule confine,
To keep it back from yours; or yours from mine.
Nay, being more acquainted then they were,
And active spirits, that can any where
Within a moment meet. They to and fro,
Will every minute to each other go.

And,

And, we ſhall love, with that deare love, wherin
Will neither be offence, nor cauſe of ſinne.
Yea, whereas carnall love, is ever colder,
As youth deeayes; and as the fleſh growes older:
And, when the body is diſſolved, muſt
Be buried with oblivion in the duſt.
We, then ſhall dearer grow: and this our love,
Which now imperfect is, ſhall perfect prove.
For, ther's no mortall power can rob true friends,
Of that which nobleſt amity attends.
Nor any ſeparation that is able,
To make the virtuous *Lovers* miſerable.
Since, when diſaſters threaten moſt deiection,
Their *Goodneſſe* maketh ſtrongeſt their affection.
And, that which works in others loves, deniall;
In them, more noble makes it, by the tryall.
Tis true, that when we part, we know not whether
Theſe bodies ſhall, for ever, meet together;
As you have ſaid Yet, wherfore ſhould we grieve,
Since, we a better meeting do believe?
If we did alſo know, that when we die,
This love ſhould periſh everlaſtingly.
And that we muſt as bruitiſh creatures do,
Loſe with our bodies, all our dearneſſe to:
Our ſeparation, then, a ſorrow were,
Which mortall heart had never power to beare.
And we ſhould faint and die, to think upon
The paſſions would be felt, when I were gone.
But, ſeeing in the ſoule, our love is plac't;
And (ſeeing) ſoules of death ſhall never taſt:
No Death can end our love. Nay, when we dye,
Our ſoules (that now in chaines and fetters lye)
Shall meet more freely, to partake that ioy,
Compard to which, our friendſhip's but a toy.

And

And, for each bitterneſſe, in this our love,
VVe ſhall a thouſand ſweet contentments prove.
Meane while, we, that (together living) may
Through humane weakneſſes be led aſtray:
(And unawares, make their affection foule,
VVhich virtue, yet keeps blameleſſe in the ſoule)
By Abſence ſhall preſerved be, as cleane,
As to be kept (in our beſt thoughts) we meane,
And, in our Prayers for each other, ſhall
Give, and receive more kindneſſes, then all
The world can yeeld us. And when other men
VVhoſe love is carnall, are tormented, when
Death cals them hence. becauſe they robbed be
Of all their hope (for evermore) to ſee
The obiect of their Love: we ſhall avoid
That bitter anguiſh wherwith they are cloyd.
And, whenſoere it happens, thou, or I,
Shall feele the time approaching us to dye;
It ſhall not grieve us at our lateſt breath,
To mind each other on the bed of death:
(Becauſe of any overſight, or ſinne,
VVherof we guilty in our ſoules have bin)
Nor will death feare us, cauſe we ſhall perceive
That theſe contentments, which we had not leave
To take now we are living; ſhall be gaind
VVhen our unpriſon'd ſoules ſhall be unchaind.
Nay rather wiſh to dye, we might poſſeſſe
The ſweet fruition of that happineſſe,
VVhich we ſhall then receive, in the perfection
Of Him, that is the fulneſſe of Affection;
If Time prevented not, I had in ſtore
To comfort thee, ſo many Reaſons more,
That thou wouldſt leave to grieve, although we ſhould
Each others perſons never more behold.

But,

But, there is hope. And then, that know you may,
True *Friends* can in their absence find the way.
To compasse their contentments; whom they love:
You shall ere long, the power it hath, approve.
Meane while, you still are deare; yea, live or dye,
My soule shall love you everlastingly.
And howsoere, there seem such cause of sorrow;
Yet, those that part, and think to meet to morrow,
Death may divide to night; And, as before,
Their *Feare* was lesse, their *Griefe* will be the more.
Since therfore, whether far I live, or nigh,
There is in meeting an uncertainty.
Let us, for that which sureſt is, provide.
Part like those friends, whom nothing can divide;
And, since we Lovers first became, that we,
Might to our power each others comfort be;
Let's not the sweetnesse of our love destroy;
But, turne these weepings into teares of ioy.
On which condition, I do give thee, this;
To be both *Mine*, and *Sorrowes* parting-kisse.

PHIL'ARETE.

FINIS.

The Stationers Postscript.

THere be three or foure Songs in this Poeme aforegoing, which were stollen from the Author, and heretofore impertinently imprinted in an imperfect and erronious Copie, foolishly intituled His Works; which the Stationer hath there falsely affirmed to be Corrected and Augmented for his owne advantage; and without the said Authors knowledge, or respect to his credit. If therfore you have seene them formerly in those counterfet impressions, let it not be offensive that you finde them againe in their proper places; and in the Poeme to which they appertaine.

Vale.

I. M.